

Quicquid sicut pueri nostri farrago libelli.

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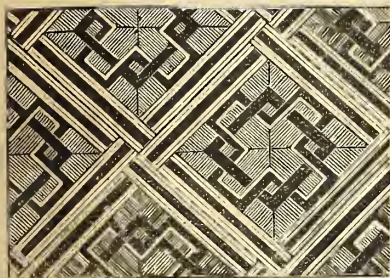
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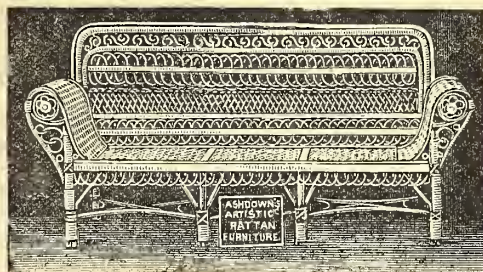
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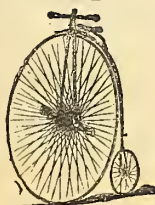
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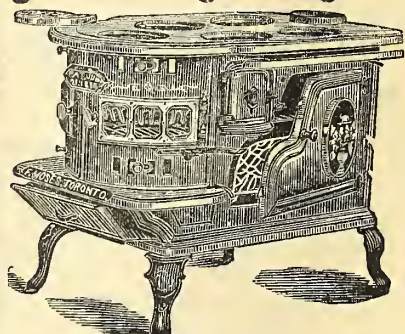
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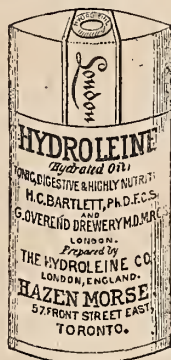
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THE BOYS' OWN PAPER

No. 147.—Vol. IV.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1881.

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THE FIFTH FORM AT ST. DOMINIC'S: A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

By the AUTHOR OF

"The Adventures of a Three Guinea Watch," etc.

CHAPTER VI.—MR. CRIPPS THE YOUNGER.

LOMAN was a comparatively new boy at St. Dominic's. He had entered eighteen months ago, in the Fifth Form, having come direct from another school. He was what many persons would call an agreeable boy, although for some reason or other he was never very popular. What that something was, no one could exactly define. He was clever,

and good-tempered, and inoffensive. He rarely quarrelled or interfered with any

one, and he had been known to do more than one good-natured act. But whether it was that he was conceited, or selfish, or not quite straight, or a little bit of all three, he never made any very great friends at St. Dominic's, and since he had got into the Sixth and been made a monitor, he had quite lost the favour of his old comrades in the Fifth.

As far as Wraysford and Greenfield were

Stephen and Mr. Cripps.

concerned, this absence of goodwill had ripened into something like soreness, by the way in which Loman had made use of his own position as a monitor, on a casual reference by Oliver to the probable coming of Stephen to St. Dominic's, to secure that young gentleman as his fag, although he quite well knew that Wraysford was counting on having him. Though of course the captain's word was final, the two friends felt that they had not been quite fairly dealt with in the matter. They took no trouble to conceal what they thought from Loman himself, who seemed to derive considerable satisfaction from the fact, and to determine to keep his Land on the new boy quite as much for the sake of "scoring off" his rivals as on the fag's own account.

Loman, Wraysford, and Greenfield were rivals in more matters than one. They were all three candidates for a place in the school eleven, and all three candidates for the Nightingale Scholarship next autumn; and besides this, they each of them aspired to control the Junior Dominicans, and it was a sore mortification to Loman to find that, though a monitor, his influence among the small fry was by no means as great as that of the two Fifth Form boys, who were notoriously popular, and thought much of by their juniors.

For these and other reasons the relations between the two friends and Loman were at the present time a little "strained."

To Stephen, however, Loman was all civility. He helped him in his lessons, and gave him the reversion of his feasts, and exercised his monitorial authority against Master Bramble in a way that quite charmed the new boy, and made him consider himself fortunate to have fallen into the hands of so considerate a lord.

When he entered Loman's study after his first morning's work in class, he found that youth in a highly amiable frame of mind, and delighted to see him.

"Hullo, Greenfield!" he said; "how are you? and how are you getting on? I hear you are in the Fourth Junior; all among the Guinea-pigs and Tadpoles, eh? Which do you belong to?"

"I don't know," said Stephen; "they are going to draw lots for me to-morrow."

"That's a nice way of being elected! I say, have you any classes this afternoon?"

"No; Mr. Rastle has given us a half-holiday."

"That's just the thing. I'm going to scull up the river a bit after dinner, and if you'd like you can come and steer for me."

Stephen was delighted. Of all things he liked boating. They lived near a river at home, he said, and he always used to steer for Oliver there.

So as soon as dinner was over, the two went down to the boathouse and embarked.

"Which way shall you row?" asked Stephen, as he made himself comfortable in the stern of the boat, and took charge of the rudder-lines.

"Oh, up stream. Keep close into the bank out of the current."

It was a beautiful afternoon, and Loman paddled lazily and luxuriously up, giving ample time to Stephen, if so inclined, to admire the wooded banks and picturesque windings of the Shar. Gusset Lock was reached in due time, and here Loman suggested that Stephen should get out and go round and look at the weir while he went on and took the boat through. Stephen acceded and landed, and Loman paddled on to the lock.

"Hello, maister!" called down a feeble old voice, as he got up to the gate.

"Hullo, Jeff, is Cripps about?" replied Loman.

"Yas; he be inside or somewheres, maister," replied the old lock-keeper.

"All right! Take the boat up; I want to see Cripps."

Cripps was the son of the old man whom Loman had addressed as Jeff. He was not exactly a gentleman, for he kept the "Cockchafer" public-house at Maltby, and often served behind the bar in his own person. Neither was he altogether a reputable person, for he frequently helped himself to an overdose of his own beverages, besides being a sharp hand at billiards, and possessing several packs of cards with extra aces in them. Neither was he a particularly refined personage, for his choice of words was often more expressive than romantic, and his ordinary conversation was frequently the reverse of edifying, it mainly had to do with details of the stable or the card-room, and the anecdotes with which he enlivened it were often "broader than they were long," to put it mildly. In short, Cripps was a blackguard by practice, whatever he was by profession. He had, however, one redeeming virtue; he was very partial to young gentlemen, and would go a good bit out of his way to meet one. He always managed to know of something that young gentlemen had a fancy for. He could put them into the way of getting a thoroughbred bulldog, dirt cheap; he could put them up to all the tips at billiards and "Nap," and he could make up a book for them on the Derby or any other race, that was bound to win. And he did it all in such a pleasant, frank way that the young gentlemen quite fell in love with him, and entrusted their cash to him with as much confidence as if he were the Bank of England.

Of all the young gentlemen whose privilege it had been to make the acquaintance of Mr. Cripps—and there were a good many—he professed the greatest esteem and admiration for Loman, of St. Dominic's school, to whom he had been only recently introduced. The two had met at the lock-keeper's house a week ago, when Loman was detained there an hour or two by stress of weather, and, getting into conversation, as gentlemen naturally would, Loman chanced to mention that he wanted to come across a really good fishing-rod.

By a most curious coincidence, Mr Cripps had only the other day been asked by a particular friend of his, who was removing from the country to London—"where," said Mr. Cripps, "there ain't over much use for a rod"—if he knew of any one in want of a really good fishing-rod. It was none of your ordinary ones, made out of green wood with pewter joints, but a regular first-class article, and would do for trout or perch or jack, or any mortal fish you could think of. Cripps had seen it, and flattered himself he knew something about rods, but had never seen one to beat this. Reel and all, too, and a book of flies into the bargain if he liked. He had been strongly tempted to get it for himself—it seemed a downright sin to let such a beauty go—and would have if he had not already got a rod, but of a far inferior sort, of his own. And he believed his friend would part with it cheap.

"I tell you what, young gentleman," said he, "I'll bring it up with me next time I come, and you shall have a look at it. Of course, you can take it or not, as you like, but if my advice is worth anything—well, never mind, I suppose

you are sure to be up stream in the course of the next week or so."

"Oh yes," said Loman, who in the presence of this universal genius was quite deferential; "when can you bring it?"

"Well, my time ain't so very valuable, and I'd like to oblige you over this little affair. Suppose we say to-day week. I'll have the rod here, and you can try him."

"Thank you—have you—that is—about what—"

"You mean, about what figure will he want for it? Well, I don't know exactly. They run so very various, do good rods. You could get what they call a rod for ten bob, I dare say. But you wouldn't hardly fancy that style of thing."

"Oh no, if it was a really good one," said Loman, "I wouldn't mind giving a good price. I don't want a rotten one."

"That's just it. This one I'm telling you of is as sound as a bell, and as strong as iron. And you know, as well as I do, these things are always all the better after a little use. My friend has only used this twice. But I'll find out about the price, and drop you a line, you know. May be £2 or £3, or so."

"I suppose that's about what a really good rod ought to cost?" said Loman, who liked to appear to know what was what; but secretly rather taken aback by this estimate.

"So it is. It's just a guess of mine, though; but I know for me he'll put it as low as he can."

"I'm sure I shall be very much obliged to you," said Loman, "if you can manage it for me."

"Not at all, young gentleman. I always like to oblige where I can; besides, you would do as much for me, I'll wager. Well, good day, Mr. — what's your name?"

"Loman—at St. Dominic's. You'll send me a line, then, about the price?"

"Yes, sir. Good day, sir."

But Mr. Cripps had forgotten to send the line, and to-day when Loman, according to arrangement, came up to the lock-keeper's to receive the rod, the keeper of the Cockchafer was most profuse in his apologies. He was most sorry, but his friend had been ill and not able to attend to business. He had been a *trifle* afraid from what he heard that he was not quite as anxious to part with that rod as formerly. But Cripps had gone over on purpose and seen him, and got his promise that he should have it to-morrow certain, and if Mr. Loman would call or send up, it should be ready for him, without fail.

At this stage, Stephen, having explored the weir, rejoined his schoolfellow, and the two, after partaking of a glass of ginger beer at Mr. Cripps's urgent request, returned with the stream to St. Dominic's.

The result of this delay was to make Loman doubly anxious to secure this famous fishing-rod, on which his heart was set. Next day, however, he had classes all the afternoon, and could not go himself. He therefore determined to send Stephen.

"I want you to run up to Gusset Weir," said he to his fag, "to fetch me a rod the keeper's son is getting for me. Be quick back, will you? and ask him what the price is."

So off Stephen trotted, as soon as school

was over, in spite of the counter attraction of a Guinea-pig cricket match. When he reached the lock, Cripps had not arrived.

"He warn't be long, young maister," said old Jeff, who was one of the snivelling order. "Take a seat, do'ce. Nice to be a young gemm'un, I says—us poor coves as works wery 'ard, we'd like to be young gemm'un too, with lots o' money, and all so comfortable off. Why, young maister, you don't know now what it is to be in want of a shillin. I do!"

Stephen promptly pulled out one of his five shillings of pocket-money in answer to this appeal, and felt rather ashamed to appear "comfortable off" in the presence of this patriarch.

"Not that I complains o' me lot, young gemm'un," continued old Cripps, pulling his forelock with one hand, and pocketing the shilling with the other. "No, I says, the honest working man don't do no good a-grumblin', but when he's got his famerly to feed (old Cripps was a widower, and his family consisted of the landlord of the Cockchafer) and on'y this here shillin' to do it with—"

Stephen was very green. He almost cried at the sight of this destitute, tottering, honest old man, and before the latter could get farther in his lament another shilling was in his palsied old hand, and the grey old forelock was enduring another tug.

It was well for Stephen that Mr. Cripps junior turned up at this juncture, or the entire five shillings might have made its way into the old man's pouch.

Mr. Cripps junior had the rod. He had had a rare job, he said, to get it, for his friend had only yesterday had an offer of £3 15s., and was all but taking it. However, here it was, and for only £3 10s. tell Mr. Loman; such a bargain as he wouldn't often make in his life, and he could get him the fly-book for a sov. if he liked. And Mr. Cripps would charge him nothing for his trouble.

After this Mr. Cripps junior and the boy got quite friendly. The former was greatly interested in hearing about St. Dominic's, especially when he understood Stephen was a new boy. Cripps could remember the day when he was a new boy, and had to fight three boys in three hours the first afternoon. He was awfully fond of cricket when he was a boy. Was Stephen?

"Oh, yes," said Stephen; "I like it more than anything."

"Ah, you should have seen the way we played. Blessme! I'd a bat, my boy, that could tip the balls clean over the school-house. You've got a bat, of course, or else—"

"No, I haven't," said Stephen. "I shall get one as soon as I can."

"Well, that is lucky! Look here, young gentleman," continued Cripps, confidentially; "I've taken a fancy to you. It's best to be plain and speak out. I've taken a fancy to you, and you shall have that bat. It's just your size, and the finest bit of willow you ever set eyes on. I'll wager you'll make top score every time you use it. You shall have it. Never mind about the stump—"

"Stumpy!" ejaculated Stephen; "I don't want stumps, only a bat."

"What I meant to say, never mind about the price. You can give me what you like for it. I wish I could make you a present of it. My eye, it's a prime bat! Spliced! Yes. Trouble came, as I'm a poor man. I'll

send it up to you, see if I don't, and you can pay when you like."

And so he chattered on, in a way which quite charmed Stephen, and made him rejoice in his new friend, and still more at the prospect of the bat.

"If it's awfully dear," he said, at parting, with a sort of sigh, "I couldn't afford it. My pocket-money's nearly all gone."

He did not say how.

"Oh, never mind, not if you don't pay at all," replied the genial Cripps. "You'll be having more tin soon, I bet."

"Not till June," said Stephen.

"Well, leave it till June—no matter. But you may as well have the use of the bat now. Good day, Master Green—"

"Greenfield, Stephen Greenfield," said Stephen.

"Good day, and give my respects to Mr. Loman, and I hope I shall see you both again."

Stephen hoped so too, and went off, highly elated, with Loman's rod under his arm.

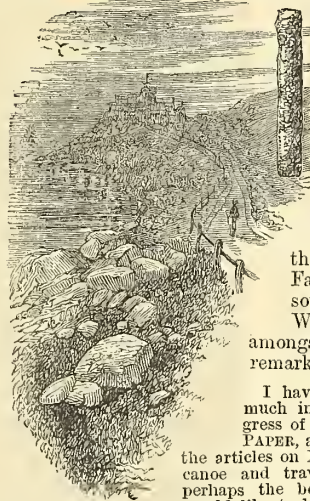
Loman pulled rather a long face at hearing the price, and pulled still longer a face when Stephen told him about the bat. He read his fag a long lecture about getting into debt and pledging his pocket-money in advance.

That evening Stephen was solemnly tossed up for by the Guinea-pigs and Tadpoles. "Heads, Guinea-pigs; tails, Tadpoles." It turned up heads, and from that time forward Greenfield junior was a Guinea-pig.

(To be continued.)

OUR NOTE BOOK.

The Missionary "Rob Roy" Canoe.



It will be remembered by our readers that in No. 82 of the BOY'S OWN PAPER we gave an extract from a letter received from the Rev. F. C. B. Fairey, of Windsor, New South Wales, who,

amongst other things, remarked:

I have watched with much interest the progress of the BOY'S OWN PAPER, and having read the articles on Mr. MacGregor's canoe and travels, I thought perhaps the boys of England would like to hear of the Aus-

tralian "Rob Roy." In 1877 Mr. MacGregor very kindly watched over the construction of a Rob Roy canoe which I intended to use on annual missionary excursions on the rivers and coasts of these colonies. After a trial trip on Victorian waters, I went to Tasmania, made sundry short voyages on the north-west coasts, and in January and February of 1879 made my first annual voyage of three hundred miles round the iron-bound coasts of Tasmania, during which I passed through many adventures, and had the opportunity of preaching at Lighthouse Islands, etc., and reached Hobart Town in safety on February 24th.

Mr. Fairey very appropriately named his dight little vessel the Evangelist, and was not a little proud of her as "the smallest sea-going ship in the world." She was built at Searle and Co.'s, Lambeth, was expressly designed as a sea-boat, and is—incredible as it may seem—only 12ft. long, 12in. deep, and 28in. wide. She is constructed of English oak, mahogany, and cedar,

and only weighs 79lb. The canoe is complete in every part, being fitted with mast, sail, double and single paddles, indiarubber air-chamber, locker, sleeping-cabin, patent cooking-stove, and many other most ingenious arrangements for comfort. She belongs to the Royal Canoe Club of London, of which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is commodore, and Mr. John MacGregor captain. The Evangelist is so constructed that she will keep out water even when the waves dash completely over her, and she cannot sink. In this vessel Mr. Fairey has had many adventurous voyages, and we have just received from him the "log" of perhaps the most deeply interesting of them all, with sketches, photographs of the canoe, its captain, etc., etc. These are now in preparation for our columns, and we hope shortly to lay them before our readers; yet before doing so it may be well to give one or two brief extracts from letters and papers received by the last mail.

Mr. Fairey himself writes under date of August 19: "I had an interview with the royal princes some days past—Princes Edward and George of Wales. They wished to see my 'Rob Roy' canoe, and hear something about its travels. Their royal highnesses, hearing that the 'log' of the canoe's Tasmanian voyage would be published in the BOY'S OWN PAPER coming out next year, desired to see it, and I took the liberty, on your behalf as Editor, of asking permission to have the volume in which it appears dedicated to them. The Princes assented, and will be very glad to receive copies on their return from their voyage."

The "Sydney Morning Herald" of August 6, writes as follows:—

The Princes have brought their stay at Government House to a close, and returned to their old quarters on board the *Bacchante*. They occupy one of the stern cabins, a plainly furnished apartment, remarkable for nothing but its excellent ventilation, the substitution of two swinging cots for the hammocks generally slept in by midshipmen, and the presence on the wall of a couple of excellent portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales. As most people know, they mess with the other midshipmen in the gun-room, and take their regular turn at watch, the duty happening to fall to them on Saturday afternoon.

By invitation from the Rev. J. N. Dalton, the Rev. Fred. C. B. Fairey took his Rob Roy canoe on board the *Bacchante* at 12.30 p.m. on Saturday. The canoe being placed upon the quarter-deck, Mr. Fairey was introduced to Prince Edward and Prince George, and proceeded to explain how the various fittings of the canoe are used to make it a yacht at sea and a home on shore. The Princes seemed interested in the voyage of the canoe on the Tasmanian coast, and by the aid of a large map, Mr. Fairey was able to point out the scenes of the principal adventures he met with there. Mr. Fairey left the *Bacchante* at two o'clock, hoisting as he went the flag of the Royal Canoe Club—of which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is commodore—and, after paddling round the vessel, made for the shore. The log of the canoe is to be published in the BOY'S OWN PAPER for 1882, and this particular volume will be dedicated to the Princes, who will receive copies of it on their return to England.

THE CRYPTOGRAM;

OR, EIGHT HUNDRED LEAGUES ON THE AMAZON.

(A SEQUEL TO "THE GIANT RAFT.")

BY JULES VERNE,

Author of "The Boy Captain," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.—MATERIAL PROOFS.

WHEN the magistrate had again taken his place, like a man who considered he was perfectly master of himself, he leant back in his chair, and with his head raised and his eyes looking straight in front, as though not even noticing the accused, he remarked, in a tone of the most perfect indifference,

"Go on."

Joam Dacosta reflected for a minute, as if hesitating to resume the order of his thoughts, and then answered as follows:—

"Up to the present, sir, I have only

given you moral presumptions of my innocence grounded on the dignity, propriety,

moment when Torres let him know that he knew and could reveal the name of the true author of the crime of Tijuco.

"And what is the name of the guilty man?" asked Jarriquez, shaken in his indifference.

"I do not know," answered Joam Dacosta. "Torres was too cautious to let it out."

"And the culprit is living?" "He is dead."

The fingers of Judge Jarriquez tattooed more quickly, and he could not avoid exclaiming,

"The man who can furnish the proof of a prisoner's innocence is always dead."

"If the real culprit is dead, sir," replied Dacosta, "Torres at least is living, and the proof, written throughout in the handwriting of the author of the crime, he has assured me is in his hands! He offered to sell it to me!"

"Eh! Joam Dacosta!" answered Judge Jarriquez, "that would not have been dear at the cost of the whole of your fortune!"

"If Torres had only asked my fortune, I would have given it to him, and not one of my people would have demurred! Yes, you are right, sir; a man cannot pay too dearly for the redemption of his honour! But this scoundrel, knowing that I was at his mercy, required more than my fortune!"

"How so?"

"My daughter's hand was to be the cost of the bargain! I refused; he denounced me; and that is why I am now before you!"

"And if Torres had not informed against you," asked Judge Jarriquez—"if Torres had not met with you on your voyage, what would you have done on

learning on your arrival of the death of Judge Ribeiro? Would you then have delivered yourself into the hands of justice?"

"Without the slightest hesitation," replied Joam, in a firm voice; "for, I repeat it, I had no other object in leaving Iquitos to come to Manaos."

This was said in such a tone of truthfulness, that Judge Jarriquez experienced a kind of feeling making its way to that corner of the heart where convictions are formed, but he did not yet give in.

He could hardly help being astonished. A judge engaged merely in this examination, he knew nothing of what is known by those who have followed this history, and who cannot doubt but that Torres held in his hands the material proof of Joam Dacosta's innocence. They know that the document existed; that it contained this evidence; and perhaps they may be led to think that Judge Jarriquez was pitilessly incredulous. But they should remember that Judge Jarriquez was not in their position; that he was accustomed to the invariable protestations of the culprits who came before him. The document which Joam Dacosta appealed to was not produced; he did not really know if it actually existed; and to conclude, he had before him a man whose guilt had for him the certainty of a settled thing.

However, he wished, perhaps through curiosity, to drive Joam Dacosta behind his last entrenchments.

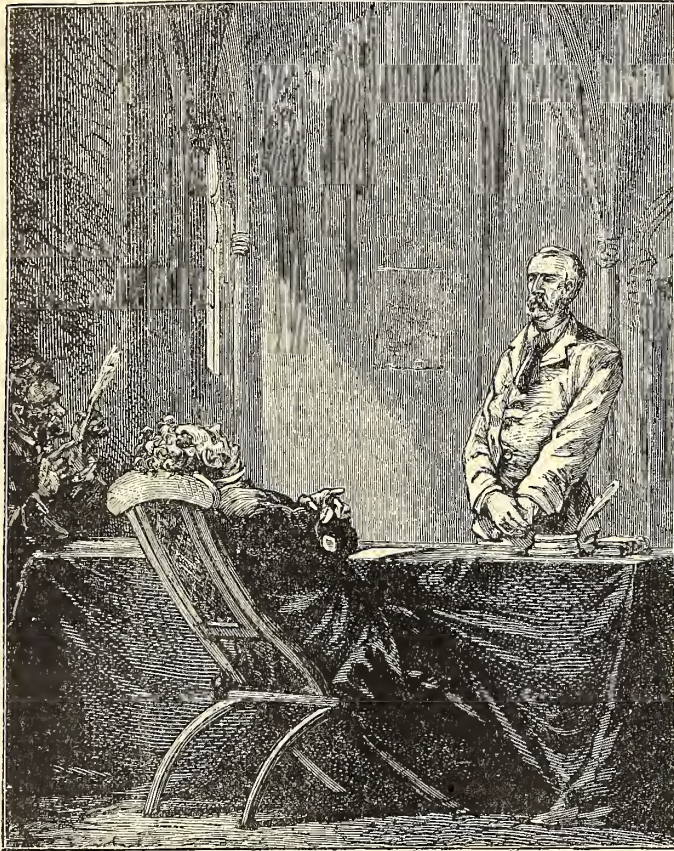
"And so," he said, "all your hope now rests on the declaration which has been made to you by Torres?"

"Yes, sir, if my whole life does not plead for me."

"Where do you think Torres really is?"

"I think in Manaos."

"And you hope that he will speak—that he will consent to good-naturedly hand



"The Judge threw himself back in his chair."

and honesty of the whole of my life. I should have thought that such proofs were those most worthy of being brought forward in matters of justice."

Judge Jarriquez could not restrain a movement of his shoulders, showing that such was not his opinion.

"Since they are not enough, I proceed with the material proofs which I shall perhaps be able to produce," continued Dacosta; "I say perhaps, for I do not yet know what credit to attach to them. And, sir, I have never spoken of these things to my wife or children, not wishing to raise a hope which might be destroyed."

"To the point," answered Jarriquez.

"I have every reason to believe, sir, that my arrest on the eve of the arrival of the raft at Manaos is due to information given to the chief of the police?"

"You are not mistaken, Joam Dacosta, but I ought to tell you that the information is anonymous."

"It matters little, for I know that it could only come from a scoundrel called Torres."

"And what right have you to speak in such a way of this—informer?"

"A scoundrel! Yes, sir!" replied Joam, quickly. "This man, whom I received with hospitality, only came to me to propose that I should purchase his silence to offer me an odious bargain that I shall never regret having refused, whatever may be the consequences of his denunciation!"

"Always this method!" thought Judge Jarriquez; "accusing others to clear himself."

But he none the less listened with extreme attention to Joam's recital of his relations with the adventurer up to the



"This is a stranger affair than ever I thought."

over to you the document for which you have declined to pay the price he asked?"

"I hope so, sir," replied Joam Dacosta; "the situation now is not the same for Torres; he has denounced me, and consequently he cannot retain any hope of resuming his bargaining under the previous conditions. But this document might still be worth a fortune if, supposing I am acquitted or executed, it should ever escape him. Hence his interest is to sell me the document, which can thus not injure him in any way, and I think he will act according to his interest."

The reasoning of Joam Dacosta was unanswerable, and Judge Jarriquez felt it to be so. He made the only possible objection.

"The interest of Torres is doubtless to sell you the document—if the document exists."

"If it does not exist," answered Joam Dacosta, in a penetrating voice, "in trusting to the justice of men, I must put my trust only in God!"

At these words Judge Jarriquez rose, and, in not quite such an indifferent tone, said, "Joam Dacosta, in examining you here, in allowing you to relate the particulars of your past life and to protest your innocence, I have gone further than my instructions allow me. An information has already been laid in this affair, and you have appeared before the jury at Villa Rica, whose verdict was given unanimously, and without even the addition of extenuating circumstances. You have been found guilty of the instigation of, and complicity in, the murder of the soldiers and the robbery of the diamonds at Tijuco, the capital sentence was pronounced on you, and it was only by flight that you escaped execution. But that you came here to deliver yourself over or not to the hands of justice three-and-twenty years afterwards, you would never have been retaken. For the last time, you admit that you are Joam Dacosta, the condemned man of the diamond arrayal?"

"I am Joam Dacosta!"

"You are ready to sign this declaration?"

"I am ready."

And with a hand without a tremble Joam Dacosta put his name to the foot of the declaration and the report which Judge Jarriquez had made his clerk draw up.

"The report, addressed to the minister of justice, is to be sent off to Rio Janeiro," said the magistrate. "Many days will elapse before we receive orders to carry out your sentence. If then, as you say, Torres possesses the proof of your innocence, do all you can yourself—do all you can through your friends—do everything, so that that proof can be produced in time. Once the order arrives no delay will be possible, and justice must take its course."

Joam Dacosta bowed slightly.

"Shall I be allowed in the meantime to see my wife and children?" he asked.

"After to-day, if you wish," answered Judge Jarriquez; "you are no longer in close confinement, and they can be brought to you as soon as they apply."

The magistrate then rang the bell. The guards entered the room, and took away Joam Dacosta.

Judge Jarriquez watched him as he went out, and then shook his head and muttered,

"Well, well! This is a much stranger affair than I ever thought it would be!"

(To be continued.)

THE ILL-USED BOY:

OR, LAWRENCE HARTLEY'S GRIEVANCES.

By MRS. EILOART,

Author of "Jack and John," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.—LAWRENCE MEANS TO TEACH POLLY HER PAGES.

LAWRENCE had a great grievance of which I have not yet spoken. His uncle's ideas on the subject of horses differed as much from the exalted notions entertained by his nephew as they did upon duelling or fire-arms. Lawrence had his pony, as I have said, but then it was a pony; and in his own opinion a small thoroughbred hunter would have been a more suitable mount. Then, Mr. Hartley had no proper carriage and pair "like other people," Lawrence said, meaning by other people Ted's parents, the Carrs, and a few others of their acquaintance. Instead he had an old-fashioned roomy phaeton, and an elderly steady-going mare. When he drove out, which was not very often, Dick went with him in groom's livery. Sometimes Dick drove, sometimes his master; but both the mare and the pony were kept at livery stables. Lawrence was never allowed to drive the mare at all. He had done it once, and driven too hard, and as Mr. Hartley had a great regard for Polly, he told Lawrence he would prefer his not driving for the future.

Now, steady as Polly was, in Lawrence's opinion she had plenty of "go" in her, if it was only brought out. And breeding too, but of that there was no question. She was a good horse thrown away, according to him. He had long wanted to drive her, and he saw a chance now. Once deposit Tom at Miss Bransome's, then he would get the reins in his own hands, touch Polly up, let the old lady see she had her master behind her, and with Dick sitting behind him in his nice groom's livery, he should come on the scene of the picnic grandly, and with his basket of peaches and grapes, such peaches and grapes as nobody else could equal, he should create quite a sensation.

"If only Dick was not so fat," he said to himself, "and if he could be got to cross his arms as grooms do. Uncle spoils him, just as he does the mare."

When the morning came for Tom to start, two large baskets of fruit were gathered, Mr. Hartley himself assisting. He took real pleasure in giving. One of these baskets was for Miss Bransome, and there was no doubt but that Tom and his



fellow-waifs would come in for a good share of its contents, and, if anything, this was the larger and the better filled basket of the two. "Hothouse fruit for a lot of cads like that!" said Lawrence, contemptuously, to Ted; "as if plain apples wouldn't serve their turn!"

"Oh! they'll

have the apples too in their season," answered Ted; "don't you know your

uncle keeps Miss Bransome's 'young people,' as he calls them, going in pies and puddings?"

Tom looked to-day quite another being to what he had done when he first appeared at The Chestnuts. Robert had told him he was going to school, and had been teaching him his letters, so as to make things easier for him when he got there. He had bought him a top, and taught him how to use it. Cook had made him a cake, and had impressed on him that he was not to eat it all himself, but divide it amongst his "schoolfellows." Tom was beginning to look almost like a boy, and as if some day not very far off he might be a good one. He got into the chaise and sat beside Robert as they drove away, and seemed too full of sorrow for the kind folks he had left, and of wonder at the people amongst whom he was going, to have much to say.

Dick drove steadily along, six miles an hour; the man never exceeded that when he held the reins. Lawrence bore it patiently. Polly was husbanding her strength against he had to do with her. And it was less than an hour, even at this pace, when they came to Acorn House, as Miss Bransome had with some significance named her home for boys. Human acorns she was always tending there, in the hope that they would ripen into straight, strong trees, instead of noxious human plants.

Miss Bransome received them kindly. She was a pleasant-looking lady, no longer young, but with hair that had become white before its time, and a pleasant fresh-coloured face, that, as Bob said to himself, had "mother" written all over it. Mother she was, in the best sense of the word, to those who had never known anything of mothers before. She showed them her



garden, in which the boys were at work, having done their morning lessons, and she took Tom up to them and showed him his new friends. Friends! Tom knew little of such, as it was. He looked strange and puzzled. He was getting used to kindness: still, now and then it seemed as if he

hardly understood it. But he did understand it in one way, for when the boys turned to go he clung to Bob, and looked as if he was ready to cry.

"Now, don't do that," said the other; "be a man, and I'll come and see you soon—and so will Mr. Hartley."

Still Tom clung to his especial friend, not merely as if he could not bear to part with him, but as if he had something on his mind which he wished to tell. A thought flashed across Bob: "I say, Tom, do you know anything about those deeds that Mr. Hartley had taken?"

Tom looked strange—red, white, and uncomfortable, then he said, "I don't know yet—nothing to tell. When I do you shall know."

"A regular put off," said Lawrence. "That fellow knows all about it. What a muff you are to believe him!"

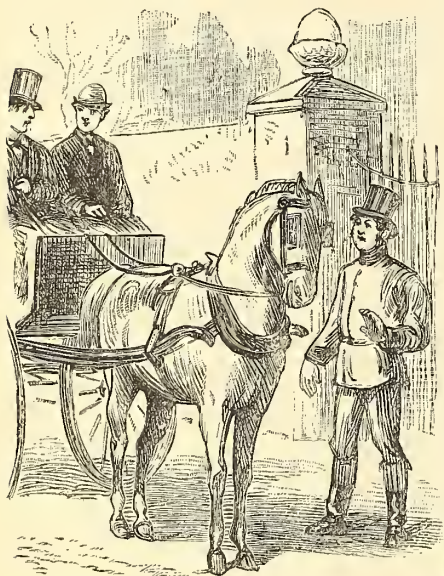
But Miss Bransome came up now, and Lawrence, who was always on his good behaviour with ladies, bade her good-bye in the politest manner possible, and Robert

and he went out to the road, where Dick was waiting patiently, with Polly, that steadiest and best-behaved of mares, quietly twitching her tail to keep the flies away.

"Now I'm going to tackle that old lady and put her through her paces," said Lawrence. "Jump up, old fellow; go and sit beside Dick in the front."

"But I thought you'd rather be there," answered Robert, who knew that his cousin always expected to have the post of honour in everything.

"Never mind, silly, what I'd rather have," was the answer. "Just jump up there;"



and when Robert was seated by Dick, his cousin called out to the latter, "Just run into the house and see if I've left my

handkerchief there, Dick. Ask Tom if he's seen it. The mare will stand quietly enough while you go."

Away went the unsuspecting Dick, and out he came with the handkerchief, which Lawrence had purposely left behind; but when he went to take his place he found Lawrence already in possession, reins in one hand, whip in the other, and with apparently not the slightest intention of relinquishing his position.

"Hadn't I better get up now, Master Lawrence?" asked Dick.

"All right, jump up behind, and look after the basket," answered Lawrence.

"But master never likes any one but me to drive Polly, unless it's himself," answered Dick. "It isn't every one understands her ways."

"But I do understand them, and I think I know how to drive at least as well as you do, Dick," answered Lawrence, haughtily; "so just get up behind, and don't stand there wasting time."

"I don't know whatever master will say," muttered Dick, dubiously.

"He'll say it's your place to do as you're told," answered Lawrence. "Come, do you want me to drive off without you? I shall, if you keep me standing here much longer."

Dick did not fancy the notion of a six-mile walk, and Lawrence looked as if he meant what he said, so he sprang up behind, only muttering, more sullenly than ever,

"And I only hope we shall get to Chingford without broken bones. The mare's a real good 'un, but it depends on who drives her."

Lawrence drew the reins tighter, flourished the whip, and saying, "Now we shall see what stuff Polly's made of," away they started, at the rate of at least twelve miles an hour.

(To be continued.)

WILD ADVENTURES ROUND THE POLE:

OR, THE CRUISE OF THE ARRANDOON.

(A SEQUEL TO THE CRUISE OF THE SNOWBIRD.)

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

CHAPTER VI.—A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE—ON THE ROCKS—MYSTERY—A HOME ON THE ROLLING DEEP.



AS the reader ever been to sea? The first feeling that a landsman objects to at sea is that of the heaving motion of the ship; to your true sailor the cessation of that motion, or its absence under circumstances, is

disagreeable in the extreme. To me there is always a certain air of romance about the old ocean, and about a

ship at sea; but what can be less romantic than lying in a harbour or dull wet dock, with no more life nor motion in your craft than there is in the slopshop round the corner? To lie thus and probably have to listen to the grating voices and pointless jokes of semi-inebriated stevedores, as they load or unload, soiling, as they do, your beautiful decks with their dreadful boots, is very far from pleasant. In a case like this how one wishes to be away out on the blue water once more, and to feel life in the good ship once again—to feel, as it were, her very heart throb beneath one's feet!

But disagreeable as the sensation is of lying lifeless in harbour or dock, still more so is it to feel your vessel, that one moment before was sailing peacefully over the sea, suddenly rasp on a rock beneath you, then stop dead. Nothing in the world will wake a sailor sooner, even should he be in the deepest of slumber, than this sudden cessation of motion. I remember on one particular occasion being awakened thus. No crew ever went to sleep with a greater feeling of security than we had done, for the night was fine and the ship went well. But all at once, about four bells in the middle watch,

Kurr—r—r—r! that was the noise we heard proceeding from our keel, then all was steady, all was still. And every man sprang from his hammock, every officer from his cot.

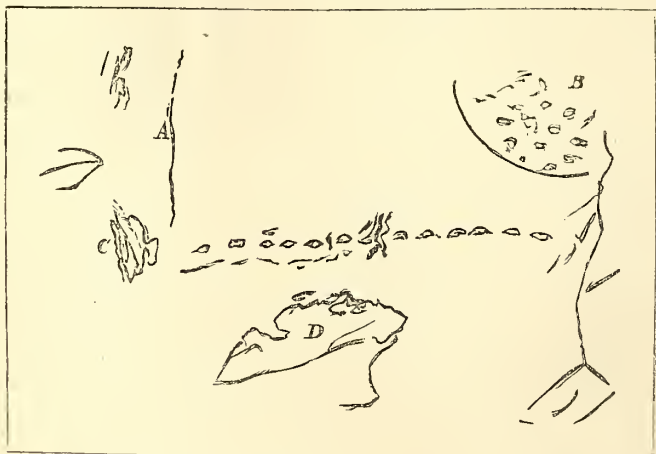
We were in the middle of the Indian Ocean, or rather the Mozambique Channel, with no land in sight, and we were hard and fast on the dreaded Lyra reef. A beautiful night it was, just enough wind to make a ripple on the water for the broad moon's beams to dance in, a cloudless sky, and countless stars. We took all this in at the first glance. Safe enough we were—for the time; but if the wind rose there was the certainty of our being broken up, even as the war-ship Lyra was, that gave its name to the reef.

At the first shout from the man on the outlook in the Arrandoon, McBain rushed on deck.

"Stand by both anchors. Ready about." But these orders are, alas! too late.

Kurr—r—r—r! The stately Arrandoon is hard and fast on the rocky bottom.

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.



[Copied from Nelson's own rough-sketch plan, made on going into action, and preserved in the British Museum.]

Horatio Nelson

The ship was under easy sail, for although there was hardly any wind, what little there was gave evident signs of shifting. It might come on to blow, and blow pretty hard too, from the south-east or east-south-east, and Mr. Stevenson was hardly the man to be caught in a trap, to find himself on a lee shore or a rock-bound coast, with a crowd of canvas. Well for our people it was that there was but little sail on her and little wind, or, speedily as everything was let go, the masts—some of them at least—would have gone by the board.

Half an hour after she struck, the Arrandoon was under bare poles and steam was up.

The order had been given to get up steam with all speed.

Both the engineer and his two assistants were brawny Scots.

"Man!" said the former, "it'll take ye a whole hour to get up steam if you bother wi' coals and cinders alone. But do your best wi' what ye hae till I come back."

He wasn't gone long ere he came staggering down the ladder again, carrying a sack.

"It's American hams," he said; "they're hardly fit for anything else but fuel, so here goes."

And he popped a couple into the fire.

"That's the style," he said, as they began to frizzle and blaze. "Look, lads, the kettle'll be boilin' in twa seconds."

"Thank you, Stuart," said McBain, when the engineer went on the bridge to report everything ready; "you are a valuable servant; now stand by to receive orders."

All hands had been called, and there was certainly plenty for them to do.

It wanted several hours to high water, and McBain determined to make the best of his time.

"By the blessing of Providence on our own exertions, Stevenson," the captain said, "we'll get her off all right. Had it been high water, though, when we ran on shore, eh!"

Stevenson laughed a grim laugh. "We'd leave her bones here," he said, "that would be all."

The men were now getting the big guns over the side into the boats. This would lighten her a little. But as the tide was flowing anchors were sent out astern, to prevent the ship from being carried still farther on to the reef.

"Go astern at full speed."

The screws revolved and kept on revolving, the ship still stuck fast. The night was very dark, so that everything had to be done by the weird light of lanterns. Never mind, the work went cheerily on, and the men sang as they laboured.

"High water about half-past two, isn't it, Stevenson?" asked Captain McBain.

"Yes, sir," the mate replied, "that's about the time, sir."

"Ah! well," the captain said, "she is sure to float then, and there are no signs of your storm coming."

"There is hardly a breath of wind now, sir, but you never know in these latitudes where it may come on to blow from next."

The cheerful way in which McBain talked reassured our heroes, and towards eleven o'clock English Ralph spoke as follows.

"Look here, boys—"

"There isn't a bit of good looking in the dark, is there?" said Allan.

"Well," continued Ralph, "figuratively speaking, look here; I don't see the good

of sticking up on deck in the cold. We're not doing an atom of good; let us go below and finish our supper."

"Right," said Allan; "and mind you, that poor girl is below there all this time. She may want some refreshment."

When they entered the saloon they found it empty, deserted as far as human beings were concerned. Polly, the cockatoo, was there, no one else.

"Well?" said the bird, inquiringly, as she helped herself to an enormous mouthful of hemp-seed. "Well?"

"What have you done with the young lady?" asked Allan.

"The proof o' the pudding—"

Polly was too busy eating to say more. Peter the steward entered just then, overhearing the question as he came.

"That strange girl, sir," he replied, "went over the side and away in her boat as soon as the ship struck."

"Well, I call that a pity," said Allan; "the poor girl comes here to warn us of danger and never stops for thanks. It is wonderful."

"From this date," remarked Ralph, "I cease to wonder at anything. Steward, you know we were only half done with supper, and we're all as hungry as hunters, and—"

But Peter was off, and in a few minutes our boys were supping as quietly and contentedly as if they had been in the coffee-room of the Queen's Hotel, Glasgow, instead of being on a lee shore, with the certainty that if it came on to blow not a timber of the good ship Arrandoon that would not be smashed into matchwood.

But hark! the noise on deck recommences, the men are heaving on the winch, the engines are once more at work, and the great screw is revolving. Then there is a shout from the men forward.

"She moves!"

"Hurrah! * then, boys, hurrah," cried McBain; "heave, and she goes."

The men burst into song—tune a wild uncouth sailor's melody, words extempore, one man singing one line, another metreing it with a second, with a chorus between each line, in which all joined, with all their strength of voice to the tune, with all the power of their brawny muscles to the winch. Mere doggrel, but it did the turn better, perhaps, than more refined music would have done.

"In San Domingo I was born,

Chorus—Hurrah! lads, hurrah!

And reared among the yellow corn.

Heave, boys, and away we go.

Our bold McBain is a captain nice,

Chorus—Hurrah! lads, hurrah!

The mainbrace he is sure to splice.

Heave, boys, and away we go.

The Faroe Isles are not our goal,

Oh! no, lads, no!

We'll reach the North, and we'll bag the Pole,

Heave, boys, and away we go,

Hurrah!

"We're off," cried Stevenson, excitedly. "Hurrah! men. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

The men needed but little encouragement now, though. Round went the winch right merrily, and in a quarter of an hour the bows were abreast of the anchors.

"Now, steward," said the captain, "splice the mainbrace."

The ration was brought and served, Ted Wilson, who was a moving spirit in the 'tween decks, giving a toast, which

* The word "hurrah," in the parlance of North Sea sailors, means "do your utmost," or "make all speed."

every man re-echoed ere he raised the basin to his head.

"Success to the saucy Arrandoon, and our bold skipper, Captain McBain."

The vessel's head was now turned seawards, and presently the anchors that had been taken in were let go again, and fires banked. The long night wore away, and the dismal dawn came. McBain had lain down for a short time, with orders to be told on the first appearance of daylight. Rory, anxious to see how the land looked, was on deck nearly as soon as the captain.

A grey mist was lifting up from off the sea, and from off the shore, revealing black, beetling crags, hundreds of feet high at the water's edge, a sheer beetling cliff around which thousands of strange seabirds were wheeling and screaming, their white wings relieved against the black of the rocks, on which rows on rows of solemn-looking guillemots sat, and lines of those strange old-fashion-faced birds, the puffins.

The cliffs were snowclad, the hills above were terraced with rocks almost to their summits. Between the ship and this inhospitable shore lay a long, dangerous-looking reef of rocks.

"Ah! Rory," said McBain, "there was a merciful Providence watching over us last night. Yonder is where we lay; had it come on to blow not one of us would be alive this morning to see the sun rise."

Rory could hardly help shuddering as he thought of the narrow escape they had had from so terrible a fate.

When steam was got up they went round the island—it was one of the most southerly of the Faroes; but except around one little bay, where boats might land with difficulty, it seemed impossible that human beings could exist in such a place. What, then, was the mystery of the previous evening, of the fair-haired girl, of the lights inside the reef that simulated those of a broad-beamed ship, of the lights like those of a village that twinkled on shore? The whole affair seemed strange, inexplicable. Now that it was broad daylight the events of the preceding night, with its dangers and its darkness, had more the similitude of some dreadful dream than a stern reality.

This same evening the anchor was let go in the Bay of Thorshaven, the capital-city, shall I say?—of the Faroe Islands. I am writing a tale of adventure, not a narrative of travel, else would I willingly devote a whole chapter to a description of this quaint and primitive wee, wee town. Our heroes saw it at its very worst, its very bleakest, for winter still held it in thrall; the turf-clad roofs of its cottages, that in summer are green with grass and redolent of wild thyme, were now clad in snow; its streets, difficult to climb even in July, were now stairs of glass; its fort looked frozen out; and its little chapel, where Sunday after Sunday the hardy and brave inhabitants, who never move abroad without their lives in their hands, worship God in all humility—this little chapel stood up black and bold against its background of snow.

Although the streamlets were all frozen, although ice was afloat in the bay, and a grey and leaden sky overhead, our boys were not sorry to land and have a look around. To say that they were hospitably received would be hardly doing the Faroese justice, for hospitality really seems a part and parcel of the people's religion. The viands they placed before them were well

cooked, but strange, to say the least of it. Steak of young whale, stew of young seal's liver, roast guillemot and baked auk; these may sound queer as dinner dishes, but cooked as the ancient Faroese gentleman did who entertained our heroes at his house, each and all of them were brave eating.

Couldn't they stop a month? this gentleman, who looked like a true descendant of some ancient viking, asked McBain. Well then, a fortnight? well surely one short week?

But, "Nay, nay, nay," the captain answered, kindly and smilingly, to all his entreaties, they must hurry on to the far north, ere spring and summer came.

The Faroese could give them no clue to the mystery that shrouded the previous night. They had never heard of either wreckers or pirates in these peaceful islands.

waves made the brave ship Arrandoon look wondrous small.

McBain, somewhat to Stevenson's astonishment, made the man at the wheel steer directly north.

"We're out of our course, sir," said the mate.

"Pardon me for a minute or two," replied the captain, half apologetically, "we are now broadside on to these seas, I just want to test her stability."

"Well, everything is pretty fast, sir," said the mate, quietly, "but if the ship goes on her beam ends don't blame me."

"Perhaps, Mr. Stevenson, there wouldn't be much time to blame any one; but I can trust my ship, I think. Wo! my beauty."

The beauty didn't seem a bit inclined to "wo!" however. She positively rolled her

ports under, and Rory confessed that the doldrums were nothing to this.

Presently up comes Rory from below.

"Och! captain dear," he says, "my gun-case has burst my fiddle-case, and I'm not sure that the fiddle herself is safe, the darling."

Next up comes Stevenson. "Please, captain," he says, "the steward says his crockery is all going to smithereens, and the cook can't keep the fire in the galley range, and Freezing Powders has broken the tureen and spilt the soup, and—

"Enough, enough," cried McBain, laughing; "take charge, mate, and do as you like with her, I'm satisfied."

So down below dived the captain, the ship's head was once more turned north-west, and a bit of canvas clapped on to steady her.

(To be continued.)

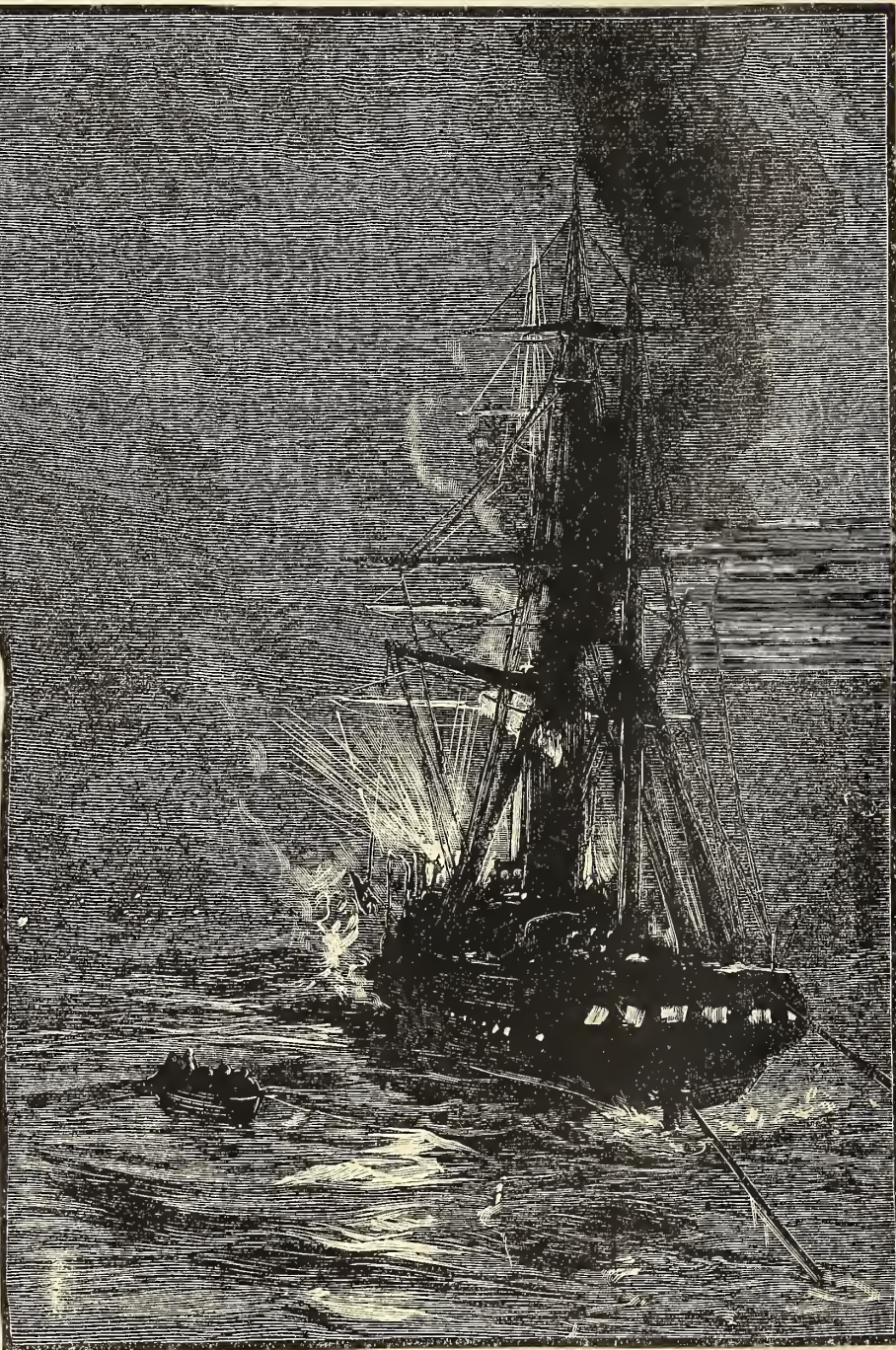
"But," said the old viking, "we are willing to turn out to a man; we are one thousand inhabitants in all—including the women; but even they will go; and we have ten brave, real soldiers in the fort, they too will go, and we will make search, and if we find them we will hang them on—on—" The old man hesitated.

"On the nearest tree," suggested Rory with a mischievous smile.

The viking laughed grimly at the joke. "Well," he said, "we will hang them anyhow, trees or no trees."

But McBain could not be induced to deviate from his set purpose, and bidding these simple folk a friendly farewell, they steamed once more out of the bay, past many a strange fantastic island, past rocks pierced with caves, and bird-haunted, and so, with the vessel's prow pointing to the northward and west, they left the Faroes far behind them.

Tremendous seas rolled in from the broad Atlantic all that night and all next day, little wind though, and no broken water. In the evening, in the dog watch, the waves seemed to increase in size; they were miles long, mountains high; when down in the trough of the sea you had to look up to their crests as you would to the summer's sun at noontide. Indeed, those



A Night Adventure.

EEL PIES;

OR, FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.



I COMMENCED my mercantile career about thirty years ago as junior clerk in a large firm of shipowners and brokers, Leadenhall Street, and when the painful circumstance I am about to relate occurred I had just turned my eighteenth year.

My duties were all of an outdoor character. I was placed under the principal shipping manager, and was mostly employed the whole day either on board ship taking measurements from the mates' receiving-books, or at the Custom House reporting ships inwards and clearing ships outwards, or paying ships' lights at the Trinity House, Tower Hill.

I was a strong active lad, and being always in good health and spirits, was of course generally ready to take my part in any innocent bit of fun that came in my way; while mixing as I did with a cheerful class of seafaring people, it was rarely a day passed without some little adventure in that line coming off, to keep up the character of the "Jolly Jack Tar."

If a master mariner had a visit from a country cousin, and wanted an order to view the wine-vaults, I always had one at his service; or was ready to show other little attentions after hours of business, by piloting him and his friends westward and pointing out to them the Lions of London.

These attentions to the captains were well known to the firm, and looked upon as essentially necessary; indeed it was part of my duty thus to make myself pleasant and useful—a part, too, I cannot say was by any means unwelcome, for many a skin of some foreign animal, jar of preserved ginger, or other sweetmeat, fell to my share in acknowledgment. Once a parrot from the West Coast of Africa was given me. It was a fine lively bird, grey, with a red tail, but its education had been shamefully neglected. It understood the proprieties of society so little as to advise my good mother to "Bundle up, old gal," and requested my father to "Bring a pot of beer," in answer to their endearing offer of "Scratch a poll, poor Polly;" in fact its vulgarities were too constant to admit of its being retained, so it was parted with to make room for a monkey from South America.

I shall never forget the evening I took the latter home. It looked so intelligent and so amiable, and it put out its pretty little paw through the bars of its cage, so expressive of its wish for a piece of muffin, during our evening meal, that I was induced to let it out. A large looking-glass was over the chimney-piece, in the centre of which was a valuable ormolu clock under a glass shade, with rare old Indian ornaments on either side. In an instant the monkey saw, I suppose, the reflection of itself, and, mistaking it for an enemy, bounded upon the clock to do battle, and did fifteen pounds or more of damage in as many seconds. My father was very angry, so the animal was packed off next day, and I never accepted the offer of a monkey again, although often tempted to do so. I was

induced, however, to take home a goat given me by the captain of a vessel from Mogadore. The animal was described to me as being very tame and playful, so we had a collar put round its neck and staked it on our grass plot. We all thought we should like it very much, and so we did until it butted my youngest sister, knocked her down, devoured her straw hat, and probably would have proceeded to other acts of violence if her screams had not brought assistance.

After this, it was a long time before I accepted any present of live stock; yet I was tempted by the offer of a chamelion, I thought it would be so interesting to watch it changing to the colour of whatever it might be placed upon; and so it was, for it went black, or nearly so, when put on an old black coat, and red when put on a table-cover of that colour. "How very cold it feels," said my brother Jim; "it ought, I feel sure, to be made warm by some means; let's wrap it up in flannel and put it before the fire." We did it, but at the end of two hours there was no change in the creature; it was as "icy" as ever. "It really can't live in this state," said my brother, and proposed that we should take it into bed with us.

I did not consent to this arrangement, but I did to leaving it in the kitchen oven all night as the best that could be done. Done it was, and so was the poor chamelion, which was never seen alive again.

This was my last essay with live animals, with the exception of a civet cat; I just took it home in transit to the Zoological gardens. I only intended to exhibit it from its novelty. It left our house the next morning early, indeed my father wished to have it turned into the street overnight. It was a great nuisance while it stayed, and the house had to be fumigated after it left.

But all this is a digression, and I only mention these acknowledgments and notices from captains and owners to show that I was a pretty general favourite with them. In truth, I did all I could to maintain a good footing with them and theirs during their stay in London.

Thus time with me went happily. New faces and new scenes were almost of daily occurrence, and the happiest days of my life were passing. No cares, no bills, no sickness; all went "merry as a marriage bell" until the fatal day—July 17th, 1856.

The barque Madras, of 417 tons burthen, was lying empty in the West India Docks, waiting until my firm could obtain employment for her. I was sent to the docks to see the captain upon the ship's business, and found him on board, looking over the ship's side at the second mate and a couple of hands baling the water out of the jolly-boat, which had filled and sunk a fortnight before, and had not been hauled up, as the weather was intensely hot, and it was said, as the boat was not required, it would be better under water than half out of it. They had now hauled her up and emptied her of all but the mud, which lay a foot thick at the bottom.

"Hollo!" cries the mate; "what's here?" when he felt the scoop touch the bottom; "something alive!"

"What is it?" says the captain.

"Don't know," replies the mate; "but I saw it bolt, whatever it is!"

"Eels, that's all," laconically observed one of the labourers; "the dock's full on 'em."

"Be careful, men! be careful!" at once cried the captain; "don't lose one if you can help it, for if there is one thing I like more than another it's an eel-pie. What do you say?" looking at me.

"I am very fond of eels, cooked any way," I replied (and so I was then, but none for me now, thank you!)

"Well, then," he continued, "you come down to-morrow at one o'clock and you shall have a treat."

With that arrangement we parted.

At one next day, Greenwich time, four of as happy and merry fellows as ever put knife and fork into pie-crust collected in the cabin of the good barque Madras, viz., the captain, myself, mate, and the deputy dock-master. The latter was unexpected, but he happened to be passing

at that particular moment when the smoking hot pie was being passed from the caboose into the cabin. It was thought by us to be a very singular coincidence that this official should be passing at that particular moment; but it was not so in reality, as it was afterwards ascertained that he was the possessor of a peculiarly sensitive olfactory organ, and that this organ was almost, if not quite, daily directing him to similar fragrant and festive scenes at this hour.

We enjoyed the meal to the full, and the fact of ship or dock water not being safe, from a sanitary point of view, was made the excuse for qualifying it with something from a square Dutch bottle, brought from the captain's locker, followed by the "fragrant weed," which is said also to have "antiseptic properties." (How easy it is for people to find or make excuses for indulging in what they may happen to like!)

Their tongues began to wag, of course; the discourse was upon eels—West India Dock eels. Astounding stories were told by the D.D.M.—how, some years ago, one had been taken weighing eleven pounds. The skin of another, measuring six feet two inches, was now in the Poplar Museum, and he himself had seen one hundred and seventeen pounds weight of live eels from the body of a dead sheep!

"Marvellous!" said the captain, turning to the mate, and striking his fist upon the table at the same time. "Why, we'll sink the boat again!"

"Hi! hi! sir; I'll see to that," said the mate.

"You'll do no good without bait," said the D.D.M. "I am a very old hand at it. I don't talk much, though I don't mind giving you a wrinkle; but mind you keep it dark, because there are other people who like eels as well as us."

"Hi! hi! sir; right you are!" says the mate, with a preternaturally wise shake of the head and closing of the left eye.

"Well, then," continued the D.D.M., "you must find an old sugar or rice bag—more holes in it the better so long as the bottom is sound; get some strong bait from the butcher's—dead cat or dog would do, but they are nasty; put the bait into the bag, tie it tight with a good bit of halliard, pitch it overboard, make the end fast to the rail; do that, and this day fortnight I'll drop in and try another of your eel-pies. Make a note of it! I am off now, so good-bye till then."

"That's a knowing old boy, that is," said the captain. "His hint's worth trying, don't you think so?" appealing to me.

"Quite so," I said; "but what about the bait?" and then a thought struck me, and I exclaimed, "I can manage that; Brisket and Son, Leadenhall, supply our ship's beef. They kill sheep in the market. I can get it of them



"They won't stand much shaking."

for nothing, as the staler it is the better, he said, you know."

That evening, in the office, I was so full of the "eel-catching" scheme that I could not help putting the question to every one of the clerks I came in contact with,

"Do you like eel-pie?"

"Yes," said number one, "very much so;" and the same reply came from all the others up to number six. When I put the question to number seven, who was the ledger-keeper, I was pulled up short with,

"You are eel-pie mad, ain't you? asking every one in the office if they like eel-pies. What do you mean by it? You must have eels on the brain."

I was vexed; the remark drove me to an explanation; the scheme was highly approved of, and the "Diary" at a fortnight hence contained this entry: "Eel-pie feast, Madras." This memorandum was only in pencil, and was not intended for the eyes of principals, but it so happened that the junior partner, who was an amateur fisherman himself, accidentally turning to the diary, caught sight of the words "Eel-pie feast, Madras," and asked the meaning of it. Of course an explanation followed.

"Very good, very good indeed. It's a capital idea. I won't forget it."

By him the fact was repeated to the other partners, so by the next morning the whole establishment had become thoroughly inoculated with the eel-pie fever, and I was at once distinguished by the cognomen of "Eel-pies."

As I had undertaken to furnish the necessary bait, I now felt fully the weight of the undertaking; so, to prevent failure, I asked my chief if he would kindly go with me to the butcher's.

"Yes, certainly he would," and we crossed over to the market together. He explained what was wanted, and what it was wanted for, and observed to the foreman, that it mattered not how bad or *far gone* they were; "just put them up in a parcel, send them to Fenehurch Street Station, and let the man put them into the train with this young gentleman."

My chief was evidently severely bitten with this eel-pie mania; for he observed, meditatively,

"Eels ought not to be the high price they are, seeing they can be taken in such quantities, and so easily, in our own doek."

I have said that this occurred on a July day. Indeed, it was the hottest day we had had in the whole year, the glass was at something like eighty in the shade, and I stood on this eventful morning at 12 a.m. on the railway platform, waiting the arrival of the butcher's man with his precious freight. Up came the train, and by my side stood the man, with a large brown-paper parcel.

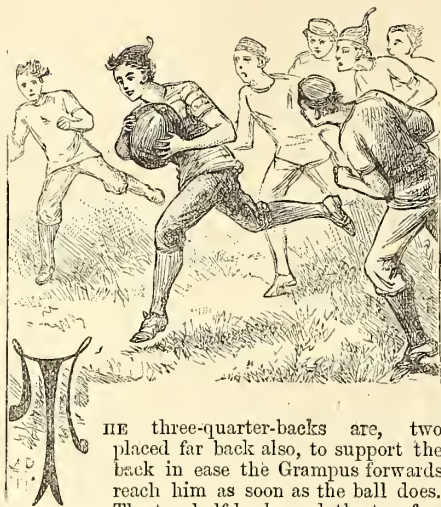
"They are very strong, sir, and won't stand much shaking; but they won't get much worse before you get them to the docks, I think;" and then he put them under the seat of an empty third-class carriage, while I occupied a place as far off as possible, as my nose already told me the offensive character of my luggage.

(To be continued.)

RUGBY FOOTBALL, AND HOW TO EXCEL IN IT.

By DR. IRVINE, THE SCOTTISH CAPTAIN.

PART III.



THE three-quarter-backs are, two placed far back also, to support the back in ease the Grampus forwards reach him as soon as the ball does.

The two half-backs and the ten forwards are not in line like their opponents, but scattered well over the ground in front of the three-quarter-backs, rather more to the leeward side; for they see that the ball will go to that side, and the rush of the opposite forwards will follow the ball; and they know that nothing checks the rush of opposite forwards better than to get well mixed up among them. And besides, being well scattered they are, some of them at least, sure to be at hand to succour any luckless back of their side who has been charged down with the ball by the Grampus rush.

With fresh men who know the game against him, the captain of the side receiving the kick-off has an anxious time till he sees the first maul formed, and as it were has the ball fairly between him and his enemy. One slip by his back receiving the ball, and the opposite forwards are over him, and ten to one are in behind with a whoop that fairly sickens him, while he and his can only helplessly look on from a distance, and try to look as if they don't mind.

But we are anticipating. All preparations being made, the Grampus captain calls out, "Are you ready?" the Jingoe captain replies "Yes," and the match commences.

The Grampus kicker-off takes a few short quick steps, and kicks the ball high and straight towards where Dodger stands waiting, while he and his forwards rush down after it with a shout of "Follow up, Grampus." The ball is safely received in the embrace of Dodger, while his three-quarter-backs have, without interfering with him, quietly fallen back behind him, and several of his forwards have rushed back with the rush of the Grampus forwards, and are at hand. But Dodger requires no such help. The ball goes high, and flies against a wind, and therefore comes to him slowly, and he only has it one second before half a dozen eager Grampus "forwards" are upon him; but the second is enough, for he coolly and quick as lightning "punts" the ball back over their heads, and it flies into touch-up near the half-way mark, while the Jingoe forwards, following up hard, are up at the spot where it crossed the touch line before the Grampus three-quarter-back, Nimbletoe, can get to that spot with the ball. So he lays it down outside the touch line where it crossed into touch, and goes back to his ranging round with the word "sold" legibly written on his face. Shouts of "Played, Jingoe! well played, Dodger!" come from their partisans.

A punt is the kick to make use of when pressed for space. Of course some men can at all times punt more effectively than they can drop-kick, and others *vice versa*, but there is no doubt that a punt is possible in a space too small for a drop-kick—i.e., you can punt over opponents' heads, where you would certainly drop-kick

into their stomachs; and for this reason. Let us suppose you are holding the ball in your

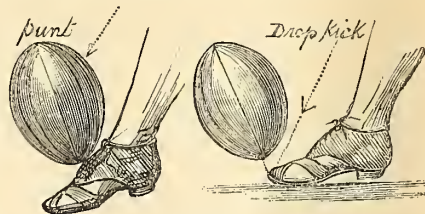


Fig. 5.

hands, and you let it drop; if you kick it before it touches the ground, it is a punt; if immediately after, it is a drop-kick. Again, in a good position, you can send a punt in almost any direction, to either side or even over your shoulders if you please; a drop you can't. On the other hand, a punt never scores a goal, though it cross over the cross-bar; a drop-kick does.

But to return to our game. The ball from Dodger's punt crossed the touch line near the half-way mark, and the forwards of both sides have hurried up to the spot, to which Nimbletoe gloomily points with his foot, and have lined out in single file, at right angles to the touch line, in two rows facing each other. One of the Grampus forwards advances to where the ball is lying, and taking it up, balances it in the palm of his hand, and hurls it far out into the field with a round-arm bowling motion. Away it flies slanting into the field, and there are shouts of "Not straight," "Bring it back," to the sore disappointment of Hookit, one of the Grampus half-backs, who had been edging out to the extreme end of the line, with an eye speaking volumes to the big forward who is throwing it out, who also has had his eye on him.

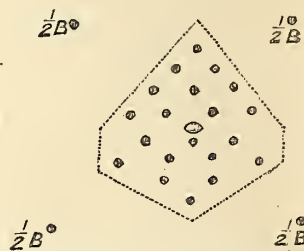


Fig. 6.—Formation of a maul, with half-backs in position.

Hookit gets it, sure enough, but just as he is getting well away towards the Jingoe goal with the ball under his arm, he is called back by the umpires, for it should have been thrown out at right angles to the touch-line, and it wasn't. So Hookit throws it back in disgust.

"We shall take it out 15 yards and maul it," says the Jingoe captain, and he strides with the ball out 15 yards at right angles to the touch line, closely attended by all the forwards.

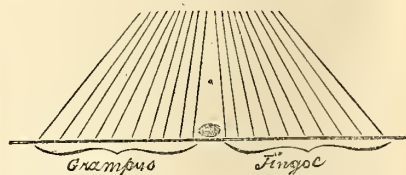


Fig. 7.—Maul, showing angles of front and rear forwards.

There he halts and a "maul" is formed. His forwards gather beside and behind him, tailing off in the form of a wedge with its apex behind, while the opposite forwards face them in the same formation. The centre forwards on each side stand pretty erect, inclining slightly forward, but the rear ranks lean well forward, with their heads down and stems out, packed as close as they can. Jingoe captain puts the ball



with difficulty down on the ground in front of him, cries "Away!" and away they shove.

Behind and to either side are the opposite pairs of half-backs, Hookit and Seuttle for Grampus, and Wriggle and Jigger for Jingoe. Eager as terriers watching a rat-hole do they stand, leaning forward, about 6 feet from the maul, peering into the dark forest of legs among which the ball is being worked, now to one side, now to another, and each one divided between watching the ball and watching his opponent.

"Shove, Grampus," shouts Hookit, "now you have it! Come round to the left, forwards," he yells in agony, as he sees the ball working to the left side of the maul and the mass of Jingoe forwards beginning to slew round on it. Round come three or four panting forwards, and reinforce the weak spot.

"Hi, you fellow," shouts Wriggle to one of them, "you are off side; you come in on our side of the maul," and admonished by the umpire next to him, the diligent Grampus forward, who had in response to Hookit's appeal come round to the left, retires to the rears and shoves away sullenly. He had come into the maul "off side"—that is to say, in front of the ball—and was standing there straddling and hoping the ball would come in front of him, and waiting for it, when Wriggle's sharp eye saw the manoeuvre.

Away they shove. It is a long and a tight maul, as the first one in a good match usually is. Breathing begins to be hard, and faces are getting very red and eyes big, but never flinching away they shove, and you begin to see Jingoe rather falling back, and shifting their feet, and Grampus rather piercing their centre. "Man down, let him up, hold hard," shouts some one, as the two leading Grampus forwards, overbalancing themselves in their eagerness, fall on the ball in the middle of the mêlée.

The forwards ease back for an instant, and the champions rise; but scarcely are they up when the ball is seen in the arms of one of them. He has got to the one side of the maul, and chucked it to the expectant Hookit, who like lightning is round the back of the maul and away past Jigger like a snipe with it, when the shout arises, "Picked up in the scrimmage, bring it back." Grampus protest, but can't explain how otherwise the ball could get from the ground into their forward's hands; so a second time the luckless Hookit is recalled, the maul is reformed, Hookit chucks the ball in among the legs, and away they shove again. But Grampus are roused, and with one shout they shove Jingoe backwards, gathering way as they go, and they soon have converted the tight into a loose scrimmage. The men are now mixed up, but a knot of three or four Grampus forwards are noticed forging through the crowd, kicking the ball, and keeping close to it and to each other. Yard after yard do they gain, every inch stoutly disputed by Jingoe, the same three or four forwards always together, not interfering with, yet always supporting each other, till they clear themselves of the opposing forwards, and charging over little Jigger (who makes a plucky effort to pick up the ball just at their toes, and being held to have it down, have another maul and so stop the rush, but fails), away they go "dribbling" down on the three-quarter-backs, while the field resounds with cries of, "Well mauled, Grampus!"

Like a pack of hounds the other forwards are after them, but they have the start, and keeping the ball never more than three feet from their leader, they bear down on the three-quarters. One of these falls behind the other to support him, while Dodger is seen lurking in the rear, confident and undismayed. They kick it rather hard past three-quarter-back No. 1, three-quarter-back No. 2 has just time to pick it up when they are on him. They grasp him, but not the ball. "Chuck," says Dodger from behind, and he throws the ball to Dodger, and suddenly the scene is changed. Dodger is round all the forwards, and making off with the ball fairly for Grampus's goal, ere a finger is laid on him. But Hookit has got across in time to cross his path. Dodger slacks his pace a moment and dallies with the ball as if to take his drop. Hookit half turns round, puts up one elbow to

protect his face, and charges him, when the artful Dodger with a grin hops to one side and is away near Nimbletoe ere Hookit realises what has happened.

(To be continued.)

AN AMERICAN ATHLETE IN ENGLAND.

THE VISIT OF MR. L. E. MYERS.

IN accordance with the promise given in our last volume, we will now rapidly glance at the performances in this country of the American champion, Mr. L. E. Myers.

These performances were all noteworthy, and enthusiastic athletes amongst our readers have very naturally expressed considerable interest in the transatlantic crack who, on his arrival in England, was taken under the wing of the great club which seems to aspire to be the M.C.C. of athletics. The visit of Mr. Myers was not an unalloyed success, except in a pecuniary sense. He came over here with a batch of marvellous records, to sweep all before him at our Amateur Championship meeting, and entered for three events. One of these he lost in a way which still remains unexplained, another he withdrew from at the very last moment, and he came off only in the third, in which he defeated one of our crack gentlemen and two local competitors, and achieved an extraordinary "best;" but what was the actual duration of the race is even now, notwithstanding the official report, somewhat doubtful.

Previous to his visit our best amateur time for the quarter-mile was the 50½ sec. standing against the names of E. J. Colbeck and J. Shearman, Colbeck's record having been got on June 20, 1868, at Beaufort House, and Shearman's on June 7, nine years afterwards, at Lillie Bridge. As will be seen immediately, Mr. Myers, on three separate Saturdays, easily beat this. Our professional records for the quarter-mile remain, however, untouched. We still have Richard Buttery's 48½ sec. at Gateshead, on Oct. 4, 1873, and H. A. Reed's 48½ sec. on the Hounslow road in 1849; and amongst our professionals, if not amongst our amateurs, are not a few who, under favourable circumstances, could get home in but a shade over the same time. Our amateur records for the half-mile have stood for years at the 1 min. 55½ sec., achieved by Mr. H. H. Sturt at Edmonton, on May 2, 1878; and the 1 min. 57½ sec. at the credit of Mr. F. T. Elborough, gained by him at Lillie Bridge on Oct. 7, 1876. The latter record is, however, generally taken as the best, Mr. Sturt's performance having occurred on a somewhat downhill course. Our professional records have also proved somewhat stationary, for, omitting the 1 min. 53½ sec. gained by Frank Hewitt, of Millwall, in his match in Australia in 1871, we have to rely on the undeniable 1 min. 55½ sec. of James Nuttall, which took place at Manchester over fourteen years ago. To this record Mr. Myers came very close, succeeding in covering the eight hundred and eighty yards in 1 min. 56 sec.; and an excellent performance it was, though his light bounding style was perhaps better shown at the shorter distances. Here again, however, he was fortunate in his competitors. In the States the line between the amateur and professional is a very elastic one, and, considering how it was stretched here during his visit, it is a matter of regret that, if the contest was really one of America against England—as our cousins across the water would seem to think it—some means were not found for our really best men to try conclusions with the Yankee representative, in whose case the difference between the two castes was so extremely slight.

His first appearance was at Stamford Bridge, on the 25th of June, at what, out of compliment to him and Mr. Merrill, was called the London and Manhattan Athletic Clubs' meeting. He then came on the track for the quarter-mile, and met five of the Londoners—Messrs. W. P.

Phillips, A. S. Smith, S. H. Baker, T. A. Guinness, and J. P. Muspratt. Rain fell just before the starters toed the mark, but the path was in splendid order for rapid travelling. Myers had the inside place, and dashed off with the lead—in fact, was going when the pistol flashed. Baker, however, soon collared him, and kept in front for half the way, when Guinness and Muspratt drew up, Myers being third, and Phillips last, about a dozen yards behind. Phillips then put on steam, but it was of no use, for the Manhattan hero, with his handkerchief round his head, came skimming past his men as if they were standing still, and easily won by nine yards from Phillips, in the time officially stated to be 49½ sec., and unofficially clocked at ½ more, and Shearman and Colbeck's record was a thing of the past. On the next Saturday, on the same track, he met, in the half-mile, four Londoners, Messrs. S. H. Baker, S. K. Holman, T. A. Guinness, and J. D. Sadler, and W. Lock, of the Spartan Harriers, and W. A. F. Boulger, of the Thames Hare and Hounds. During the first half of the distance, run in 57 sec., he was headed by Lock, but at the bottom of the straight for home he seemed suddenly to wake up, and flying past the leader like a greyhound, breasted the worsted nearly a dozen yards in front of his following, in the splendid time of 1 min. 56 sec., beating F. T. Elborough's previous best by a second and a half. On the Saturday following, in the Moseley Harriers' meeting at Birmingham, he ran right away from Plant and Parry in the quarter-mile, winning in 49 sec., again within the English record; and on the 16th of July, at the same town, he took part in the Championship meeting, to be present at which he had crossed the Atlantic.

In the hundred yards, the first and only occasion on which he ran the distance in public in this country, he seemed to take no interest whatever in the race, showed no particular speed, and did not even win his heat, but came in fourth, with Cowie, Cleaver, and Malone in front of him. In the quarter-mile, however, his form displayed an astounding change. His competitors were W. P. Phillips, whom he met on his first appearance in London, and J. H. Plant, of the Stourbridge F.C., and W. R. Parry, of the Moseley Harriers, from whom he had run away on the previous Saturday. The four got off to an excellent start, and Phillips made his way to the front at a tremendous pace. Myers followed, and a hundred and forty yards from home drew up level. A desperate neck-and-neck struggle ensued for a second or two, Phillips spurted furiously but vainly, and Myers forged to the front, and came in an easy winner, grimacing and gesticulating at his antagonist in what we have been reluctantly taught to regard as the distinguishing but far from captivating exuberance of American representative athletes. The time was stated to be 48½ sec., and the English amateur record was beaten for the third time. After such an exhibition as this, great things were expected in the half-mile; but the expectations were doomed to disappointment, as when the competitors came to the starter the Manhattan champion was conspicuous by his absence.

From Birmingham Myers journeyed to Widnes, and on July 21 took part in two races. The first of these was the quarter-mile, and in it he trotted away from Guinness, Parry, and Hill, and came in in 53½ sec., and the next the half-mile, in which he glided along as coolly as possible in the second place until it suited him to take the lead and win in 2 min. 5½ sec. With the Widnes meeting his career in this country closed, and shortly afterwards he recrossed the Atlantic. He left behind him the reputation of being one of the strongest and most graceful runners ever seen, and his success, of course amusingly exaggerated, even now furnishes a grateful theme for the athletic journals of our jubilant cousins.

Of the American walking champion, Mr. Merrill, who accompanied Myers, we need say but little, as, though he showed excellent form in his exhibition matches, he was signally defeated in the only contest he came over here specially to win.

THROUGH THE DEEPEST CANON;

OR,

THE WILDEST OF THE WILD WEST.

(BASED ON THE NARRATIVE OF THE EXPLORER,
MAJOR J. W. POWELL.)

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING,

Author of "A Saddle in the Wild West," etc.

CHAPTER V.

ON July 11, a short distance below camp they ran a rapid, and, in doing so, broke an oar, and lost another, both belonging to the Emma Dean, which now had but two oars. They saw nothing of which oars could be made, and concluded to run on to some point where it would be possible to climb out to the forests on the plateau, and procure suitable lumber from which to make new ones.

They soon approached another rapid, where they tried to land, but quickly discovered that, being in swift water, above the fall, they could not reach shore, crippled as they were by the loss of two oars. The bow of the boat was then turned down stream. They shot by a big rock, and a reflex wave rolled over the smallest boat and filled her. Major Powell quickly signalled to the other boats to land where they could. This was scarcely completed when another wave upset Major Powell's own boat, and he was thrown some distance into the water. He soon found that swimming was very easy, and that it was only necessary to ply strokes sufficient to keep his head out of the water, though now and then, when a breaker came over him, he was carried through it. The boat drifted ahead of him twenty or thirty feet, and when the great waves were passed he overtook her, and discovered Sumner and Dunn clinging to her. As soon as they reached quiet water, all swam to one side and turned her over. In doing this Dunn lost his hold and went under, but when he came up he was caught by Sumner and pulled into the boat.

In the meantime they had drifted down stream some distance, and saw another rapid below. How bad it was they could not tell, and so they swam towards shore, pulling their boat with them.

At last they reached a huge pile of drift-wood. Their rolls of blankets, two guns, and a barometer were in the open compartment of the boat, and when it went over these were thrown out. The guns and barometer were lost, but the major succeeded in catching one of the rolls of blankets as it drifted by.

When their new oars were finished they started once more. They passed several dangerous rapids, making a short portage at one, and before noon they came to a long fall, where the channel was filled with rocks on the left, and threw the water to the right under a crag.

On examination they determined to run the fall, keeping as close to the left-hand rocks as safety would permit, in order to avoid the overhanging cliff. The little boat went on all right; another followed, but the men were not able to keep her near enough to the left-hand, and she was carried into great waves on the right, where she was fiercely tossed about. Bradley was knocked over the side, but his foot caught under the seat, and he was dragged along in the water with his head down. Making a great exertion, he seized the gunwale with his left hand, succeeding now and then in lifting his head above the water.

To those who were below it seemed impossible to keep the boat from going under the overhanging cliff; but Major Powell's brother, heed-

less for the moment of Bradley's mishap, pulled with all his power for half a dozen strokes, and when the danger was over took hold of Bradley and dragged him into his boat, while the men in the boat above landed and let her down by lines.

About three o'clock in the afternoon they met with another difficulty. The river again filled the entire channel; the walls were vertical on either side from the water's edge, and a difficult rapid was beset with rocks. They came to the head of this rapid, and landed on a rock in the stream; the smaller boat was let down to another rock below, the men of the larger boat holding to the line; the second boat was let down in the same way, and the line of the third boat was brought with them. Now the third boat pushed out from the upper rock, and, as they

made a short portage over the worst places in the rapid.

At night they camped on a sand beach; the wind blew a hurricane; the drifting sand almost blinded them; and nowhere could they find shelter. The wind blew all night, the sand sifted through their blankets, and piled over them until they were covered as in a snow-drift.

On July 18th they spent the day in taking account of their damaged stores. Their flour had been wet and dried so many times that it was musty and lumpy; and though they had left Green River City with supplies for ten months, only enough for two months remained.

While in this camp they also repaired their barometer, and recaulked and pitched their boats.

Bradley and Major Powell started next morning to climb the left wall below the junction of two cañons. The way they selected was up a gulch, and after climbing for an hour over and among the rocks they found themselves in a vast amphitheatre, and their way cut off. They clambered round to the left for half an hour, until they saw that they could not go up in that direction. They then tried the rocks along to the right, and discovered a narrow shelf, nearly half a mile long. In some places this was so wide that they passed along with ease, in others it was so narrow and sloping that they were compelled to lie down and crawl.

They could look over the ledge of the shelf, down eight hundred feet, and see the river rolling and plunging among the rocks. Looking up five hundred feet to the brink of the cliff, it seemed to blend with the sky.

They continued along until they came to a point where the wall was again broken down. On the right there was a narrow, mural point of rock, extending towards the river, two or three hundred feet high, and six or eight hundred feet long. They came back to where this set in, and found it cut off from the main wall by a great crevice. Into this they passed, and down a long narrow rock which was between them and the river. This rock itself was split and full of crevices. The crevices were usually narrow above, and, by erosion of the streams flowing over them from the plateau, wider below, forming a network of caves, each cave having a narrow winding sky light.

They wandered along these for an hour or two, but saw no place where they could climb up. At last they attempted a passage by a crevice which they thought was wide enough

to admit their bodies, and yet narrow enough to allow them to climb out by pressing their hands and feet against the walls. So they climbed as men would climb out of a well. Bradley went first, and the major handed him the barometer, and then climbed over his head. Afterwards the major took the barometer from Bradley, and the latter climbed over the major. So they passed each other alternately, until they emerged from the fissure out on the summit of the rock.

What a world of grandeur was then spread before them! Below was the cañon, through which the Colorado runs. They could trace its course for miles, and at points catch glimpses of the river. From the north-west came the Green in a narrow, winding gorge. From the north-east came the Grand, through a cañon that seemed bottomless from where they stood.

Away to the west were lines of cliffs and ledges of rock—not such ledges as you may have seen where the quarryman splits his blocks, but ledges from which the gods might quarry mountains, that, rolled out on the plain below, would



Mending the Boats.

had her line below, they pulled her in and caught her, as she was sweeping by at the foot of the rock on which they stood. Again the first boat was let down stream the full length of her line, and the second was passed down by the first to the extent of her line, which was held by the men in the first boat. Then the third was let down past the second, and still down, nearly to the length of her line, so that she was fast to the second boat, and swinging down three lines' lengths, with the two other boats intervening.

Holding her in this way the men were able to pull her into a cove in the left wall, where she was made fast. But this left a man on the rock above, holding to the line of the little boat. When all was ready he sprang from the rock, clinging to the line with one hand and swimming with the other, and the others pulled him in as he was being carried by. As the two boats thus loosened drifted down, the men in the cove pulled all in, afterwards passing round to the point of rock below the cove, close to the wall, where they landed, and

stand a lofty range; and not such cliffs as you may have seen where the swallow builds its nest, but cliffs where the eagle is lost to view before he reaches the summit.

Between them and the distant cliffs were the strangely carved and pinnacled rocks of the Toom-piu wro-near Tu weap. On the summit of the opposite wall of the cañon were more strange rock-forms. Away to the east a group of eruptive mountains was seen, the Sierra La Sal. Their slopes were covered with pines, and the deep gulches were flanked with great erags and snow-fields near the summits. The mountains were in uniform, green, grey, and silver.

They then returned to camp, and while they were eating supper they very naturally spoke of better fare, as musty bread and spoiled bacon were not pleasant. Soon Major Powell saw Hawkins down by the boats, taking up the sextant—rather a strange proceeding for him, and the major questioned him concerning it.

He jocularly replied he was trying to find the latitude and longitude of the nearest mutton chop.

(To be continued.)

THE TWO CABIN-BOYS:

A STORY OF ADVENTURE BY LAND AND SEA.

By LOUIS ROUSSELET.

CHAPTER VI.—A FALSE FRIEND.

THE day was already far advanced, and so, in spite of Daniel's impatience, his companion succeeded in getting him to defer their excursion to Balaruc until the morrow. The sailor did not conceal a certain amount of vexation at seeing the boy's mission so near its end.

"I keep asking myself," he said, "what it is makes you in such a hurry. The poor woman will be miserable enough when she hears the sad news. Leave her a few days longer in peace. And, besides, we are very comfortable with Madame Ginestous. We have plenty of time to ship ourselves in the usual way; why not profit by this lucky windfall? When you have restored the money which remains, if the lady does not give us something handsome for our trouble we shall have to get on board without delay, as, for my part, I have not got a halfpenny in my pocket. Why should you not keep the money? Did not the miner formally give it to you?"

"Certainly; but I promised my father to keep only what was absolutely necessary for my expenses, and to give the rest to Madame Moreau. I am not going to break my promise."

Entreaty was useless, and so Dominique seemed to make light of it. To make the most of the time which remained, he got Daniel to visit the principal curiosities of the town, not without frequent stoppages on his own behalf at the public-houses on the road. At last they came back to the Three Parrots, where a dinner not less expensive than that of the preceding evening was waiting for them in the same room.

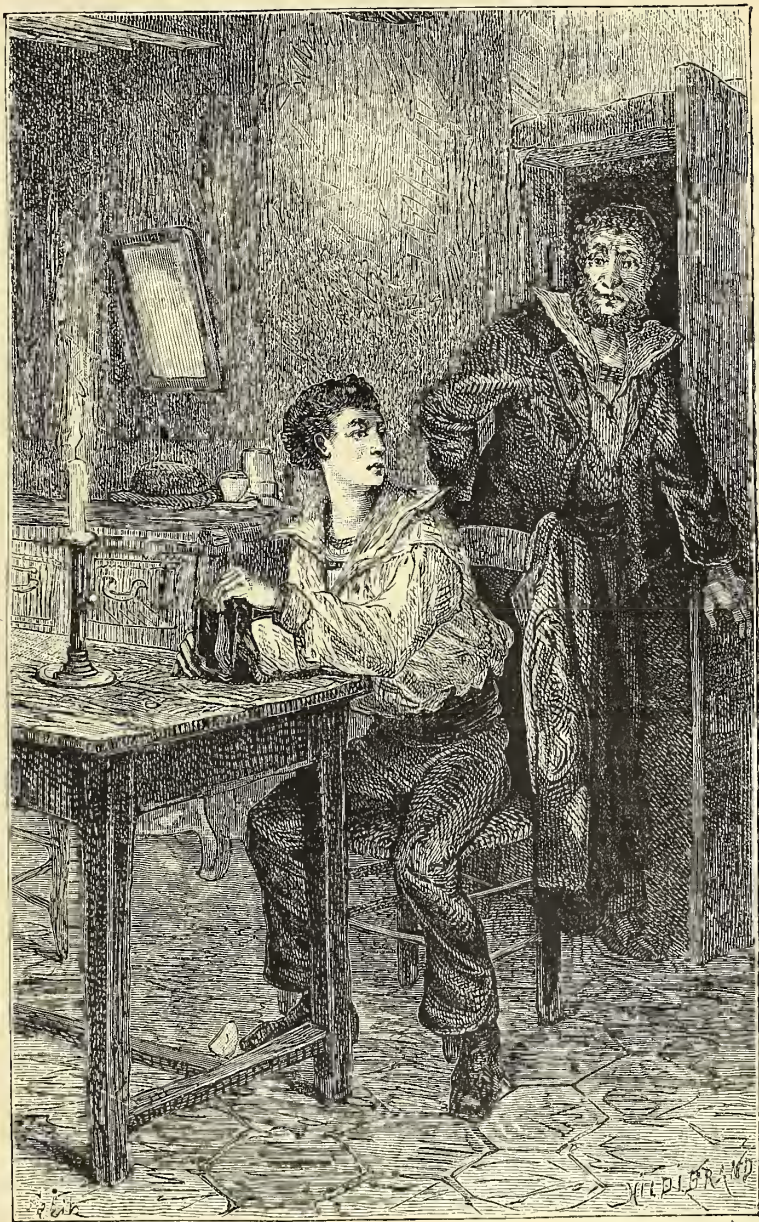
The following morning Daniel, followed by his inseparable friend, left the hotel in good time, and having procured a carriage at the advice of Madame Ginestous from a livery-stable close by, they started for the village where Madame Moreau lived.

Balaruc is the Saint Cloud of the citizens of Cette, its charming country houses stand in the midst of lovely gardens on the shores of the lake. The road there winds picturesquely along the vast lagoon, an old gulf of the Mediterranean, whose brackish

waters are only separated from the sea by a narrow stretch of the beach.

Two hours after their departure from Cette the travellers reached the first houses

The lad raised his head and saw hanging from the rails a notice, in large letters, "House to let. Apply to Madame Fonblanc, tobacconist, Rue des Bains."



"At the same instant in came Dominique."

of Balaruc. Daniel inquired of a passer-by where Madame Moreau lived, and he showed him a pretty cottage near the lake. The carriage stopped before some elegant railings; the lad hurriedly got down, and, seeing a chain hanging near the gate, he rang the bell violently.

Dominique had rejoined his companion, and was attentively examining the house through the railings. "That is the sort of a cabin which would just suit me!" he said, at the conclusion of his examination. "I do not pity the people who live in it, and I am sure they do not want our money."

No one appearing in the garden, Daniel rang again.

"It seems," continued Dominique, "as though every one was still in bed; all the windows are shut. Rich people rise late. But look here, my boy! What is that up there?" and he pointed with his finger to the top of the railing.

"That cannot be!" he exclaimed; "we must have made a mistake."

"Well," said the seaman, "let us go to Madame Fonblanc, probably she will tell us."

The tobacconist's shop, which was also the post-office, was close by. Madame Fonblanc told Daniel that the house where he had rung the bell had been occupied by Madame Moreau for many years, but that a fortnight ago the lady had gone away with her daughter. Her brother-in-law, who was the owner of the house, had sold it to a commercial man, who intended to let it during the bathing season.

"Where does Madame Moreau live now?" asked Daniel.

"I don't know," said the tobacconist; "but when she went away she asked me to forward her letters to the Hôtel des Etrangers at Cette. I sent her ten days ago a letter bearing the Melbourne post-

mark, and which must have gone astray on the road, for it was covered with the defacing stamps of the different post-offices it had passed through."

Daniel paid no more attention to the tobacconist. Hurriedly jumping into the vehicle, he shouted to the coachman,

"Quick as you can to the *Hôtel des Etrangers*! You shall have something if you lose no time."

The driver, stimulated by the promise, whipped the horse and went off at a hand gallop.

The lad had forgotten all about Dominique, who was leisurely occupied in selecting with a knowing air the best cigars in the shop. In a few strides the active sailor had caught up the carriage, but he did not hide his dissatisfaction at Daniel's proceedings.

"If we should only miss them again!" said the latter.

"One would think, to listen to you," growled the mariner, "that these people were running away from us. Take it easy, we shall find them soon enough."

The coachman urged on the horse so well that an hour later the carriage stopped before the porch of the *Hôtel des Etrangers*. In spite of his prejudices Dominique was obliged to confess that the Three Parrots was eclipsed. Servants clad in brilliant liveries stood under the gateway to receive visitors, but at the sight of the two sailors getting out of the carriage they drew themselves up with disdain. Daniel, rather cowed by this reception, did not know who to speak to, but perceiving at the entrance to the office a personage in a black coat and white cravat, who was regarding him with not very amiable curiosity, he marched boldly up to him, hat in hand, and asked if Madame Moreau was in the hotel.

"Madame Moreau?" said the man with the white cravat, smoothing his powdered hair. "Can't say."

"But I am certain she came to this hotel," replied Daniel.

"That is possible; but what do you want with her?"

"I have an important message for her which does not admit of delay."

"My hotel is frequented by such a large number of persons of distinction," said the elegant gentleman, stiffly, "that I cannot remember the names of all my guests. However," he added, condescendingly, "as it is a pressing matter, I will just give a glance at the list of arrivals."

He went into the office, followed by Daniel, and opening a voluminous book in a leather cover, he rapidly turned over the pages.

"Madame Moreau—I don't see her—Hallo! Here we are! Madame Moreau and her daughter, accompanied by Mr. Martin."

"That is it," said Daniel.

"Arrived on the 28th of May, left on the 14th of June," continued the gentleman.

"What! gone!" exclaimed the lad.

"Mr. Martin and the ladies left us yesterday. The register says so."

"But where have they gone to?" asked Daniel, trembling.

"That, my dear sir," said the hotel-keeper, "is not my business. I am not in the habit of asking my travellers where they are going to. Every man to his own affairs. I see on the register, 'No address.' That is because the ladies did not want me to know where they were going, and it ought to be enough for you, I think."

Daniel could not restrain his tears. Coming out of the office, he found Dominique at the door.

"They have not been hurting you in there, have they?" said he, at the sight of the tears. "I kept outside because I don't care to be shut up in such places, but if that fellow in the black coat has been hitting you I will go and settle him in a jiffy."

"No, Dominique; it is not that. They have gone away only yesterday, and it is not known where they have gone to. When I think that I was so near them! Where shall I find them now? What shall I do?"

"Look here," said the sailor, "you must not cry like that. We'll find them again—rather! Let us go back to our hotel; we can talk there more at our ease. All those flunkeys are looking at us with eyes as round as fishes', and I feel inclined to upset one or two of them for having allowed the lady to go away."

On their return to the hotel the two friends had a long debate on the best means of finding Madame Moreau. After several not very practical propositions on the part of Dominique, Daniel decided to go and ask the advice of the kind cashier at the registry, but Mr. Deves could only suggest that he should put an advertisement in the Paris newspapers, in the hope that it might catch the eye of the parties interested, or of some member of their family.

The same day Daniel did put in various journals a short notice announcing to Madame Moreau that Mr. Riva, at the "Three Parrots" Hotel, at Cette, was anxious to have her address, as he had news of the highest importance to communicate.

Eight days passed without bringing any reply. Dominique continued his happy existence, and Daniel saw with alarm the miner's money rapidly disappearing.

"If we go on like this," he said one day to the sailor, "we shall soon be penniless. I have had no news of Madame Moreau, and I despair of ever finding her."

"The more reason not to worry yourself. Did not your father give you permission to keep the money until you found the lady?"

"Certainly, but I can wait no longer. I have asked Mr. Deves to find a ship for me, and I think I shall get away soon. If you wish to come with me you had better make your arrangements. We have already spent two hundred francs, and that is a great deal too much; and so I am going to send back the pocket-book and what remains to my father. It will be safe in his hands and I shall be much more easy in my mind."

"Here, my boy," said Dominique with warmth, "you must not do that. We may not be able to get a ship for some time. What shall we do without money till then?"

"We shall do what you would have done if you had not met me," replied the lad, simply, "and try and find a ship immediately."

Dominique contented himself with growling between his teeth something about the obstinacy of these mountaineers, and the stupidity of the Roussillonnais, but he made no objection, and clapping his red cap on his head, abruptly left the room.

The sailor did not return to dinner, and Daniel waited for him in vain. He thought to himself that his resolve had doubtless annoyed his friend, and he was sorry for it,

for he was getting attached to his strange companion, whose failings he did not see.

When alone in his room he took the pocket-book out of his pocket and began to count the money it contained. There remained only a single gold piece, and three bank notes of a hundred francs each, which he spread out on the table.

Never in his life did he remember to have had so large a sum in his power, and he sighed to think that if it were not for the scruples of his father the money would be his own. But his father's wish was sacred. The idea of disobeying it never entered his mind.

The pocket-book remained open on the table, and mechanically and unthinkingly the lad's eyes rested on the catch of the mysterious compartment.

"Why," said Daniel to himself, "did the miner forbid me to open this spring, when he said that the pocket-book contained nothing of value? Perhaps he was afraid that if I did not find his widow I might throw away these souvenirs, which would seem so insignificant to me."

He took up the pocket-book; his fingers pressed the thin sides of the compartment.

"There is certainly no jewellery inside, or I should feel it through the leather. It seems like a photograph. Who can say? Perhaps it is the portrait of Bastien's daughter or wife? It is certain not to be his own. Why did he carry it so carefully about with him? But if it is Madame Moreau's portrait I should do better to keep it, it might enable me to recognise her if I met her some day."

His finger was touching the spring, but he stopped.

"I promised a dying man not to open this pocket. Yes. But Bastien was sure that I should find his wife at Cette. If I look at this portrait it is only that I may discover her. So I do not violate my promise."

This subtle reasoning seemed to quiet his conscience. He opened the clasp and took from the pocket a small bundle of papers tied up with red ribbon. The first thing which met his eyes once the packet was opened was, as he had thought, a photograph. The portrait was that of a young lady. Daniel looked at the back of the carte and read, "Marguerite Moreau, January 1st, 1857." The very year that Bastien had run away. Madame Moreau could not have changed so in six years that he could not recognise her, and so he examined the portrait for a long time, to engrave it on his memory.

Under this portrait was one of a little girl about four or five years old; then a lock of a child's hair; then a withered rose; and lastly, some letters. Daniel slightly glanced at these relics, and, with the exception of Madame Moreau's portrait, was going to put them back in the pocket, when he saw that it contained something else. He drew it out. It was a little memorandum-book, which was full of notes. A rapid glance showed Daniel that these notes formed a kind of journal.

The lad's curiosity was excited and his conscience slept. He sat himself down comfortably, and read page after page of the short recital of Bastien's adventures. It was, in fact, with more detail, what the gold-digger had told him.

Day by day the memorandum-book showed how Bastien gradually succumbed under the weight of his misfortunes. They seemed to have crowded on him when he set foot in Australia. At last the moment arrived when he was going to give up.

"All is over," said the note-book; "after a month and a half of work we find we have come the wrong way, and that this creek, which looked so promising, does not contain a single trace of gold. My companions have gone off. I refused to follow them. I will die here in the place where fortune seemed to smile on me for the first time. I have loitered all day about the shaft, which will serve me for a grave. These lines are the last I shall write. May those who find this note-book have the charity to send it to my wife, whose address is on the first page!"

"Poor man!" said Daniel; "what suffering! And, after all, to perish on the jaws of Cerberus!"

He turned over the page and read, "Saved! saved! Thank Heaven! Gold! gold! Yesterday evening I went down into the mine. I had taken my revolver, but before dying I wished to send you, dear wife, a last adieu. My heart failed me when I thought of you and of my little daughter, whom I longed so much to see again. I thrust the revolver aside, and knelt and tried to pray. I rose from my knees very slowly, and as I leant against the side I dislodged a large piece of rock, whose fall caused a general slip. I thought I was going to be buried alive; that would have been a cruel death! My revolver was struck and disappeared among the rubble. At any price, I had to recover that, and as it was quite dark I struck a match. Imagine my amazement, my ecstasy, my frenzy almost, when, on bringing the light near the ground, I found my feet literally covered with nuggets of gold! The metal sought for so long was there, and I was wading in it! I threw myself on the precious fragments; I hugged them to me! I cried; I went almost mad! I did not sleep. When the sun rose I came up the shaft. I scanned the horizon. Would you believe it? I trembled lest one of my comrades should return to dispute the prize with me! I wanted all of it for myself."

Daniel felt his heart beat high as he read the wondrous tale. Farther on, the gold-digger continued. "I have been working for three days, and I am going to take away as much gold as my strength will allow me to carry. But before going I have carefully hidden the entrance to the shaft, so that no one shall have a suspicion of its existence. It has cost me a good deal of labour. I have made careful note of its position, and I have made a plan of the neighbourhood, so that I can find it again, for I want all the wealth the creek contains. The plan shall never leave me; I dare not put it in this note-book lest—"

Arrived at this passage in the journal, Daniel heard on the stairs the heavy, uncertain footstep of his companion. Ashamed at being surprised in such a flagrant breach of confidence, the lad precipitately caught up the papers, the note-book, and the photographs, thrust them into the pocket, and snapped the clasp. In his hurry a little piece of paper slipped out of the book and floated under the table. At the same instant in came Dominique.

"Well, my darling!" said he, in a husky voice, "you will be satisfied now. I have found a captain who will perhaps take us both. But what are you doing there? Counting the money?"

"Yes," said the lad. "I wanted to see how much was left for me to send my father to-morrow;" and, so saying, Daniel replaced the notes in the pocket-book, and

then, as he had done on every other evening, laid it in one of the drawers.

"We shan't want any," said the sailor, "now we are going aboard. Good night, my boy. I shall turn in, for I have been running about the harbour all day, and I am nearly knocked up with fatigue."

And only taking off his boots, he threw himself, just as he was, on the bed. Daniel also retired to rest, put out the light, and was soon fast asleep, dreaming of Australia and its rivers of gold.

The sailor seemed much disturbed. After a little time he called "Daniel!" in a low voice. No answer. Dominique gently got out of bed, drew a clasp knife out of his pocket, opened it, and moved on tiptoe towards the drawers. As the drawer yielded there was a loud creak. Dominique stopped uneasily.

"If the brat moves I must settle him!" he whispered between his teeth.

But Daniel quietly slept on. His faithless friend thrust his hand into the half-opened drawer and took out the pocket-book, which he slipped into his waistcoat, and then carefully putting on his cap, he picked up his boots and noiselessly glided from the room.

(To be continued.)

NEW POSTAGE STAMPS ISSUED DURING 1880-1.

(Continued from page 67.)

CYPRUS.—The island of Cyprus has stamps of its own.



Stamps.

- 30 paras, or 1d. English.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ piastre, green.
- 1 " rose.
- 2 " blue.
- 4 " green.
- 6 " brown.

Newsband.

- $\frac{1}{2}$ piastre, brown.
- Registration fee.
- 2 piastres, blue.

BRITISH GUIANA.—A linen lined registration envelope, similar to that used in England, has been published in British Guiana; the stamp is round and bears inscription, "British Guiana. Registration fee. Four cents."

4 cents, red.



BULGARIA.—The currency in Bulgaria is altered; the values of the old stamps were expressed by centimes and francs, now they are inscribed СТОТНИК. Stotinki. We give illustrations both of the old and new Bulgarian stamp. There are six values in the new set as follows:—

- 3 stotinki, red and grey.
- 5 " black and orange.
- 10 " black and green.
- 15 " red and yellow.
- 25 " black and purple.
- 30 " blue and brown.



QUEENSLAND.—Four new values have been added to the Queensland series, viz.: 2s., 2s 6d., 5s., and £1.

SERVIA.—These stamps have a portrait in military costume of Prince Milano.



- 5 paras, green.
- 10 " rose.
- 20 " orange.
- 25 " blue.
- 50 " grey.

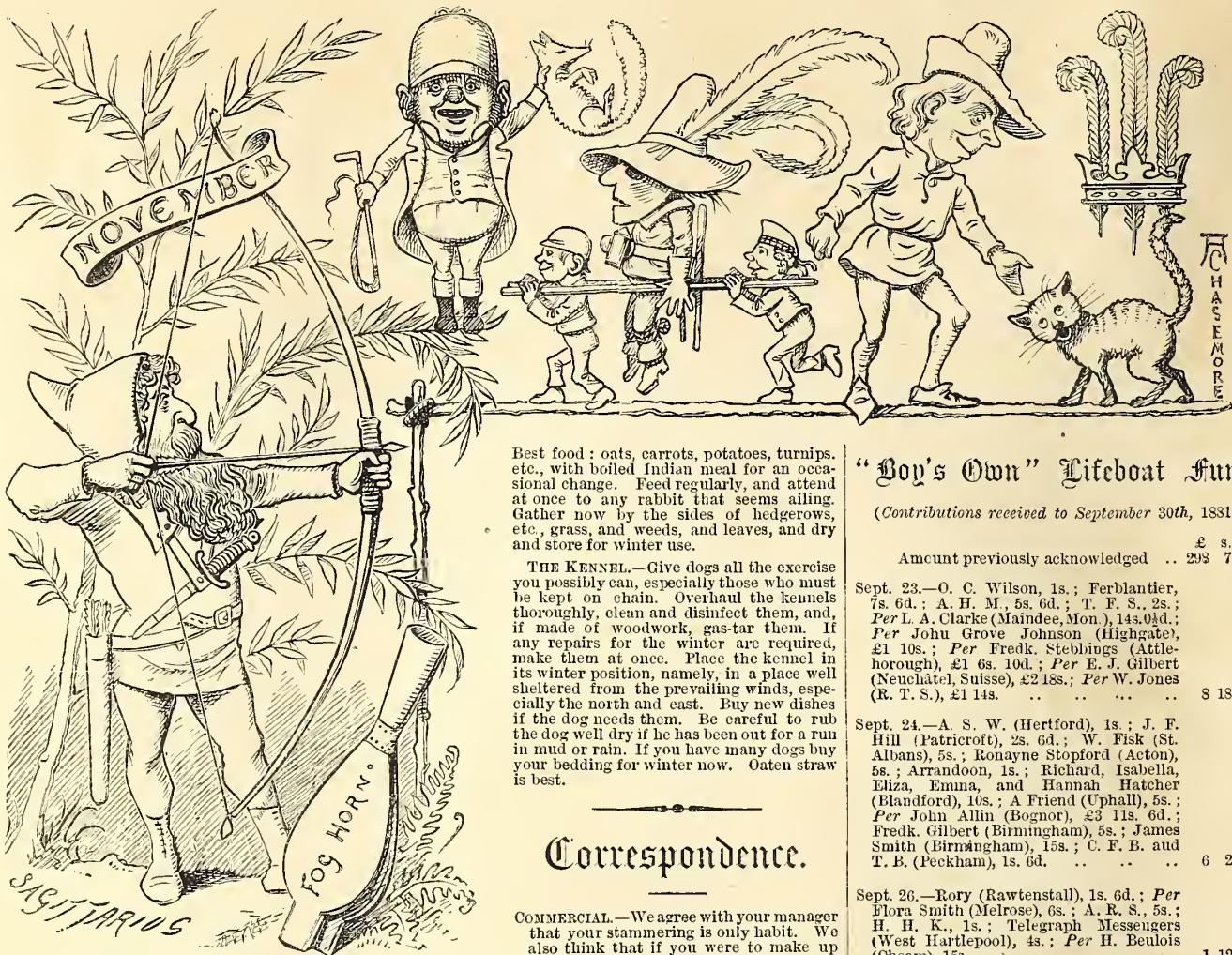
CABUL.—We give illustrations of three different types of Afghanistan stamps.



WURTEMBERG.—A set of six stamps, inscribed "Amtlicher Verkehr," have been received from Wurtemberg.



- 3 pfennig, green.
- 5 " lilac.
- 10 " rose.
- 20 " blue.
- 25 " brown.
- 50 " grey.



DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.

IN these columns we intend giving month by month a brief digest of the things necessary to be done by the owners of domestic animals or pets, in order to keep them up to the mark in health, beauty, and utility.

THE POULTRY RUN.—See to all repairs without fail, and put the run in a fit condition to stand the test of a severe winter. See to a thorough cleaning and disinfecting of it also, and lay in a stock of good food and dry bedding, well secured from damp and vermin. Reduce your stock to all but birds for breeding, showing, or laying. Fatten and kill all useless birds at once. Tonics may be given to such birds as have not moulted off kindly, and are white about the combs. Feed all remaining stock well, and place them in such a position that they may receive a fair allowance of food, and that the stronger may not abuse the weaker and thus keep them back. Feed three times a day.

THE PIGEON LOFT.—Clean, wash, disinfect, and dry your loft well. Water, reddened with permanganate of potash, is the best and safest disinfectant. Attend to delicate birds, and look out for autumnal diarrhoea, colds in the eye, and roup. Get rid as soon as possible of surplus stock. Feed liberally, but not to over-repletion. In very cold weather a handful or two of hempseed is justifiable. Finish all repairs of the loft, and remember the nights are long and often dark, so take precautions by well-arranged wire work against the depredations of vagrant cats.

THE AVIARY.—Whatever kind of birds are kept, they should now be guarded against cold, especially damp draughts; but, nevertheless, fresh air is indispensable. A cage is not to be hung in a draught, but occasionally now in the bright sunshine. Cover the cage up at night. You may now begin to select your stock for next season's breeding. Buy strong young birds from respectable dealers; never purchase in the street. Keep cocks and hens in separate rooms, and let them have all the exercise possible. Be extra careful with birds that have not yet finished moulting. Give these now and then a little egg and bread-crumbs, and place a rusty nail in the water, and, if you think they need it, one or two scum-leaves.

THE RABBITRY.—Protect your hutches from damp and cold, and especially from wet, and be most careful in their cleanliness and disinfection. Change the food frequently, and be sparing in the use of green food.

Best food: oats, carrots, potatoes, turnips, etc., with boiled Indian meal for an occasional change. Feed regularly, and attend at once to any rabbit that seems ailing. Gather now by the sides of hedgerows, etc., grass, and weeds, and leaves, and dry and store for winter use.

THE KENNEL.—Give dogs all the exercise you possibly can, especially those who must be kept on chain. Overhaul the kennels thoroughly, clean and disinfect them, and, if made of woodwork, gas-tar them. If any repairs for the winter are required, make them at once. Place the kennel in its winter position, namely, in a place well sheltered from the prevailing winds, especially the north and east. Buy new dishes if the dog needs them. Be careful to rub the dog well dry if he has been out for a run in mud or rain. If you have many dogs buy your bedding for winter now. Oaten straw is best.

Correspondence.

COMMERCIAL.—We agree with your manager that your stammering is only habit. We also think that if you were to make up your mind to get rid of it, and refrained from treating it as inevitable, that you would soon learn to talk like other people.

J. H. GRIFFITHS.—We have given an article on the Australian Cricket Team of 1880, and illustrated it with portraits of the men.

PETER ROY.—The length of a screwdriver has nothing to do with its lever power. When the power is greatest the size of the screwdriver is such as to admit of its fullest application, and the length merely as length has nothing to do with it. You can only use a short screwdriver in a cramped position, and hence you cannot bring your full muscular power into play; but let it be, say, two feet long, and you get all your strength to bear. Increase it above that length, and you get no increased power whatever.

HYDRANTHYRUM.—Take a clean sheet of tinfoil, cover it with mercury, and press the glass down on it so as to drive away air-bubbles, as already described.

SCOTT.—In what a limited sense you use the term "natural"! There is nothing strange in a carnivorous animal eating flesh, and had you left the kitten alone you would have solved the problem for yourself.

PIP.—We have nothing to add to our articles on the Aquarium, commencing in No. 76. All back numbers can be had.

DON FUEGO.—1. You must wash your stain out of the chromograph with a sponge and cold water. 2. There are fourteen orders of the class Mammalia, and the bats belong to the Chiroptera, which comes eleventh in order. 3. Dunkirk was won by Oliver Cromwell from Spain in 1653, and sold by Charles II. to Louis XIV. of France in 1662, to the great indignation of the people, who prized it as the key of the Low Countries, and looked upon it much as we do on Gibraltar. It had been captured by the English twice before, in 1388 and in 1558.

ASTRONOMER.—Your knowledge is very elementary and very inexact. The height of the atmosphere is limited, as you say, but light is due to the vibrations of the luminiferous ether, and is not produced "by particles of air striking each other in succession." Hence your argument falls to the ground. The phases of the moon are due to the fact of the moon being an opaque spherical body illuminated by the rays of the sun. The shadow of the earth has nothing to do with it. You are thinking of eclipses.

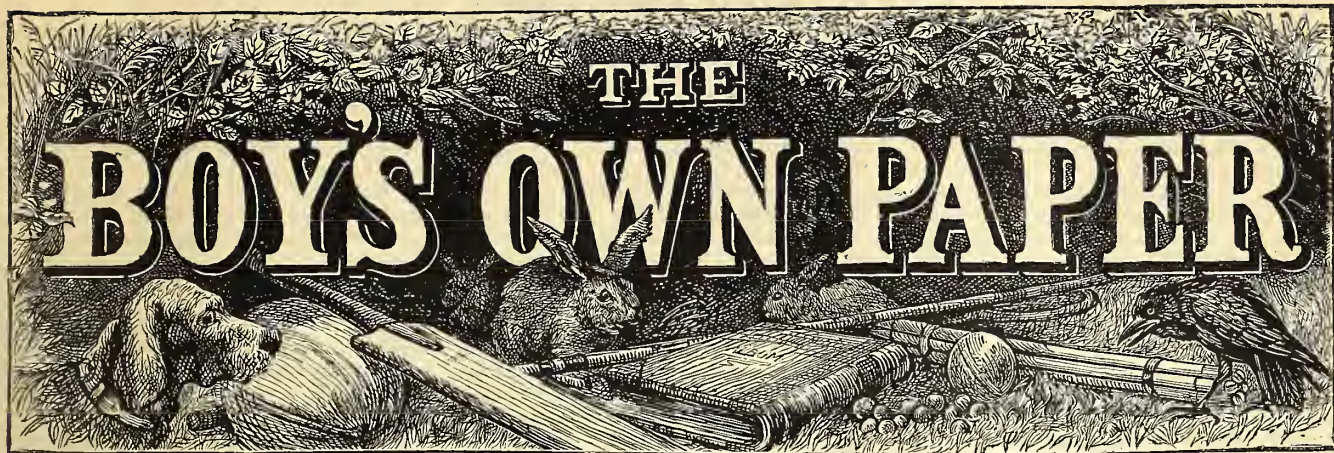
A. H. B.—1. It all depends on the state of health the boy is in. Some lads can run ten miles, some not half a one. 2. The right side is the best to sleep on, but it does not make much difference.

"Boy's Own" Lifeboat Fund.

(Contributions received to September 30th, 1881.)

	£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	293	7	9½
Sept. 23.—O. C. Wilson, 1s.; Ferblantier, 7s. 6d.; A. H. M., 5s. 6d.; T. F. S., 2s.; Per L. A. Clarke (Maiden, Mon.), 14s. 0d.; Per John Grove Johnson (Highgate), £1 10s.; Per Fredk. Stebbings (Attleborough), £1 6s. 10d.; Per E. J. Gilbert (Neuchâtel, Suisse), £2 18s.; Per W. Jones (R. T. S.), £1 14s.			8 18 10½
Sept. 24.—A. S. W. (Hertford), 1s.; J. F. Hill (Patricroft), 2s. 6d.; W. Fisk (St. Albans), 5s.; Ronayne Stopford (Acton), 5s.; Arrandoon, 1s.; Richard, Isabella, Eliza, Emma, and Hannah Hatcher (Blandford), 10s.; A Friend (Uphall), 5s.; Per John Allin (Bognor), £3 11s. 6d.; Fredk. Gilbert (Birmingham), 5s.; James Smith (Birmingham), 15s.; C. F. B. and T. B. (Peckham), 1s. 6d.			6 2 6
Sept. 26.—Rory (Rawtenstall), 1s. 6d.; Per Flora Smith (Melrose), 6s.; A. R. S., 5s.; H. H. K., 1s.; Telegraph Messengers (West Hartlepool), 4s.; Per H. Beulois (Cheam), 15s.			1 12 6
Sept. 27.—Two Black Brunswickers (Bedford Gardeus), 5s.; Per S. D. (Glasgow), 8s. 6d.; Samuel H. Wheelton (Newton Moor), 5s. 6d.; C. H. B., J. E. B., C. F. B., A. L., A. F. (Manchester), 7s. 6d.; J. C. Evans (Cheadle Hulme School), 1s.; M. Evans (Davyhulme), 1s.; Per Walter Clough (Wakefield), 10s. 5d.; Samuel Saunders (Hackney Road), 3s. 10d.; E. Ringwood, 2s.; Per E. Kerslake, 4s.; J. Booth (New Mill), 3s.; Three Carrots, 4s.; Rory (Newcastle), 1s. 6d.; E. B. F. (East Dulwich), 1s. 3d.; Per Horace Household (King's Lynn), £1 10s.			4 8 6
Sept. 28.—Anonymous (Grantham), 1s.; W. Robson (Howdon), 2s.; J. A. Brotherton (Leeds), 2s. 6d.; Per F. B. Smith (Great Addington), 6s.; S. C. Priddis (Canonbury Square), 1s. 6d.; Deux Frères (Edinburgh), 2s.; Per W. C. Moore (Lowestoft), 8s. 3d.; Per Francis O'Bryan, 1s. 8d.; Per William Gove (Edinburgh), £1 3s.			2 7 11
Sept. 29.—A. E. Wilson, 6d.; Per H. L. Pedley (Keighley), 10s. 7d.; Per W. J. Hoyten (Manchester), 2s. 6d.; Per Frank J. Robson (Gateshead), £1 3s. 5d.; T. G. and J. W. Banks (Buckhurst Hill), 5s.; W. H. Bishop, 1s.; From a Sailor's Orphan, 1s.; C. Danby Christopher, 1s.; Generous, 1d.			2 5 1
Sept. 30.—Per William Kenworthy (Mossley), £1 8s. 6d.; Per Frank E. Mayall (Mossley), 4s.; Henry and Charles Russell (Kensington), 2s.; William W. Baden (Ockley), 1s.; Charles Gordon Reid and Two Sisters (Moffat, N.B.), 5s. 6d.; Four Brothers (Burntisland), 2s.; A. Williams, 1s.; Per Rob (Cape Town), £1 2s. 6d.; Herbert Digges La Zouche, 2s.; E. A. Tarr (Trowbridge), 1s. 6d.; H. A. Young (Malvern), 1s. 6d.; R. J. K. (West Hall), 1s.; Per J. Thompson (Canonbury), 6s. 10d.; Per Oscar Watkins (Breocon), 10s. 6d.; Per Henry Smith (Dumfries), 13s.; Cymro Bach, 2s. 1d.; Fairfax Fearnley, 6d.; G. E. and Frank Oldham (Sale), 2s. 6d.; Per C. G. Lindo (Blackheath), £1 10s.; H. Worral, 6d.			6 18 5

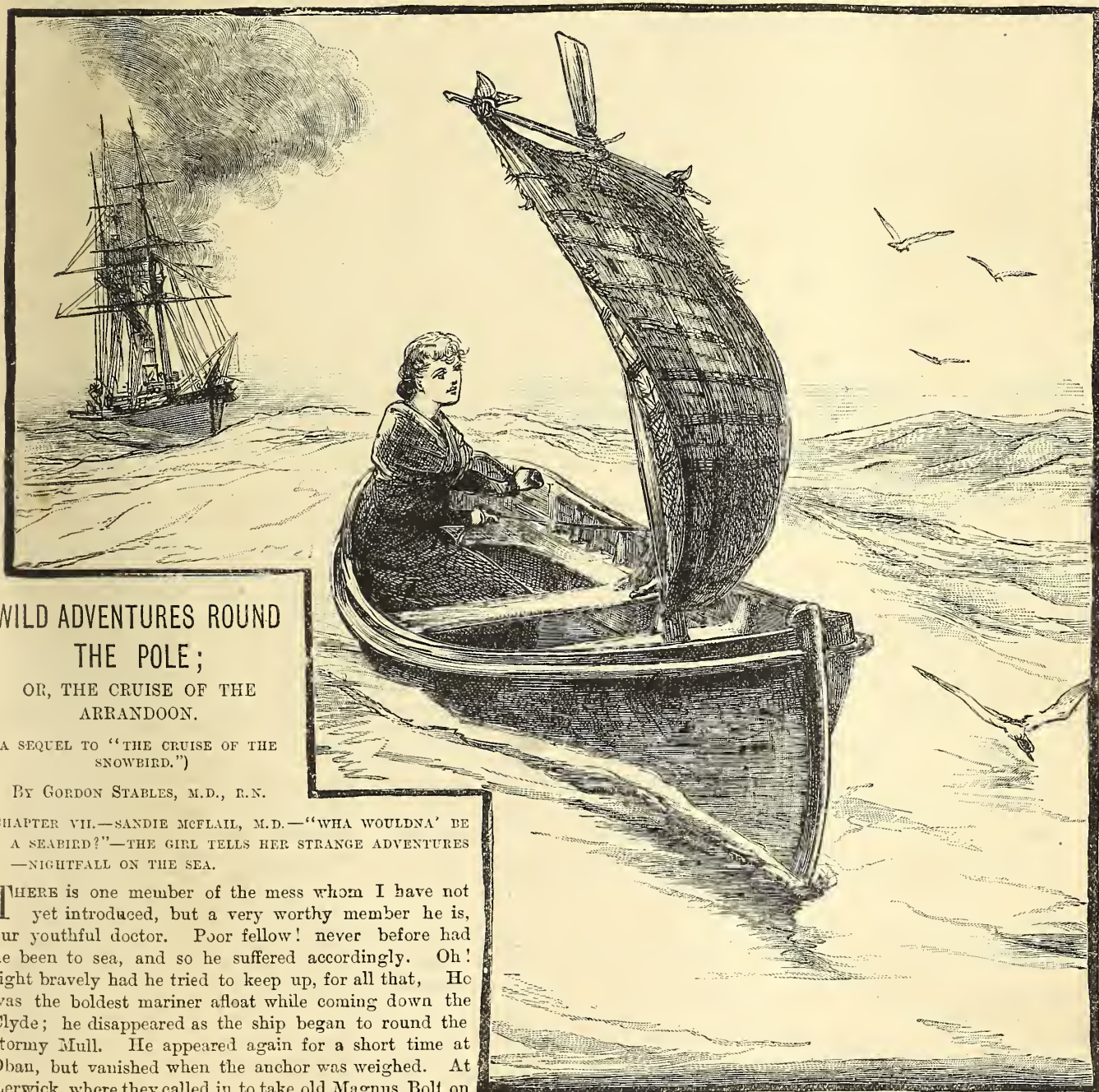
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No. 148.—Vol. IV.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1881.

Price One Penny.
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WILD ADVENTURES ROUND THE POLE;

OR, THE CRUISE OF THE
ARRANDOON.

(A SEQUEL TO "THE CRUISE OF THE
SNOWBIRD.")

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

CHAPTER VII.—SANDIE McFLAIL, M.D.—"WHA WOULDNA' BE
A SEABIRD?"—THE GIRL TELLS HER STRANGE ADVENTURES
—NIGHTFALL ON THE SEA.

THERE is one member of the mess whom I have not yet introduced, but a very worthy member he is, our youthful doctor. Poor fellow! never before had he been to sea, and so he suffered accordingly. Oh! right bravely had he tried to keep up, for all that, He was the boldest mariner afloat while coming down the Clyde; he disappeared as the ship began to round the stormy Mull. He appeared again for a short time at Oban, but vanished when the anchor was weighed. At Lerwick, where they called in to take old Magnus Bolt on

"Yonder is a small boat, sir, with a bit of a sail on her."

board, and ship a dozen stalwart Shetlanders, the doctor was once more seen on deck, and it was currently reported that when the vessel lay helpless on the reef, a ghostly form bearing a strong resemblance to the bold surgeon, was seen flitting about in the darkness, and a quavering voice was heard to put this solemn question more than once, "Any danger, men? Men, are we in danger?" This was the last that had been seen of the medico; but Rory found a slate in the dispensary, into which sanctum, by the way, he had no right to pop even his nose. He brought this slate aft, the young rascal, and read what was written thereon to Allan and Ralph, from which it was quite evident that Sandie McFlail, M.D., of Aberdeen, had made a most intrepid attempt to keep a diary. The entries were short, and ran somewhat thus:—

"February 9th.—Dropped away from the Broomielaw and steamed down the beautiful Clyde. Charming day, though cold, and the hills on each side the river clothed in virgin snow. Felt sad and sorrowful at leaving my native land. I wonder will ever we return, or will the great sea swallow us up. Would rather it didn't. I wonder if *she* will think of me and pray for her mariner bold when the wind blows high at night, when the cold rain beats against the window-panes of her little cot, and the storm spirit roars around the old chimneys. I feel a sailor already all over, and I tread the decks with pride.

"Feb. 10th.—At sea. The ocean getting rough. Passed some seagulls.

"Feb. 11th.—Sea rougher. Passed a ship.

"Feb. 12th.—Sea still rough. Passed some seaweed.

"Feb. 13th.—Sea mountains high. Passed—"

"And here," says Rory, "the diary breaks off all of a sudden like; and all of a sudden the entries close; so, really, there is no saying what the doctor passed on the 13th. But just about this time, the mate tells me, he was seen leaning languidly over the side, so—"

"Ho, ho!" cried McBain, close at his ear.

The captain had entered the saloon unperceived by boy Rory, and had been standing behind him all the time he was reading. Ralph and Allan saw him well enough, but they, of course, said nothing, although they could not refrain from laughing.

"Ho, ho, Rory, my boy!" says McBain; "ho, ho, boy Rory! so you're fairly caught!"

"And indeed then," says Rory, jumping up and looking as guilty as any schoolboy, "I didn't know you were there at all at all."

"Of that I am perfectly sure," McBain says, laughing, "else you wouldn't have been reading the poor doctor's *private* diary. What shall we do with him, Ralph? What shall he be done to, Allan?"

"Oh!" said Ralph, mischievously; "send him to the masthead for a couple of hours. Into the foretop, mind, where he'll get plenty of air about him."

"No," said Allan, grinning; "give him a seat for three hours on the end of the bowsprit. Of course, Captain McBain, you'll let him have a bottle of hot water at his feet, and a blanket or two about him. He is only a little one, you know."

"But now that I think of it," said McBain, "you are all the same, boys;

there isn't one of you a whit better than the other."

"Sure and you're right, captain," Rory put in, "for if I was reading, they were listening, most intently too."

"Well, then, boys, I'll tell you how you can make amends to the honest doctor. Off you go, the three of you, and see if you can't rouse him out. Get him to come on deck and breathe the fresh air. He'll soon get round."

And off our three heroes went, joyfully, on their mission of mercy.

They found the worthy doctor in bed in his cabin, and forthwith set about kindly but firmly rousing him out. They had even brought Freezing Powders with them, to carry a pint of moselle.

"I feel vera limp," said Sandie, as soon as he got dressed, "vera limp indeed. Well, as you say, the moselle may do me good, but I'm a teetotaler as a rule."

"We never touch any wine," said Ralph, "nor care to; but this, my dear doctor, is medicine."

Sandie confessed himself better immediately when he got on deck. With Allan on one side of him and big Ralph on the other, he was marched up and down the deck for half an hour and more.

"Man! gentlemen!" he remarked. "I thought I could walk finely, but I'm just now for a' the world like a silly drunken body."

"We were just the same," said Allan, "when we came first to sea—couldn't walk a bit; but we soon got our sea legs, and we've never lost them yet."

The doctor was struck with wonder at the might and majesty of the waves, and also at the multitude of birds that were everywhere about and around them. Kittiwakes, solons, gulls, guillemots, auks, and puffins, they whirled and wheeled around the ship in hundreds, screaming and shrieking and laughing. They floated on the water, they swam on its surface, and dived down into its dark depths, and no fear had they of human beings, nor of the steamer itself.

"How happy they all seem!" said Rory; "if I was one of the lower animals, as we call them, sure there is nothing in the wide world I'd like better to be than a seabird."

"True for you," said Allan; "it's a wild, free life they lead."

"And they seem to have no care," said the doctor. "Their meat is bound to their heads; at any rate, they never have far to go to seek it. When tired they can rest; when rested they can fly again. Then look at the warm and beautiful coats they wear. There is no wetting them to the skin; the water glides off o' them like the rain from a duck's back. Then think o' the pleasure o' possessin' a pair o' wings that can cleave the air like an arrow from a bowstring; that in a few short days, independent o' wind or waves or weather, can carry them from the cauld north far, far awa' to the soft and sunny south. Wha wouldna' be a seabird?"

"Yes," reiterated Rory, stopping in front of the doctor; "as you say, doctor, 'Wha wouldna' be a seabird?' But pardon me, sir, for in you I recognise a kindred spirit, a lover of nature, a lover of the beautiful. You and I will be friends, doctor; fast friends. There, shake hands."

"As for Ralph and Allan," he added, with a mischievous grin, "'deed in troth, doctor dear, there isn't a bit of poetry in their nature, and they would any day far sooner see a couple of eider ducks roasted

and flanked with apple sauce, than the same wildly beautiful birds happy and alive and afloat on the dark heaving breast of the ocean. It's the truth I'm telling ye, doctor. D'ye play at all? Have you any favourite instrument?"

"Weel, sir," the doctor replied, "I canna say that I'm vera much o' a musician, but I just can manage to toot a wee bit on the flute."

"And I've no doubt," said Rory, "that you 'toot' well too."

The conversation never slackened for a couple of hours, and so well did the doctor feel, that of his own free will he volunteered joining them at dinner in the saloon. McBain was as much surprised as delighted when he came below to dine and found that their new messmate, Sandie McFlail, had at long last put in an appearance at table.

The swell on the sea was much less next morning; the wind had slightly increased, and more sail had been spread, so that the ship was moderately steady. The rugged coast and strange fantastic rocks of the outlying islands of Iceland were in sight, and, half buried in misty clouds, the distant mountains could be dimly descried.

"Yonder," said the mate, advancing towards Captain McBain, glass in hand, "yonder is a small boat, sir, with a bit of a sail on her; she has just rounded the needle rocks, and seems standing in for the mainland."

"Well," said the captain, "let us overhaul her, anyhow. There can be no harm in that, and it may secure us a fresh fish or two for dinner."

In less than an hour the Arrandoon had come up with this strange sail, which at first sight had seemed a mere speck on the ocean, seen at one moment and hidden the next behind some mountain roller. The surprise of our heroes may be better imagined than described, to find afloat in this cockle-shell of a boat, with an oar shipped as a mast and a tartan plaid as a mainsail, none other than the heroine of the wreckers' reef. Seeing that she was in the power of the big ship, she made no further attempt to get away, but, dropping her sail, she seized the oars, paddled quietly and coolly alongside, and next moment stood on the quarter-deck with bowed head and modest mien, before Captain McBain.

The captain took her kindly by the hand, smiling, as he said, "Do not be afraid, my girl; consider yourself among friends—among those, indeed, who would do anything in their power to serve you, even if they were not already deeply in your debt, and deeply grateful."

"Ah!" she said, mournfully, "my warning came all too late to save you. But praised be God, you are safe now, and not in the power of those terrible men, who would have spared not a single life of those the waves did not engulf."

"But tell us," continued McBain, "all about it—all about yourself. There is some strange mystery about the matter, which we would fain have solved. But stay—not here, and not yet. You must be very tired and weary; you must first have rest and refreshment, after which you can tell us your tale. Stevenson, see the little boat hauled up; and, doctor, I place this young lady under your care; to-night I hope to land her safely in Reikjavik, meanwhile my cabin is at her disposal."

"Come, lassie," said the good surgeon, laconically, leading the way down the companion.

Merely dropping a queenly curtsey to McBain and our young heroes, she followed the doctor without a word.

Peter the steward placed before her the most tempting viands in the ship, yet she seemed to have but little appetite.

"I am tired," she said at length, "I fain would rest. Long weary weeks of sorrow have been mine. But they are past and gone at last."

Then she retired, this strange ocean waif and stray, and so the day wore gradually to a close, and they saw no more of her until the sun, fierce, fiery, and red, began to disappear behind the distant snowclad hills; then they found her once more in their midst.

She had gathered the folds of her plaid around her, her long yellow hair still floated over her shoulders, and her dreamy blue eyes were shyly raised to McBain's face as she began to speak.

"I owe you some explanation," she said. "My strange conduct must appear almost inexplicable to you. My appearance among you two nights ago was intended to save you from the destruction that awaited you—from the destruction that had been prepared for you by the Danish wreckers."

"Sir," she continued, after a pause, "I am myself a Dane. My father was parish minister in the little village of Elmdene. Alas! I fear he is now no more. Afflictions gathered and thickened around us in our once happy little home, and the only way we could see out of them was to leave our native land and cross the ocean. In America we have many friends who had kindly offered us an asylum, until happier days should come again. Our vessel was a brig, our crew all told only twenty hands, and we, my brother, father, and myself—for mother has long since gone Up Beyond—were the only passengers."

"All went well until we were off the northern Shetlands, when at the dark starry hour of midnight our ship was boarded and carried by pirates. Every one in the ship was put to the sword, saving my father and myself. My poor dear brave brother was slain before my eyes, but he died as the Danes die—with his face to the foe. My father was promised his life if he would perform the ceremony of marriage between myself and the pirate captain, who is a Russian, a daring, fearless fellow, but a strange compound of superstition and vice. A man who will go to prayers before scuttling a ship! The object of this pirate was to seize your vessel; he would have met and fought you at sea, but the easier plan for him was to try to wreck you. Fortune seemed to favour this bold design of his. The lights placed on shore, the green and red lights in boats at anchor, to represent a vessel of large size, were part and parcel of his vile scheme. But the darkness of the night enabled me to escape and come towards you. Then I feared to return; but, alas! alas! I now tremble lest my dear father has had to pay the penalty of my rashness with his life."

"But the ship—this pirate?" said McBain. "We sailed around the island next day but saw no signs of him?"

"Then," said the girl, "he must have escaped in the darkness, immediately after discovering the entire failure of his scheme."

"And whither were you bound for when we overtook you, my poor girl?" asked McBain.

"At Reikjavik," she replied, "I have an uncle a minister. He it was who taught me all I know, while he was still at home in

Elmdene—taught me among other things the beautiful language of your country, which I speak, but speak so indifferently."

"Can this be," said McBain, "the self-same pirate that attacked the Snowbird?"

"The very same thought," answered Ralph "was passing through my own mind."

"And yet how strange that a pirate should cruise in these far northern seas!"

"She has less chance of being caught, at all events," Allan said.

"Ha!" exclaimed McBain, with a kind of grim, exultant laugh, "if she comes across the Arrandoun, that chance will indeed be a small one. She'll find us a different kind of a craft from the Snowbird."

The vessel was now heading directly for the south-east coast of Iceland. Somewhere in there, though at present hidden by points of land and rocky islets, lay the capital of Iceland, which they hoped to reach ere midnight.

A more lovely land and seascape than that which was now stretched out before them, it would indeed be difficult to conceive. The sun had gone down behind the western end of a long line of snowclad mountains, serrated, jagged, and peaked, but their tops were all rose-tipped with his parting beams. Above them the sky was clear, with just one speck of crimson cloud; the lower land between was bathed in a purple mist, through which the icebound rocks could dimly be discerned, while the mantle of night had already been spread over the ocean.

It was "nightfall on the sea."

(To be continued.)

THROUGH THE DEEPEST CANON;

OR,

THE WILDEST OF THE WILD WEST.

(BASED ON THE NARRATIVE OF THE EXPLORER, MAJOR J. W. POWELL.)

By WILLIAM H. RIDEING,

Author of "A Saddle in the Wild West," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

THE exploration did not become easier as it progressed. On July 21st the river was rough, and the adventurers passed through several difficult rapids in close succession. Two very hard portages were made during the forenoon. After dinner, in running a rapid, the Emma Dean was swamped, and the men were thrown into the river. They clung to her, however, and in the first quiet water below she was righted and bailed out, though three oars were lost in this mishap. The larger boats landed above the dangerous place, and another portage was made, that occupied all the afternoon. At night the rocks on the left bank were so narrow that the men could scarcely find room to lie down.

On the following morning they continued their journey, though short of oars. There was no timber growing on the walls within their reach, and no driftwood along the banks; so they were compelled to go on until something suitable could be found. A mile and three-quarters below they found a huge pile of driftwood, among which were some cottonwood logs. From these they selected one which they thought the best, and the men were set to work sawing oars. Their boats were leaking again, from the strains received in the rapids, and after dinner they were turned over and caulked.

One afternoon Bradley, Captain Powell, and Major Powell went up into a side cañon, through a very narrow passage, having to wade along the course of a little stream until a cascade interrupted their progress. Climbing to the right, for a hundred feet, they reached a little shelf,

along which they passed, walking with great care, for it was narrow, until they got around the fall. Here the gorge widened into a spacious sky-roofed chamber. In the farther end was a beautiful grove of cottonwoods, and between them and the cottonwoods the little stream expanded into three clear lakelets, with bottoms of smooth rock. Beyond the cottonwoods the brook fell in a series of white shining cascades from heights that seemed immeasurable. Turning round, they could look through the cleft by which they had come, and see the river, with towering walls beyond. What a chamber for a resting-place was this!—hewn from solid rock, the heavens for a ceiling, cascade fountains within, a grove in the conservatory, clear lakelets for a refreshing bath, and an outlook through the doorway on a raging river, with cliffs and mountains beyond!

Their way after dinner was through a gorge, grand beyond description. The walls were nearly vertical, the river broad and swift, but free from rocks and falls. From the edge of the water to the brink of the cliffs it was one thousand six hundred to one thousand eight hundred feet. At this great depth the river rolled in solemn majesty, and the cliffs were reflected on the bosom of the stream, so that while the explorers seemed to be in the depths of the earth they yet could look down into waters which mirrored a bottomless abyss.

They arrived early in the afternoon at the head of more rapids and falls, but, wearied with past work, they made camp, and the afternoon and evening were spent by the men in discussing the probabilities of successfully navigating the river below.

The barometric records were examined, to see what descent they had made since they left the mouth of the Grand, what descent since they left the Pacific Railroad, and what fall there yet must be to the river ere they reached the end of the great cañons. The conclusion to which the men came was that there were great descents yet to be made, but that, if they were distributed in rapids and short falls, they would be able to overcome them. "But, maybe," wrote Major Powell in his diary, "we shall come to a fall in these cañons which we cannot pass, where the walls rise from the water's edge, so that we cannot land, and where the water is so swift that we cannot return. Such places have been found, except that the falls were not so great but that we could run them with safety. How will it be in the future?"

On the next day they examined the rapids below. Large rocks had fallen from the walls—great, angular blocks, strewn along the channel. They were again compelled to make three portages in succession, the distance being less than three-fourths of a mile, with a fall of seventy-five feet. Among these rocks, in whirlpools and great waves, with rushing breakers and foam, the water finds its way, still tumbling down. They stopped for the night, only three-fourths of a mile below the last camp. A very hard day's work had been done.

Still more rapids and falls the next day. In one the Emma Dean was caught in a whirlpool, and spun about, and it was with great difficulty that the men were able to get out of it without other loss than an oar. At noon another descent was made; and on they went, running down some falls, letting the boats with lines over others, and making two short portages.

The walls of the cañon had been steadily increasing in altitude, and now they were more than two thousand feet high. In many places they were vertical from the water's edge; in others there was broken rock between the river and the foot of the cliffs. It seemed probable that the river was nearly as low now as ever it is. High-water mark could be observed forty, fifty, sixty, or a hundred feet above its present stage. Sometimes logs and driftwood were seen wedged into the crevice overhead, where floods had carried them.

Four of the men and the major started up a side cañon to the east, and soon reached a vast amphitheatre, with a pool of deep, clear, cold water on the bottom. At first their way seemed cut off; but they discovered a little shelf, along

which they climbed, and passing beyond the pool, walked a hundred yards or more, when they entered another dome-shaped amphitheatre.



The Adventurers looking for a Portage.

There was a winding cleft at the top, reaching out to the country above, nearly two thousand feet overhead; but the rounded, basin-shaped bottom was filled with water to the foot of the walls, and there was no shelf by which the men could pass round it. If they had swum across they would have met a face of rock hundreds of feet high, over which a little rill glided.

In the search for a way out, every man took his own course, and they scattered. The major abandoned the idea of getting out, and was engaged in searching for fossils, when he discovered, on the north, a broken place, up which it seemed possible to climb. The way, for a distance, was up a slide of rocks; then up an irregular amphitheatre, on points that formed steps and gave handhold, and beyond these he reached a little shelf, along which he walked as

far as a vertical fissure, parallel to the face of the wall, and reaching to a higher shelf.

This fissure was narrow, and he endeavoured to clamber up to the bench, which was about forty feet overhead. He had a barometer on his back, which rather impeded his climbing. The walls of the fissure were of smooth limestone, offering neither foot nor handhold. He supported himself by pressing his back against one wall, and his knees against the other, and in this way lifted his body, in a shuffling manner, a few inches at a time, until he had perhaps made twenty-five feet of the distance, when the crevice widened a little, and he could not press his knees against the rocks in front with sufficient power to give him support in lifting his body. He tried to go back. He could not do so without falling.

He now struggled along sideways farther into the crevice, where it was so narrow and wedging that he could lie in it, and there he rested.

After five or ten minutes of this relief he resumed his climbing, and at last reached the bench above. On this he could walk for a quarter of a mile, till he came to a place where the wall was again broken down, and he here could climb up still farther. After another hour of toil he reached the summit, and occupied himself in collecting resin from the piñon pines, which were found in great abundance.

One of the principal objects of his exertions was the resin, which was needed to smear the boats; but he had no vessel with him for carrying it down. The day was very hot, and his coat was left in camp, so he cut off the sleeve of his shirt, and tied it up at one end; and in the little sack thus formed he collected about a gallon of pitch.

After taking observations for altitude, he wandered on the rock for an hour or two, when suddenly a storm burst upon him, not beginning with drops, slowly increasing in quantity, but in a flood. It thoroughly drenched him, and almost washed him away. A thousand streams rolled down the cliffs on every side, carrying with them red sand; and these all united in the cañon below in one great stream of red mud.

After this they had more rapids and falls; then came a narrow place in the cañon, with vertical walls, for several hundred feet, above which were steep steps and sloping rocks back to the summits. The river was very narrow, and they made their way with great care and much anxiety, hugging the wall on the left, and carefully examining the way before them.

Late in the afternoon they saw a flock of mountain sheep on the rocks, more than a hundred feet above them. They quickly landed in a cove, out of sight, and the hunters hurried off with their guns, for the sheep had not discovered them. Soon those remaining in the boats heard a firing, and climbed up the cliffs to see what had happened. One sheep had been killed, and two of the men were still pursuing the flock. In a few minutes more firing was heard, and the next minute down came

the flock, clattering over the rocks, within twenty yards of them. A second sheep was brought down, and the next minute the remainder of the flock was lost behind the rocks. All the men gave chase, but it was impossible to follow the tracks over the naked rock, and the sheep were seen no more. Where they went out of the rock-walled cañon was a mystery.

Lashing the prizes to the deck of the boats, the expedition proceeded for a short distance, but fresh meat was too tempting for them, and they stopped to have a feast. A feast it was of two fine young sheep. The explorers cared not for bread or beans, or dried apples, that night, coffee and mutton was all they asked for.

Next day the walls of the cañon became nar-



A Side Cañon.

rower than ever. The water filled the channel from wall to wall, affording no landing-place at the foot of the cliff. The stream was very swift, the cañon very tortuous, and they could see but a few hundred yards ahead. The walls often

overhung, so as to almost shut out the light. Major Powell stood on deck, watching with intense anxiety lest this might lead them into some danger. But they glided along, and, in a mile and a half, emerged from the narrow gorge into a more open and broken portion of the cañon. When it was passed it seemed a very simple thing indeed to run through such a place, but the fear of what might be ahead made a deep impression on the men.

Desolate and inaccessible as the cañon is, many ruins of buildings are found perched upon ledges of the stupendous cliffs. In some instances the mouths of caves have been walled in, and the evidences all point to a race for ever dreading and fortifying itself against an invader. Why did these people choose their embattlements so far away from all tillable land and sources of subsistence?

Major Powell suggests this solution of the problem. For a century or two after the settlement of Mexico many expeditions were sent into the country now comprised in Arizona and New Mexico for the purpose of bringing the town-building people under the dominion of the Spanish Government. Many of their villages were destroyed, and the inhabitants fled to regions at that time unexplored, and there are traditions among the existing Pueblos that the cañons were these lands.

On August 6th the explorers were once more confronted by difficulties which seemed to be insuperable. The river filled the entire channel; the walls were vertical from the water's edge, and a short distance off was a fall. They soon rowed up against the cliff, in which they found a little shelf, or rather a horizontal crevice, a few feet over their heads. One man stood on the deck of the boat, and another climbed on his shoulders, and into the crevice. The others passed him a line, and followed him; then they went along the crevice until it widened, as the upper part, or roof, was broken off. On this ledge they walked a short distance, slowly climbing all the way, until they reached a point where the ledge ended, and they could go no farther. They returned to the boat, crossed the stream, and got some logs that had lodged in the rocks. Bringing them to the other side, they used them to bridge the gap, and proceeded to a point over the falls.

Still they could not obtain a satisfactory view, but by climbing to the top of the wall, and walking some distance, they saw the fall. It seemed possible to let down the boats with lines to the head of the rapids, and make a portage. This was successfully managed. But soon afterwards they entered a cañon, of which the rocks were of many colours—white, grey, pink, and purple, with saffron tints. It was with great labour that they made progress, meeting with many obstructions, running rapids, letting down their boats with lines, from rock to rock, and sometimes carrying boats and cargoes around bad places. They camped at night, after many a hard portage, under an overhanging wall, glad to find shelter from the rain which now came upon them, and they had to search for some time to find a few sticks of driftwood, just sufficient to boil a cup of coffee.

(To be continued.)

THE ILL-USED BOY;

OR, LAWRENCE HARTLEY'S
GRIEVANCES.

BY MRS. EILOART,

Author of "Jack and John," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.—ONLY PRETTY POLLY'S WAY.

THERE are few pleasanter places than Epping Forest for a drive. Up one glade, down another. Now along a broad road that runs by the side of a thickly-planted wood, then down a lane which takes you past some fine old mansion in its shaded grounds; then through pleasant villages embowered in trees. Epping Forest altogether is about the pleasantest playground that a great city can have, and the road towards Acorn House being broad and level, with a fine margin of green turf, and here and there a tree to give its cooling shade, seemed as good a place as any in the forest in which a young charioteer could display his skill, or a thoroughbred like Polly her mettle.

For a mile or so Polly went on at a rattling pace. She rather liked the excitement for once. Perhaps she was glad of a change, or vain enough to show what she could do. Even Lawrence was satisfied with her, and still more satisfied with himself.

"Nothing like a good driver," he said to Robert, "to keep a horse up to the mark." Then looking over his shoulder at Dick he observed, "I wonder when you would have got the old lady to go at such a pace!"

To which Dick, holding on by the rails of the seat with both hands, and looking, as indeed he was, terribly afraid of being thrown out, only answered,

"I don't know whatever master would say if he was only here to see."

"Don't talk such nonsense, Dick, and do fold your arms and lean back, as a gentleman's servant should."

"I can't fold my arms," groaned Dick, "I want 'em both for holding on with."

Do pull her in, Master Lawrence, or she'll smash the phaeton to bits, and break our necks into the bargain."

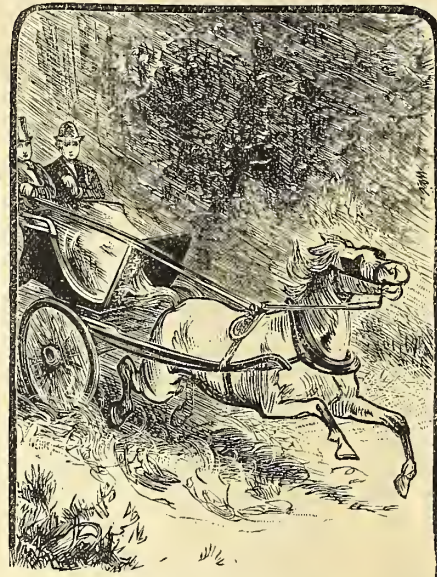
"We shall come to grief if you don't mind, Lawrence," said Robert, who enjoyed the pace, as what boy wouldn't, but was afraid of the consequences.

"Stuff! What a pair of muffs you are!" cried Lawrence. "I mean to let her go on like this till we come up with those folks at Chingford. I'll make Master Ted open his eyes a bit. This will show him I do know something of driving after all, though I've never had the chance of showing it. If only that fellow Dick would fold his arms and sit upright, as he ought, we should come up in style. Now, my beauty, this way to Chingford!"

He tried to turn the mare's head in the direction in which he wished now to go, but Polly had become thoroughly excited, and was bent on having her own way; so instead of going to the right she struck off to the left. Lawrence pulled and

pulled. Polly was not used to such treatment. Her mouth was tender, and both Dick and her master guided her with a gentle hand. She tossed her head in rebellion. "Pretty creature!" cried Lawrence, "but she's got to feel I'm master."

And, to prove his mastery, he gave another tug at the reins, and another flick



of the whip, and Polly, to prove her spirit, dashed off in the direction she had chosen, only faster than ever. "Pull her in! pull her in!" cried Robert, "or there'll be a smash!" "Stop her! stop her!" roared Dick, to the two or three passers-by, thinking any appeal to Lawrence useless, and more frightened than ever both for his own safety and his master's property. Even Lawrence began to feel a little nervous, and did his best to check Polly's pace. "She's been so spoiled," he said to Robert, "by bad driving that she doesn't know how to answer to the rein. Softly, old lady! Take it easy now you've shown us what you can do."

Polly did not seem to think she had, for the more Lawrence pulled her in the faster she went, and at last that happened which Dick had foreseen. Over went the phaeton, and out fell Dick and the two boys, while Polly, having broken away with only shafts and harness, went dashing on through the forest at redoubled speed, as if rejoicing she had no longer the phaeton behind her.

Robert was up and on his feet in a second. A black eye, a scratched face, and a mouthful of gravel, were the extent of his injuries, and, seeing Polly careering away in the distance, he dashed after her. What would his uncle say if anything went wrong with his pet mare? Dick scrambled up more slowly. Some sympathising bystander came to help him. A gipsy van was near, there were only women and children with it. The men, it is to be presumed, were profitably employed after their wont. Dick felt "mazed like," to use his own expression, but he took a draught of water which one of the ladies gave him, gave a look at Lawrence, who lay without moving, asked the giver of the water to see to the young gentleman, and then dashed after his master's horse at a pace of which nobody who judged by his stout, chubby figure and usually deliberate movements would have thought him capable.

The basket of fruit had fallen out, and



the gipsy children were making free with it. Such peaches and grapes as Mr. Hartley's did not come often in their way. One or two of the boys would have gone after Polly, but the woman who had given Dick water, and who seemed the leader of the party, called them sharply back. Then she went to do as Dick had desired her, and see to the young gentleman, her friends kindly assisting. They ascertained that he was stunned and bruised, but likely to recover before long, so the kind creatures decided on letting nature have her way and take her own time about matters. But they helped him off with his jacket, and then with his waistcoat, in which they found a nice gold watch and chain, which the leader of the party carefully pocketed. Just then Lawrence opened his eyes, and looking feebly round, saw one of the gipsy



boys with his own tall hat on, swaggering away as if he felt that it became him. Lawrence had put that hat on new only that morning, and felt that it became him wonderfully. Then the woman who had the watch snatched the hat away, said something which Lawrence did not clearly understand, and then he saw her putting the hat and his jacket and waistcoat away in the van. He was too weak to speak or move or interfere in any way, only he had a vague, uncomfortable feeling that he had seen this gipsy woman once before—a dim memory that she had looked up at him from the field below his uncle's garden. Then he went off again into a dull stupor, from which he aroused at last to find himself quite alone. Gipsies, van, all had disappeared; but, what was worse, they had nearly stripped him. His hat, jacket, and waistcoat had all gone.

Of course it must have been the gipsies—he remembered their faces dimly, as in a dream. Then he tried to recall all that had happened before he came there, and slowly the recollection of his drive, and of Polly's misbehaviour, dawned upon him, with the result that he felt more ill-used than ever.

"If that horse had been used to a decent pace, and a driver who knew what he was about, she would never have misbehaved like that. Dick and my uncle between them have completely spoilt her. Ah! I'd have made something of that mare if I'd had the handling of her from the first. It's too late now to do any good with her, I'm afraid, and a nice mess I've got myself into. That hat's

gone, and I persuaded uncle to let me go to Lincoln and Bennett's, because the Carrs do, and they do say that's the crack place. And my jacket and waistcoat, with my watch! A nice haul those gipsies must have made. All through my trying to bring that mare into something like decent order. I think uncle ought to give me another watch, and not grumble if that hat has not lasted as long as I told him it would do. I wonder whether he'll see it in that light. He doesn't always see things just as he should. I wonder what's become of Polly, and what are Dick and Bob about, that they don't come and see after me. There couldn't have been much amiss with them if they've cleared off like this, and left me to be robbed by those wretches of gipsies. It's a mercy they didn't murder me. No going to Chingford now. A pretty figure I shall look with nothing on but my shirt and trousers, and one leg of them torn up to the knee. Oh! there's Bob, with two dirty, nasty little brats! one in each hand. Whatever has he been up to now? Here I am, Bob, you duffer! And a pretty mess that brute of a mare has brought me into!"

(To be continued.)

RUGBY FOOTBALL, AND HOW TO EXCEL IN IT.

BY DR. IRVINE, THE SCOTTISH CAPTAIN.

PART III.

THE whole field are in hue and cry after him, his own forwards and Grampus forwards in a mixed crowd, while Wriggle and Jigger are beside him, nursing him tenderly. He slacks again, but only to pull his stride together, and makes a supreme spurt to pass Nimbletoe; but it won't do. Nimbletoe runs parallel to him for a second, and jumping on his back, claws him to the ground. But Dodger's wiles are not exhausted. Nimbletoe has Dodger, but he has not the ball. In his fall Dodger has thrown it to Wriggle, who is round Nimbletoe and into the arms of a Grampus back before he knows where he is. Close up are Jigger and several Jingoe forwards.

This back has got Wriggle and the ball as well. "Down," cries Wriggle; and as the back gets off him, like a shot down he puts the ball, and a maul is formed and dissolved simultaneously, the maul consisting of the unfortunate back on the one side, and Wriggle, Jigger, and four Jingoe forwards on the other. The other Grampus back makes a vain effort to stem the rush. With the ball at their toe they pass over him, and amid shouts of triumph a Jingoe forward picks up the ball, and running round grounds it behind the middle of the Grampus goal. There is much patting on the back of Wriggle and the forward who ran behind, and big Grampuses look very vicious and very blue. A "run-in" to Jingoe in the first ten minutes—the thing is unheard of!

"We must hold low, and hold the ball," says Nimbletoe, and looks unutterable things. Meanwhile all the players have come up, and Jingoe proceed to have a "try at goal." Their captain takes up the ball where it had been left lying behind the goal, and going just outside the windward goal-post, makes a mark on the goal-line with his heel, and walks with the ball out at right angles to the line for twelve paces or so and halts. Gladly would Grampus have seen him take it out between the posts, for then they might have charged him as soon as ever he was outside the goal-line, and perhaps not stopped their rush till they were behind his goal. For though one may run in between the goal-posts, one may not take it out between them for a try at goal; and Jingoe captain knew this. "Dodger, you take it," says he, "I'll place it for you." "All right," says Dodger, his hands in his breeches pockets. So he comes forward,

and with his heel makes a shallow cup in the ground, choosing a slightly raised spot for the purpose. Lovingly he smooths off its edges, and when satisfied retires two paces behind his mark and eyes the goal.

The Grampuses are in single line along the goal-line, four or five of the tallest and fleetest of them exactly opposite the ball, in the attitude of men about to run a race, eagerly watching to charge the instant the ball is put on the ground for Dodger to kick it over. The rest are taking it easy, while the backs and Nimbletoe are well back behind the goal, to be ready to touch the ball down if by any chance it should not go over the bar. Jingoe captain crouches down to one side of the mark Dodger has made, so that the mark is to his left hand, Dodger kicking with the right foot. He thus can put down the ball without having to hop out of the way at the same moment, and thereby risk not setting it down steady and true. Holding the ball pointing at the goal, but careful to keep it an inch from the ground, with the lace seam uppermost, he takes his directions from Dodger, who is standing two paces behind, bending forward earnestly.

"A little more to the right—not quite so much—there," says Dodger, as he gets the ball pointing at the right goal-post to give allowance for the oblique wind. "Now, a *little* more cocked up," says he again, and the ball is a little more cocked up. Jingoe captain holds it in this position like a statue, and Dodger straightens himself, and wipes a bit of mud off his toe.

"Sure you're ready?" says the captain, in a low voice.

"All right, put it down," says Dodger, impatiently.

Steadily it is put down into the cup, the Grampuses rush in with a yell, but Dodger takes one step and almost contemptuously kicks the ball over their heads and upstretched hands, and over the cross-bar too; not a big sensational kick which perhaps lands in the next field, and brings down the gallery with "Well kicked, sir," for Dodger cares for none of these things; but a neat little kick comfortably out of reach of the charging men's hands, and comfortably over the cross-bar.

Had it touched any part of their persons, it was no goal. The umpires had gone, one to either goal-post, to judge as to its being a goal. But there was no need to appeal to them, the ball plainly passed between the long tapering goal-posts and over the bar, and the Jingoes trot back exultantly to their own half of the field, while Grampus follow gloomily after, like a funeral procession in which the ball is the body, and Nimbletoe chief mourner.

The ball is again kicked off by Nimbletoe, this time from the half-way mark. It flies towards Dodger once more, but a puff of wind comes and carries it rather far to one side, and it lights over the touch-line. This necessitates its being kicked over again, and this time it goes straight for the Jingoe goal and is caught by a three-quarter-back. The Grampus forwards, following up hard, are close upon him; there is little time to decide, and before he has decided half a dozen pairs of strong hands are upon him, and he is pinioned, he and the ball, hard and fast. "Down," he cries, and at once putting it down, extricates himself as quickly as he can from the maul, and runs back to his place. The Grampuses break through this maul, but Wriggle picks up the ball at their toes, and being at once smothered another maul forms.

(To be continued.)

THE TWO CABIN-BOYS:

A STORY OF ADVENTURE BY LAND AND SEA.

BY LOUIS ROUSSELET.

CHAPTER VII.—BASTIEN MOREAU'S SECRET.

WHEN Daniel awoke the following morning he was much surprised to see that Dominique had got up and left the room.

However, his absence did not make him suspect anything, and so while waiting for him to come back he opened the window and looked out on the harbour.

But the lad's mind, full of the marvellous history of the goldseeker, was far away from Cette. He was beyond the seas, in the fabulous lands of the south. And so a country really existed where one could get rich all of a sudden—where you only had to dig a shaft to see a stream of gold gush forth! Why not go there too, Daniel, and try your fortune? It is true that Bastien Moreau struggled against poverty for a long time, but think of the results which crowned his efforts! Daniel was young—he had all his life before him. What were a few years more or less if he could return to Castell with millions?

If only he knew the exact spot where the miner had found his prize! The notes had told him that Bastien had left Melbourne and gone a long way up the country, to a large river which ran through a desert. But what was this river? The miner's information was vague, unsatisfactory.

Perhaps he had not read the notes carefully enough, and then the sailor had so abruptly interrupted his reading! The pocket-book was always there; nothing could be easier than to resume the perusal of the journal.

Daniel left the window and walked towards the drawers. The drawer remained half open. As he was putting in his hand the boy was stopped by remorse. To re-read the manuscript he would have to re-open the clasp and again break his promise. Yesterday he had an excuse—he sought to recognise the widow. To-day his indiscretion was wholly selfish. No, he would certainly respect Bastien's secret. He moved away from the temptation.

But he went back again to see the book was all right, and pulled open the drawer. The pocket-book was no longer there!

After a moment's surprise Daniel thought he was mistaken. He drew out one drawer after the other—all were empty. Perhaps the pocket-book had slipped into the back. Feverishly he jerked out all the drawers—the chest was empty.

He remained for an instant appalled. Then with a foolish hope he looked over the chest of drawers again, he searched in his pockets, he searched in the lining of his clothes. Nothing was to be found!

Then a suspicion crossed his mind.

"Dominique has taken the pocket-book!" he exclaimed.

In three bounds he had cleared the door, descended the staircase, and was before Madame Ginestous, ensconced as usual behind her counter.

"Where is Dominique?" he asked, in a choking voice.

"You know as well as I do," placidly replied the innkeeper. "Mr. Martignes joined his ship last evening. He came down after bidding you good-bye, and has generously settled your account. His ship sailed this morning. As he went away he said, 'Madame Ginestous, I entrust the lad to you, as he will have to embark in a day or two. I am sorry to have to leave him alone, but duty calls, and I know you will take as much care of him as of your own child.' He is such a good fellow, you know."

"Then Dominique has gone," interrupted the lad; "you are sure of it?"

"As much as I can be sure of anything," said the fat lady. "The pilot who took out the ship on which Dominique was has

just come in to have a glass at this very counter. You must pluck up your courage, my boy. Mr. Martignes will come back one of these days, and you will see him again."

"I hope so, indeed," murmured Daniel, who, pale and perplexed, had heard what the innkeeper said.

For a moment he was on the point of accusing Dominique and exposing his conduct. But what would have been the use? The sailor had only friends in the house. It would have caused a useless slander, and would have had no result, and so he contented himself with thanking Madame Ginestous, and with aching heart and bowed head he regained his room.

Once alone there he sat down in front of the table, and hiding his face in his hands, burst out crying.

With the extreme mobility of his character he reproached himself with all he had done since he had left Castell, the absurd confidence he had placed in the unknown, the expenses he had incurred, and, above all, the culpable indiscretion with which he had broken his promise. How could he tell his father that he had lost the pocket-book? How could he confess these new mistakes? What was he to do in the meanwhile without money? If he could not find a ship shortly he would have to beg his bread.

All at once he saw through his tears something shining on the table. It was the twenty-franc piece taken out of the pocket-book, and left there in his hurry to hide its contents from the sailor. This discovery consoled him a little. Thanks to this, if he managed carefully he could wait for an opportunity of embarking. He put the louis in his pocket, and calming down a bit, resolved to go and ask the advice of Mr. Deves.

His hat remained on the ground, where he had thrown it the night before. In stooping to pick it up Daniel saw a piece of paper, half torn and dirty, but carefully folded. He picked it up mechanically and unfolded it. The paper bore a few lines in fine, close writing, in which, at the first glance, he recognised the hand of Bastien Moreau. He read:

"Start from the point where the Murrumbidgee joins the Murray, go down the right bank for about six hundred paces, to a narrow rocky ravine, the entrance to which is shaded by the gum-trees; then turn your back to the river, keep up towards the north, and follow the bottom of the ravine. After a two hours' walk you will find a huge isolated stone, which indicates—"

The sentence was broken off here by a tear, which had removed one of the lower angles of the paper. There could still, however, be read at the opposite corner, "which is sunk at twenty-eight feet," and below were a few lines and figures joining some round marks, which were probably the remains of a plan of the ground.

Daniel read these enigmatic words over and over again. Without doubt this was the plan the gold-digger spoke of, and which he always carried about with him.

"Why," asked Daniel, "is the plan torn? Perhaps because Bastien had exhausted the mine, and had no further use for these directions. But why then did he keep it? And what is the Murray? and the Murrumbidgee? I shall know some day; but anyhow I have got the plan, and if Madame Moreau is not to profit by it, it is only just that I should. It is evident this was destined for me; it is providential

that it was saved from the hands of Dominique to fall into mine!"

He folded the old paper with great care, put it away in his inner pocket, and seizing his hat, started out.

While running towards the office of the Shipping Registry he murmured, "'From where the Murrumbidgee rejoins the Murray—six hundred paces,' I shall always remember that."

Mr. Deves was not in his office. Daniel waited for him with intense impatience, and as soon as he saw the good cashier he rushed to meet him.

"Good morning, Mr. Deves," he said, "I am off to Australia."

"Good morning, my lad," quietly replied the clerk; "you have got a ship, then?"

"No; but I want to go to Australia."

"Oh! Well, come into my office, and we'll look at the ships due outwards. Perhaps we shall find something."

Daniel followed Mr. Deves, who, much less impatient, proceeded to his place with a dignified want of haste. He hung up his hat and coat on a hook, carefully tied up his silk sleeves, and then seated himself in his large arm-chair. Then he drew towards him a green register, with the back ornamented with a red label, on which were these letters in gold, "Outwards, 1863." But at the moment of opening it he adjusted his seat, took out of his pocket a little tortoiseshell snuff-box, and cautiously proceeded with the absorption of a pinch.

Daniel felt his southern blood boil. At length the cashier put his genteel pair of spectacles on his nose and opened his ledger.

"We said Australia," he gently remarked. "Let us see;" and, running his fingers down the list of ships, "Here is the Juno, Captain Maquart, for Grahams-town. That is at the Cape; that will not do. The Bertha Alice, for Monte Video; the St. James—must you really go to the Antipodes?"

"If possible," said Daniel, timidly.

"Because I see the White Cross for Rio de Janeiro. The captain is a friend of mine, and I could give you a recommendation there."

"I would rather go to Australia."

"Stick to it, then. But what do you want to go there for? it is not such an attractive country."

"I hardly know," the lad mumbled; "but I want to go to one of the Australian ports—either Sydney or Melbourne."

"In that case, then," said the obliging cashier, "you can't go from Cette, my boy. I have looked down all the ships in lading, and there is not one bound for the country of your dreams."

"That is a great pity, sir. But what would you advise me to do?"

"Go on the White Cross; you will see Brazil, which is worth a great deal more than Australia, and when you have got your officer's gold lace you will find an opportunity of going to Melbourne. I will put in a word for you to the captain, he wants a cabin-boy. Seeing what the pay is, they always are in want of a cabin-boy on board ship."

"Thank you," said Daniel; "but please allow me to think over it before I engage."

The lad had never thought of this mischance, and he came out of Mr. Deves's office quite crestfallen.

"Hallo, youngster! the bank has broken, has it? Your face looks as though it had."



Some more "Boy's Own" Writers.

1. Paul Blake. 2. Jules Verne. 3. Dr. Gordon Stables. 4. S. Whitchurch Sadler, R.N. 5. Dr. Scoffern.

At these words, uttered in a bantering tone, Daniel looked up and found himself in the presence of a burly man of large stature, whose ruddy face, fringed with a short yellow beard, and lighted up by small piercing eyes, had a look of the jolliest and most taking nature imaginable. A gold-laced cap, with a longish peak, and a blue-cloth coat, proclaimed a merchant captain. The giant, enchanted at his own joke, was indulging in a quiet chuckle which shook his whole frame.

Daniel, considerably disconcerted, remained, hat in hand, before the stranger.

"Your pocket is empty, eh? You have been to get an advance from the cashier. But he is a close-fisted fellow, isn't he?"

"No, captain; it is not that," said Daniel; "I have been to ask Mr. Deves

for a ship."

"Oh!" said the captain, becoming serious, "you want a ship?"

"Yes, captain; I want a berth as cabin-boy."

"So I suppose. How old are you?"

"Fifteen."

"Have you not found a ship?"

"No, captain—at least, I've not got one because I want to go to Australia."

"Oh, indeed! What's your name?"

"Daniel Riva, of Castell."

"Have you been to sea before?"

"No, captain; but I know the sea. My father is a pilot, and I have served under him."

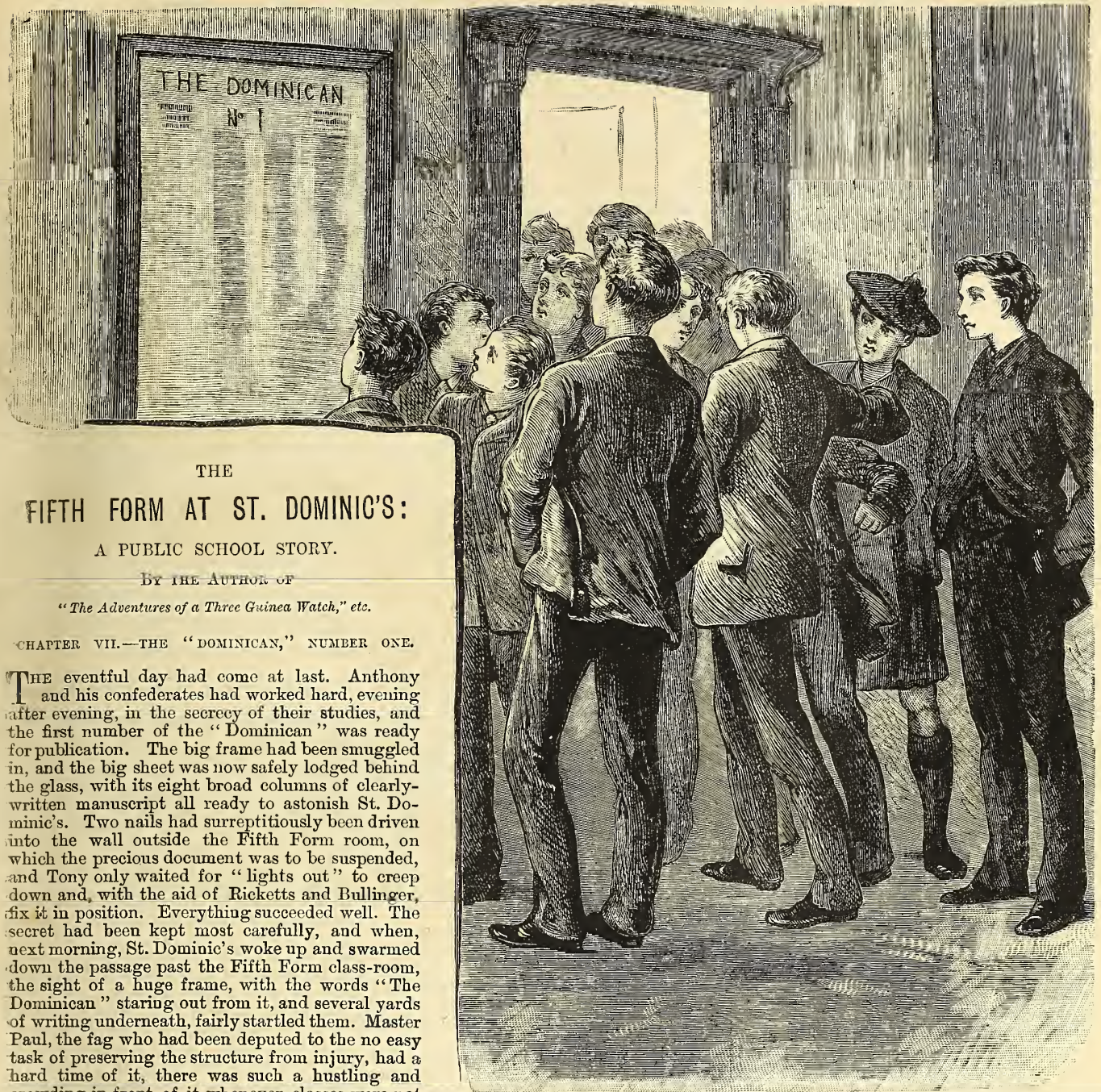
"You look like a steady, resolute fellow," said the captain; "you ought to do. Look here! I'm off to-morrow, and I can do with a boy. I am going to the coast of Africa, and after that I am bound for Australia. Will that suit you?"

"Certainly," answered Daniel, in high glee.

"Well, shake hands, my lad," and the captain buried the lad's small hand in his own enormous red fist. Then, taking a louis out of his waistcoat pocket, he presented it to him, with, "There, you have got twenty francs earnest money. I trust to you. To-morrow, at ten o'clock, get on board. Ask for the Jackson, an American ship, Captain Goulard, bound for Mogador."

"Right, captain! I will be punctual."

(To be continued.)



THE
FIFTH FORM AT ST. DOMINIC'S:
A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Adventures of a Three Guinea Watch," etc.

CHAPTER VII.—THE "DOMINICAN," NUMBER ONE.

THE eventful day had come at last. Anthony and his confederates had worked hard, evening after evening, in the secrecy of their studies, and the first number of the "Dominican" was ready for publication. The big frame had been smuggled in, and the big sheet was now safely lodged behind the glass, with its eight broad columns of clearly-written manuscript all ready to astonish St. Dominic's. Two nails had surreptitiously been driven into the wall outside the Fifth Form room, on which the precious document was to be suspended, and Tony only waited for "lights out" to creep down and, with the aid of Ricketts and Bullinger, fix it in position. Everything succeeded well. The secret had been kept most carefully, and when, next morning, St. Dominic's woke up and swarmed down the passage past the Fifth Form class-room, the sight of a huge frame, with the words "The Dominican" staring out from it, and several yards of writing underneath, fairly startled them. Master Paul, the fag who had been deputed to the no easy task of preserving the structure from injury, had a hard time of it, there was such a hustling and crowding in front of it whenever classes were not going on. The little boys squeezed in front; the bigger boys read over their heads; the Sixth examined it from the back of the crowd, and the Fifth Form from various positions watched with complacency the effect of this venture.

At first it was looked upon as a curiosity, then as a joke; then gradually it dawned on St. Dominic's that it was a Fifth Form production, and finally it appeared in its true light as a school newspaper.

Loman, attracted by the crowd of boys, strolled down the passage to the place and joined the group, just as a small boy was reading aloud the following descriptive extract from

"OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN
GUINEA-PIG-LAND:

"Last night the ceremony of admitting a new member into the ancient and honourable craft of Guinea-pigs was celebrated with the usual mysteries. The

event took place in the fourth junior class-room. The Guinea-pigs assembled in force, with blackened faces and false whiskers. The lights being put out, Brother Bilke proposed, and Brother Smudge seconded, the election of the new aspirant, and the motion being put to the Guinea-pigs, was received with a unanimous grunt. The Guinea-pig elect was then admitted. He was classically attired in a pair of slippers and a collar, and the ceremony of initiation at once commenced. The candidate was stretched across the lowest desk, face downwards, and in this position greeted with the flat side of a cricket-bat by the junior brother present. He was then advanced to the next desk, where a similar compliment was paid by the next youngest; and so on to the senior brother present. Half way through the ceremony the new member expressed a

desire to withdraw his candidature, but this motion was negatived by a large majority. When our reporter left, the ceremony was being repeated with the round side of the bat. We understand the new Guinea-pig is keeping his bed to-day after the exciting ceremony of initiation."

This was capital fun, and greatly appreciated by all—even by Stephen, who knew it was intended to represent his own experience, which, mercifully, had not been nearly so sore as pictured.

But the next extract was not quite as pleasing.

"CRICKET NOTICE.

"The Alphabet Match will be played on Saturday. The following are the two elevens [and here the list followed]. Of

Intense excitement in St. Dominic's.

these twenty-two players, it is worthy of mention that fourteen are from the Fifth, and only eight from the Sixth. What is our Sixth coming to?"

This was not at all gratifying to the Sixth Form fellows present. It was unfortunately true, but they did not at all fancy such prominence being given to the fact. The next extract was still more pointed.

"SIXTH FORM DEBATING SOCIETY."

"The usual meeting of the Sixth Form Debating Society was held last week, the Doctor in the chair. A sprinkling of lads from the Fifth, in their Sunday coats and collars, was present, by kind permission. The subject for discussion was, 'That the present Sixth is degenerate.' In the absence of any member of the Sixth to open the discussion, Master Bramble, captain of the Tadpoles, kindly undertook the task. He had no hesitation in asserting that the Sixth were degenerate. They had fallen off in cricket since he could remember, and in intellect, he was sorry to say, the falling-off was still worse. If they would take his advice, they would avoid the playground during the present season, and by all means withdraw their candidate for the Nightingale Scholarship, as he was certain to be beaten by boys in a lower form. As to behaviour, he could point to virtuous behaviour among the Tadpoles quite equal to that of the monitors. He didn't wish to ask questions, but would like to know what they all found so attractive in Maltby. Then, too, they all oiled their hair. No previous Sixth had ever been guilty of this effeminacy, or of wearing lavender kid gloves on Sundays. He repeated, 'What were we coming to?'"

"Mr. R—g—h opened in the negative. He denied all the charges made by the young gentleman who had last spoken. He undertook to get up an eleven to beat any eleven the Tadpoles could put into the field; and as to intellect, why, didn't the Tadpoles, some of them, get their sums done by the Sixth? Besides, even if their intellect was weak, couldn't they use cribs? He didn't use them himself, but he knew one or two who did. He didn't understand the objection to the hair-oil; he used it to make the hair sit down on his head. [Raleigh, it should be said, had a most irrepressible bunch of curls on his head.] He wore kid gloves on Sunday because he had had a pair given him by his great-aunt Jane Ann. He maintained the Sixth was not degenerate.

"Mr. L—m—n followed on the same side. He thought it the greatest liberty of any one to discuss the Sixth. He was a Sixth Form fellow, and a monitor, and if he wasn't looked up to he ought to be, and he intended to be. He was in the cricket eleven, and he was intellectual—very, very much so. He was going in for the Nightingale Scholarship, and had no doubt in his own mind as to the result. He hardly understood his friend's reference to Maltby. Why shouldn't he go there and take his fag too if he chose? He didn't see what right the Fifth had to fags at all. He had a fag, but then he was in the Sixth. His fag admired him, and he never told him not to. The Sixth *could not* be degenerate as long as *he* was in it.

"Other speakers followed, including Mr. W—r—n, who maintained that Michael Angelo was a greater musician than Queen

Anne. He was here called to order, and reminded that Michael Angelo had nothing to do with the degeneracy of the Sixth. He begged leave to explain—

"At this point our reporter fell asleep."

The laughter which greeted the reading of this extract was by no means shared by the Sixth Form boys present, who, had the next selection been in a similar strain, would have quitted the scene and taken their chance of satisfying their curiosity as to the rest of the contents of the paper at a more convenient season.

But the next lucubration was the unfortunate Stephen's examination paper, with the answers thereto embellished, and in many cases bodily supplied, by the fertile Anthony. The luckless Stephen, who was wedged up in the front row of readers, could have sunk into the earth on meeting once more that hateful paper face to face, and feeling himself an object of ridicule to the whole school. For the wonderful answers which now appeared were hardly any of them his own composition, and he did not even get credit for the few correct things he had said. Shouts of laughter greeted the reading, during which he dared not lift his eyes from the ground. But the answer to Question 6, "What is a minus?" was more than human flesh and blood could endure.

WHAT IS A MINUS?

"'Minus' is derived from two English words, 'my,' meaning my, and 'nus,' which is the London way of pronouncing 'nurse.' My nurse is a dear creature; I love her still, especially now she doesn't wash my face. I hated having my face washed. My nurse's name is Mrs. Blake, but I always call her my own Noodle-oodle-oo. I do love her so! How I would like to hug her! She sewed the strings of my little flannel vest on in front just before I came here because she knew I couldn't tie them behind by myself—"

"She didn't!" shouted Stephen, in a voice trembling with indignation.

Poor boy! The laughter which greeted this simple exclamation was enough to finish up any one, and, with a bursting heart, and a face crimson with confusion, he struggled out of the crowd and ran as fast as his legs would take him to his own class-room.

But if he imagined in his misery that the whole school was going to spend the entire day jeering at him, and him alone, he was greatly mistaken, for once out of sight Stephen soon passed out of mind in presence of the next elegant extract read out for the benefit of the assembled audience. This was no other than Simon's "Love Ballad."

Simon, it should be known, was one of the dullest boys in St. Dominic's, and it was a standing marvel how he ever came to be in the Fifth, for he was both a dunce and an idiot. But he had one ambition and one idea, which was that he could write poetry; and the following touching ballad from his pen he offered to the "Dominican," and the "Dominican" showed its appreciation of real talent by inserting it:—

"A LOVE BALLAD."

"I wish I was a buttereup,

Upon the mountain top,

That you might sweetly pick me up,

And sweetly let me drop.

I wish I was a little worm,
All rigling* in the sun,
That I myself towards thee might turn
When thou along didst come.
Oh, I wish I was a doormat, sweet,
All prostrate on the floor,
If only thou wouldst wipe thy feet,
On me, what could I want more?"

* Possibly "wriggling."

Simon, who, with true poet's instinct, was standing among the crowd listening to his own poem, was somewhat perplexed by the manner in which his masterpiece was received. That every one was delighted there could be no doubt. But he had an impression he had meant the ballad to be pathetic. St. Dominic's, however, had taken it up in another way, and appeared to regard it as facetious. At any rate his fame was made, and looking as if a laurel wreath already encircled his brow, he modestly retired, feeling no further interest now his own piece was ended.

Oliver's poem on the Tadpoles, with its marvellous rhymes, fell comparatively flat after this; and Bullinger's first chapter of the History of St. Dominic's failed to rivet the attention of the audience, which, however, became suddenly and painfully absorbed in the "Diary of the Sixth Form Mouse," from the pen of Wrayford. We must inflict a few passages from this document on the reader, as the paper was the cause of some trouble hereafter.

"DIARY OF THE SIXTH FORM MOUSE."

"Monday.—Up early and took a good breakfast in one of the desks where there was a jam sandwich and several toffee-drops. The Sixth seem to like jam sandwiches and toffee-drops, there are some of them in nearly every desk. The desk I was in had a packet of cigarettes in one corner. They were labelled 'Mild.' I wonder why the Sixth like their cigarettes mild. In the same desk were one or two books written by a man called Bohn; they seemed queer books, for they had Latin and Greek names outside, but all the reading inside was English. It is sad to see the quarrelling that goes on in this room. You would not suppose, to see these monitors walk grandly up and down the passages striking terror into the hearts of all the small boys, that they could possibly condescend to quarrel over the possession of an inkpot or the ownership of an acid-drop found among the cinders. Alas! it is very sad. They don't seem anything like the Sixth of old days. I shall emigrate if this goes on.

"Wednesday.—A great row to-day when the Doctor was out of the room. The two senior monitors engaged in a game at marbles—knuckle down—in the course of which one player accused the other of cheating. There was nearly a fight, only neither seemed exactly to like to begin, and both appeared relieved when the Doctor came in and confiscated the marbles."

And so the diary went on, in a strain highly offensive to the Sixth and equally delighting to the lower forms. After this the Sixth withdrew, not caring to face further taunts of the kind, and leaving a free field to the rest of St. Dominic's, who perused this wonderful broadside to the end with unflinching interest. Some of the advertisements with which Tony had filled up the gaps caused considerable mirth—such as this:—"A gentleman about to clear out his desk, begs to give notice that he—"

will sell by Auction to-morrow, after 'Lights out,' all those rare and valuable articles, to wit:—1½ gross best cherry stones, last year's, in excellent condition. About 12 assorted bread crusts, warranted dry and hard—one with a covering of fossilised sardine. Six quires of valuable manuscript notes on various subjects, comprising Latin, Greek, Mathematics, French, and Crambo. One apple, well seasoned, and embellished with a brilliant green fur of two years' growth. And many other miscellaneous treasures, such as slate pencils, nutshells, an antique necktie, several defunct silkworms, a noble three-bladed knife (deficient of the blades), and half a pound of putty. No reserve price. Must be cleared out at whatever sacrifice."

And this was another:—

"This is to give notice, that whereas certain parties calling themselves Guinea-pigs have infringed on our patent rights, we the Tadpoles of St. Dominic's have been and are from time immemorial entitled to the exclusive privilege of appearing in public with dirty faces, uncombed hair, and inky fingers. We have also the sole right of making beasts of ourselves on every possible occasion; and we hereby declare that it is our intention to institute proceedings against all parties, of whatever name, who shall hereafter trespass on these our inalienable rights. By order, B. Smudge-face and T. Blacknose, Secretaries."

This final onslaught broke up the party. The aggrieved Tadpoles rushed to their quarters and fumed and raged themselves into a state bordering on madness; and vowed revenge till they were hoarse.

It was a curious fact, nevertheless, that at prayers that evening there were more clean faces among the Tadpoles than had been seen there since the formation of that ancient and honourable fraternity.

(To be continued.)

EXPLOSIVE SPIDERS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

By DR. SCOFFERN.



GOOD reader, on announcing that I am going to teach you boys how to make the curiously explosive body, iodide of nitrogen, and when made to perform some amusing experiments with it, doubtless certain theoretical blackboard-chalking "professors" will stand a g h a s t.

"Give a dog a bad name, and hang him," says the proverb; and iodide of nitrogen has got a bad name, not because of its own misdeeds, but because of its family alliance with the terrible "chloride of nitrogen." Iodide of nitrogen,

indeed, is curiously and captiously explosive, but then—at least in quantities far larger than I shall let you meddle with—its explosion does no harm. It is made by a wet process, and until dry will not explode at all. When dry it cannot be made to explode by contact with flame, or by touch with a red-hot poker; but just touch it with a cool body, or even let it fall upon a surface of water, and off it goes with a bang. Should you touch it when dry with your finger, it explodes, giving the finger a smart blow, but not burning. The finger, however, will be stained red, very much as it would have been had blood been smeared over it.

Before explaining to you how to make this curious body, I will tell you a short and true anecdote about it. Some years ago I occupied a house in the suburbs having a back court-yard, separated from some yet unoccupied building land by a low wall. The building plot was a great sporting ground for roughs, who, not content with using the spot as a playground, occasionally climbed over the wall, and, forgetful of the distinction between *meum* and *teum*, appropriated—more plainly, stole—any portable thing they found handy. Resolving to abate the nuisance, I bethought myself of iodide of nitrogen. Having prepared a sufficient quantity, I smeared it before drying over the wall-top, knowing well that so soon as dry any larcenously-disposed rough touching it would be smartly castigated without bodily harm. It was a hot day. Watching the progress of drying from an invisible outlook, the first incident was that of a big fly which had been imprudent enough to alight on the smeared wall. Crack! off went a dried patch of iodide; a violet-hued cloud ascended, and the fly was demolished. It is a faculty of the iodide to explode in patches. You cannot well explode a train of it, as you could a train of gunpowder; so the bulk of my explosive remained.

Continuing my outlook, rough boys and youths, of varying ages and dimensions, continued to flock in upon the patch of waste ground. Generally one or more favoured me by vaulting over my garden wall and exploring my back premises. But instead of doing so on this occasion they formed into groups and began to settle down to games, such as rounders, cricket, tip-cat, and kite-flying. Whilst debating in my own mind whether I should have any sport that day, my cat Tom suddenly appeared upon the scene and precipitated the issue. The season was autumn, the day was hot, the hour about 4 p.m. My cat Tom boasted a large circle of acquaintances. He was a magnificent fellow, a miniature Bengal tiger to look at, the terror of all neighbouring Toms, the pet of neighbouring tabbies. It would seem that either for purposes of combat or courting, he had an appointment for about 4 p.m. on the day in question. Making his appearance in the garden he yawned, to dissipate effects of sleep, stretched out his tail, put out his claws, then jumped on the garden wall, alighting on a patch of my iodide. A sharp explosion followed, and Thomas sprang into the air, a cloud of mysterious-looking violet-tinted smoke enveloping him, then back he came into the garden and retired moodily to his lair. The noise of explosion was so loud, and the smoke-cloud so conspicuous, that the roughs paused in their games. "He's a shooting of the cat," was the cry they extemporised, and they emphasised their view of the matter by a volley of stones launched against my premises. The volley intended for a back window of mine was badly aimed. Instead of smashing my glass the volley broke a pane for my next door neighbour. So he appears on the scene, raving and gesticulating. The row was by this time considerable. My friends, the roughs, having ceased from their games, collected in groups, finally resolving themselves into deliberative assemblies. It would seem that the result of debate was the resolve that some boy acquainted with my premises should edge on to my garden wall and make a reconnaissance. It was done. Up came a bold urchin to the wall and laid hands on the top of it preparatory to making a spring over. But a shock awaited him.

I have already told you it is a faculty of the nitrogen iodide to explode in patches. Neither the accident which had befallen the blue-bottle-fly nor the subsequent accident to Tom, had exhausted or near exhausted my explosive resources. So bang! Off went another portion under the pair of larcenous hands laid upon it, with the bang, the usual violet smoke, and, I will answer for it, so painful a blow on the boy's two raw palms that our exploring rough had not experienced even under the ferrule of a schoolmaster. He screamed an agonised Oh! then waving his hands aloft I could see they were stained all blood-like; next running away, he, as subsequent events proved, rushed home to take counsel of his mother. Presently that lady put in an appearance, and not a little contributed to the clamour. But the explosion having occurred, it seemed to the assembled roughs there could follow no more. Acting upon this idea, several came up to the wall, laid hands upon it, and were more or less castigated. What began as a row ended in a riot. Policemen appeared on the scene, nobody could make head or tail of it. I thought it best not to appear. Darkness came on and there was quiet; but months and months after the cry arose whenever I chanced to look over my garden wall into the waste playground, "Who shot the cat?"

And now about making this iodide of nitrogen, which again I tell you, all bad character for danger notwithstanding, is perfectly harmless, if not handled in much larger quantities than I shall tell you to make or you would care about making. Take of iodine about sufficient to fill a saltspoon. Put it into a porcelain or glass vessel—nothing better than a tea-cup—and pour upon it about one tablespoonful of strong hartshorn, which I hope I need not tell you is ammoniacal gas dissolved in water. Stir up with a glass rod if you chance to have it, if not, with a bonnet straw or a splint of wood. Allow the hartshorn and the iodine to stand at rest for about half-an-hour, and then pour all upon a filter of white blotting-paper. A ruddy liquid filters through, and upon the filter remains a black pasty matter, which ultimately dries into a light powder. So long as it is wet and pasty, it cannot be made to explode, but once dry it cannot be touched without explosion. The dry iodide will even explode by the mere shock of throwing upon the surface of cold water. So you must have made up your mind what to do with it whilst yet in the pasty condition. For this once you shall distribute it in little patches over a sheet of blotting-paper. The patches may be about two inches distant from each other. Thus distributed, you may, when the iodide is dry, generally succeed in firing off any one of the little patches without affecting the next.

It will be curious to note how the iodide will not bang off when touched with either actual flame, that of a match, for example, or an incandescent body such as a red-hot wire. This is a faculty which it possesses in common with all its family relatives, such as gun-cotton, chloride of nitrogen, and nitroglycerine. Long after the discovery of gun-cotton, its capricious nature in regard to banging-explosion puzzled chemists, engineers, and artillerymen not a little. Some times it would burn quite innocently, noiselessly; at other times it would violently explode. The reason was at length made manifest; all depended on the mode of firing. The greatest explosive effect of these things is now commanded by firing an explosive cap in the midst of them; so it is not the fire of the cap, as one might at first think, but the smart blow given by the firing of the cap, which causes the explosion.

Well, now, having cleared the way, it is time to talk about our spiders. Some of you can make fishing-flies, perhaps, a far more difficult matter than to make artificial spiders. Your necessary materials will be a piece of cork, a sharp penknife, and some stiff black bristles, such as may be found in a blacking-brush. Out of the cork you are to cut the spider's body, and the bristles are for the legs. Catch a spider and study the shape of the thing. Observe, I do not

say "the insect;" spiders are no insects, though one not unfrequently hears young ladies—ay, even young ladies who have studied the "ologies" in schools—call them so. Catch your spider, I say; observe her well; count her legs; notice how the antennae are set upon her pate. Then take your cork and penknife, and carve out a form as much like the spider's as you can. When this is done, hollow out the under part of the body, forming a cavity for holding the charge of iodide of nitrogen. Next dip the body in ink, and dry, so that it may be rusty black. It remains now to attach the legs and feelers, which you can do, making holes with a pin, sticking into each hole thus made the end of a bristle, trimming to the necessary length, and finally giving the necessary sharp bends to imitate what we may call the knees and fetlocks of a spider. The crowning deed now follows, and after our description will be plain. Having your iodide of nitrogen in a wet and pasty state, insert by means of a quill, cut toothpick fashion, or else a splinter of wood, the necessary quantity to fill up the cavities already made in your spiders. *Finis coronat opus!* The deed is done. At present and until drying is accomplished you may handle your spiders with impunity, but once dry, woe betide the incautious individual who dares to prod or step upon them. It is not that their explosion will do any harm, otherwise I would not have told you how to make them; but ordinary spiders meet their death as lambs do—meekly; they don't resent it with a pistol-shot, and that's the fun of the thing.

A word now about likely places whereon to lodge your spiders. They may be set to stand on any horizontal surface; but some of the best fun I have had with them has been achieved in another manner—by attaching them to a wall or door panel by the legs with strong gum mucilage. The very first member of female humanity who sees a spider thus wandering is sure to charge the little thing full thrust with a stick or parasol, or, as it may be, a broom. You know with what result, and it is very funny.

THE CRYPTOGRAM.

(A SEQUEL TO "THE GIANT RAFT.")

BY JULES VERNE,

Author of "The Boy Captain," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.—THE LAST BLOW.

WHILE Joam Dacosta was undergoing this examination, Yaquita, from an inquiry made by Manoel, ascertained that she and her children would be permitted to see the prisoner that very day about four o'clock in the afternoon.

Yaquita had not left her room since the evening before. Minha and Lina kept near her, waiting for the time when she would be admitted to see her husband.

Yaquita Garral or Yaquita Dacosta, he would still find her the devoted wife and brave companion he had ever known her to be.

About eleven o'clock in the morning Benito joined Manoel and Fragozo, who were talking in the bow of the jangada.

"Manoel," said he, "I have a favour to ask you."

"What is it?"

"And you too, Fragozo."

"I am at your service, Mr. Benito," answered the barber.

"What is the matter?" asked Manoel, looking at his friend, whose expression was that of a man who had come to some unalterable resolution.

"You never doubt my father's innocence? Is that so?" said Benito.

"Ah!" exclaimed Fragozo. "Rather I think it was I who committed the crime."

"Well, we must now commence on the project I thought of yesterday."

"To find out Torres?" asked Manoel.

"Yes, and know from him how he found out my father's retreat. There is some-

unless he had left Manaos it was almost impossible for him to escape the young fellows' search. In any case, there would be no use in applying to the police, for it was very probable—in fact, we know that



"We saw him go towards the Amazon."

thing inexplicable about it. Did he know it before? I cannot understand it, for my father never left Iquitos for more than twenty years, and this scoundrel is hardly thirty! But the day will not close before I know it; or, woe to Torres!"

Benito's resolution admitted of no discussion; and besides, neither Manoel nor Fragozo had the slightest thought of dissuading him.

"I will ask, then," continued Benito, "for both of you to accompany me. We shall start in a minute or two. It will not do to wait till Torres has left Manaos. He has no longer got his silence to sell, and the idea might occur to him. Let us be off!"

And so all three of them landed on the bank of the Rio Negro and started for the town.

Manaos was not so considerable that it could not be searched in a few hours. They had made up their minds to go from house to house, if necessary, to look for Torres, but their better plan seemed to be to apply in the first instance to the keepers of the taverns and lojas where the adventurer was most likely to put up. There could hardly be a doubt that the ex-captain of the woods would not have given his name; he might have personal reasons for avoiding all communication with the police. Nevertheless,

it actually was so—that the information given to them had been anonymous.

For an hour Benito, Manoel, and Fragozo walked along the principal streets of the town, inquiring of the tradesmen in their shops, the tavern-keepers in their cabarets, and even the bystanders, without any one being able to recognise the individual whose description they so accurately gave.

Had Torres left Manaos? Would they have to give up all hope of finding him?

In vain Manoel tried to calm Benito, whose head was on fire. Cost what it might, he must get at Torres!

Fortune at last favoured them, and it was Fragozo who put them on the right track.

In a tavern in Holy Ghost Street, from the description which the people received of the adventurer, they replied that the individual in question had put up at the loja the evening before.

"Did he sleep here?" asked Fragozo.

"Yes," answered the tavern-keeper.

"Is he here now?"

"No. He has gone out."

"But has he settled his bill, as a man would who has gone for good?"

"By no means; he left his room about an hour ago, and he will doubtless come back to supper."

"Do you know what road he took when he went out?"

"We saw him turning towards the Amazon, going through the lower town, and you will probably meet him on that side."

Fragoso did not want any more. A few seconds afterwards he rejoined the young fellows, and said,

"I am on the track."

"He is there!" exclaimed Benito.

"No; he has just gone out, and they have seen him walking across to the bank of the Amazon."

"Come on!" replied Benito.

They had to go back towards the river, and the shortest way was for them to take the left bank of the Rio Negro, down to its mouth.

Benito and his companions soon left the last houses of the town behind, and followed the bank, making a slight détour so as not to be observed from the jangada.

The plain was at this time deserted. Far away the view extended across the flat, where cultivated fields had replaced the former forests.

Benito did not speak; he could not utter a word. Manoel and Fragoso respected his silence. And so the three of them went along and looked about on all sides as they traversed the space between the bank of the Rio Negro and that of the Amazon. Three quarters of an hour after leaving Manaos, and still they had seen nothing!

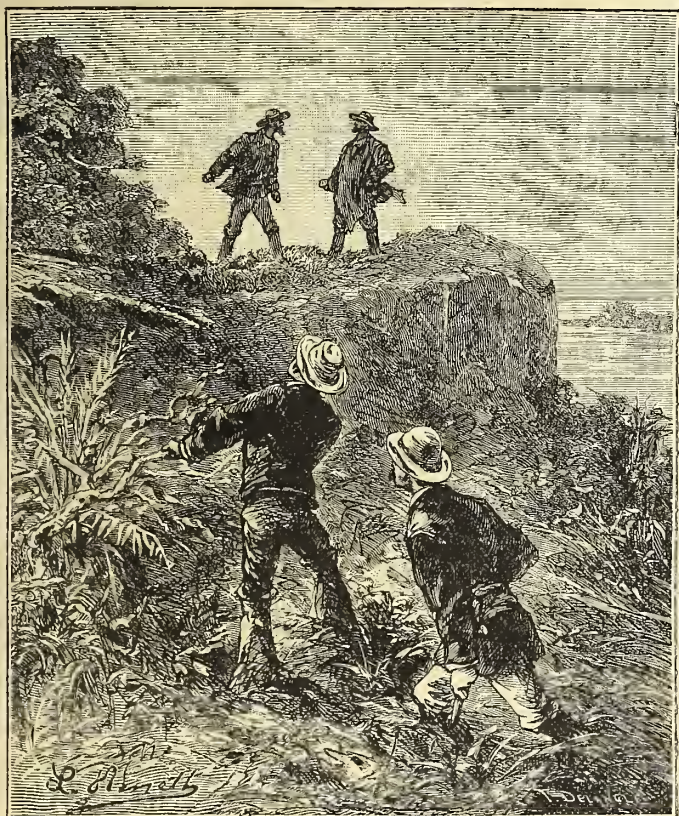
Once or twice Indians working in the fields were met with. Manoel questioned them, and one of them at length told him that a man such as he described had just passed in the direction of the angle formed by the two rivers at their confluence.

Without waiting for more, Benito, by an irresistible movement, strode to the front, and his two companions had to hurry on to avoid being left behind.

The left bank of the Amazon was then about a quarter of a mile off. A sort of cliff appeared ahead, hiding a part of the



"He disappeared beneath the waters of the river."



"Manoel and Fragoso saw two men face to face with one another."

horizon, and bounding the view a few hundred paces in advance.

Benito, hurrying on, soon disappeared behind one of the sandy knolls.

"Quicker! quicker!" said Manoel to Fragoso. "We must not leave him alone for an instant."

And they were dashing along when a shout struck on their ears.

Had Benito caught sight of Torres? What had he seen? Had Benito and Torres already met?

Manoel and Fragoso, fifty paces farther on, after swiftly running round one of the spurs of the bank, saw two men standing face to face to each other.

They were Torres and Benito.

In an instant Manoel and Fragoso had hurried up to them. It might have been supposed that in Benito's state of excitement he would be unable to restrain himself from some act of violence when he found himself once again in the presence of the adventurer.

It was not so.

As soon as the young man saw himself face to face with Torres, and was certain that he could not escape, a complete change took place in his manner. His coolness returned to him, and he became once more master of himself.

The two men looked at one another for a few moments without a word.

Torres first broke silence, and in the impudent tone habitual to him, remarked,

"Ah! How goes it, Mr. Benito Garra!"

"No, Benito Dacosta!" answered the young man.

"Quite so," continued Torres. "Mr. Benito Dacosta, accompanied by Mr. Manoel Valdez and my friend Fragozo!"

At the irritating qualification thus accorded him by the adventurer, Fragozo, who was by no means loth to do him some damage, was about to rush to the attack, when Benito, quite unmoved, held him back.

"What is the matter with you, my lad?" exclaimed Torres, retreating for a few steps. "I think I had better put myself on guard."

And as he spoke he drew from beneath his poncho his manchetta, the weapon, adapted at will for offence or defence, which a Brazilian is never without. And then, slightly stooping, and planted firmly on his feet, he waited for what was to follow.

"I have come to look for you, Torres," said Benito, who had not stirred in the least at this threatening attitude.

"To look for me?" answered the adventurer. "It is not very difficult to find me. And why have you come to look for me?"

"To know from your own lips what you appear to know of the past life of my father."

"Really!"

"Yes. I want to know how you recognised him, why you were prowling about our fazenda in the forest of Iquitos, and why you were waiting for us at Tabatinga?"

"Well! it seems to me nothing could be clearer!" answered Torres, with a grin. "I was waiting to get a passage on the jangada, and I went on board with the intention of making him a very simple proposition—which possibly he was wrong in rejecting."

At these words Manoel could stand it no longer. With pale face and eye of fire he strode up to Torres.

Benito, wishing to exhaust every means of conciliation, thrust himself between them.

"Calm yourself, Manoel!" he said. "I am calm—even I!"

And then continuing,

"Quite so, Torres; I know the reason of your coming on board the raft. Possessed of a secret which was doubtless given to you, you wanted to make it a means of extortion. But that is not what I want to know at present."

"What is it, then?"

"I want to know how you recognised Joam Dacosta in the fazenda of Iquitos?"

"How I recognised him?" replied Torres. "That is my business, and I see no reason why I should tell you. The important fact is, that I was not mistaken when I denounced in him the real author of the crime of Tijuco!"

"You say that to me!" exclaimed Benito, who began to lose his self-possession.

"I will tell you nothing," returned Torres; "Joam Dacosta declined my propositions! He refused to admit me into his family! Well! now that his secret is known, now that he is a prisoner, it is I who refuse to enter his family, the family of a thief, of a murderer, of a condemned felon, for whom the gallows now waits!"

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed Benito, "you shall tell me; put away that knife;" and he rushed towards him to disarm him.

It was a level bank about fifty paces long, on the top of a cliff rising perpendicularly some fifty feet above the Amazon. The river slowly flowed at the foot, and bathed the clumps of reeds which bristled round its base.

The two met, and Torres, who was the strongest, struck a side blow with his manchetta which Benito could not quite parry. His left side was touched, and his poncho was reddened with his blood. But he grasped the scoundrel, and Torres felt himself at the very edge of the bank, at a spot where, slightly scooped away, it overhung the river. He perceived the danger, and made a savage blow at Benito, who lightly stepped back, and the fell stroke was received full into his own chest, but the point of the manchetta struck in its passage a hard substance hidden beneath the poncho of the adventurer.

Almost at the same moment he stumbled, fell backwards, and the ground suddenly failing him, he was precipitated down the cliff. As a last effort his hands convulsively clutched at a clump of reeds, but they could not stop him, and he disappeared beneath the waters of the river.

Benito was supported on Manoel's shoulder; Fragozo grasped his hands. He would not even give his companions time to dress his wound, which was very slight. The whole thing had happened so suddenly that the friends had had no time to interfere.

"To the jangada!" he said, "to the jangada!"

Manoel and Fragozo with deep emotion followed him without speaking a word.

A quarter of an hour afterwards the three reached the bank to which the raft was moored. Benito and Manoel rushed into the room where were Yaquita and Minha, and told them all that had passed.

"My son!" "My brother!"

The words were uttered at the same moment.

"To the prison!" said Benito.

"Yes! Come! come!" replied Yaquita.

Benito, followed by Manoel, hurried along his mother, and half an hour later they arrived before the prison.

Owing to the order previously given by Judge Jarriquez they were immediately admitted, and conducted to the chamber occupied by the prisoner.

The door opened.

Joam Dacosta saw his wife, his son, and Manoel enter the room.

"Ah! Joam, my Joam!" exclaimed Yaquita.

"Yaquita! my wife! my children!" replied the prisoner, who opened his arms and pressed them to his heart.

"My Joam, innocent!"

"Innocent and avenged!" said Benito.

"Avenged? What do you mean?"

"Torres is dead, father; dead, and his body in the river."

"Dead!—Torres!—Dead!" gasped Joam Dacosta. "Ah! my son! Then I am ruined!"

(To be continued.)

EEL PIES;

OR, FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.

PART II.

THE first passenger that got in was an old woman, who at once selected the identical corner where my bait was deposited, and seated herself immediately over it, thus covering it from view. She was apparently an old lady from some City Union, out for a day to visit her friends, and was very neatly dressed in the usual Union garb, and bearing a large cotton umbrella and wicker basket.

The next passenger that entered was a working man—a shipwright, caulker, or some trade

of a nautical character. Then two lads entered, both munching apples. They also had a nautical cut about them, and, taking their seats opposite to the old lady, settled themselves down in a very orderly and proper manner.

The train had started but a few minutes when the good woman, looking the elder of the boys full in the face, said, in an extremely irritable tone of voice,

"Where do you work, boy?"

"What's that to you?" was the quick reply, as the lad evidently did not like her tone.

"Because," said she, "there's such a nasty smell about you that you ought to have been put into a carriage by yourselves."

"What do you mean?" joined in the man, gruffly; "it's you yourself, you dirty old woman you, and not the boys; I smelt it, whatever it is, before they got in. It's something you have got in that basket. Throw it out of the window, will you? or I'll call the guard, and have you taken out and looked up."

"Me looked up!—me looked up!—you great blackguard!"

Up went her umbrella, and down it came again, bringing the man's hat with it, and leaving an unmistakable relie the whole length of his face.

"That's your little game, is it!" said he, as he moved to look after his hat, that had rolled under the seat; "I'll make you pay for this, you—"

"I'll get it, master," said one of the boys—"don't you stoop."

And down he went on his knees.

"Oh, Bill! what's here?" and holding his nose tightly, he was up again on his legs in an instant, without the hat. "Better get it yourself, master, it's more than I can stand." And he put his head out of the window to recover himself.

"Move out of the way, old 'un, will you, and let us see what you have got under you," said the man, addressing the old lady.

"No, I shan't move, and you touch me if you dare!" continued she. "I tell you I have nothing under me, and I won't move."

"Won't you," said he, "then I must do it for you."

And forthwith, with gentle force, he lifted the old lady opposite to me, and commenced to search.

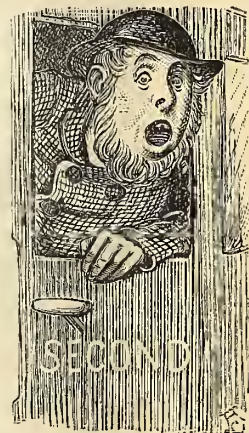
"Hollo! what's this?" he exclaimed, with a face of horror, and chalky whiteness. "What's this?" as he withdrew his hand from the parcel. He had grasped it too roughly. The paper gave way, and disclosed its horrible contents—"REMAINS!"

"Guard! Guard!" shouted the man at one window.

"Guard! Guard!" roared the two boys at the other.

"Take me out! take me out!" screamed the old woman, frantically. "I'm being murdered. Take me out!"

I was too nervous to say or do anything; my only thought was to get away as quickly as possible, so the instant the train reached Shadwell Station, even before it had stopped, I was out, and passed rapidly through the ticket-taker's gate. I had not reached the last of the twenty-three stairs to the street, however, before I heard "Stop him! stop him! stop him!" from a man's voice. What should I do? My decision was soon made, and off I started fast as my legs would carry me. I doubled down a street I was unacquainted with, and it proved what is called a market street—a street where eastermongers' barrows left but little space for foot passengers. I took to the middle of the road, and dashed madly on.



"Stop him! stop him! stop him!" seemed to be the chorus of hundreds. I rushed onward, bewildered and frantic. A baker's boy was before me, balancing a large empty basket on his head. I violently thrust him aside, and passed; but in a moment the basket was hurled at me, striking me between my shoulders. The concussion caused my hat to fly, I know not where, for I never saw it again, while my body, after reeling some few yards, finally deposited itself at its full length upon a fish-stall. My weight was too much for the frail structure; the legs gave way, and so did the legs and body too of the fishwife. She grasped me in falling. I was underneath. There we were intertwined, and rolling in the filth and mud of that never-to-be-forgotten street.

"Hang on, mother! Don't let him get up, don't let him get up!" cried one great hulk of a man.

"Keep his head down," says a horsey-looking fellow.

"Here's a Bobby a-coming," exclaimed another.

My capture was complete. The hand of a sturdy policeman was on my collar, and I was marched, or rather dragged off, for I had little use of my limbs by this time, to Shadwell police-office, with a stream of shrieking, howling humanity in my wake.

"What is the charge?" demanded the sergeant on duty, "and who makes it?" At that

a lower key, "I shouldn't like to be him, he'll soon have his goose cooked, won't he?"

"Where is it?" now inquired the sergeant of one of the bearers.

"We were just going to bring it inside for you to see," said the man; "but it is so very far gone, perhaps you would prefer to look at it out a doors."

"No! no! I don't want to see it at all; take it at once to the mortuary. Here, you Saunders!" calling a constable of that name, "run on to Mr. Thornton, the divisional surgeon; go as fast as you can, tell him—no! take him on to the mortuary, and bring back his report; now be sharp!" then turning to the railway official he said, "You are the station-master? I must ask you to remain until the constable returns; you will then make the charge;" next addressing the others, he informed them that they would all be detained for the present.

In about one hour from this, Saunders the constable returned bearing the official report from the divisional surgeon. There was a deadly silence, and the hearts of all, it might be said, could be heard to beat.

The sergeant removed the envelope, and read, in a deep and solemn tone, the report:—

"Shadwell Mortuary,
"July 14th, 1856.

Called to examine contents of a large brown-paper parcel, said to have been found under the seat of a third-class carriage on the London and Blackwall Railway. The parcel was opened in the presence of Police-constable Saunders, X 22, and two other constables of same division, who brought the parcel direct from Shadwell Station.

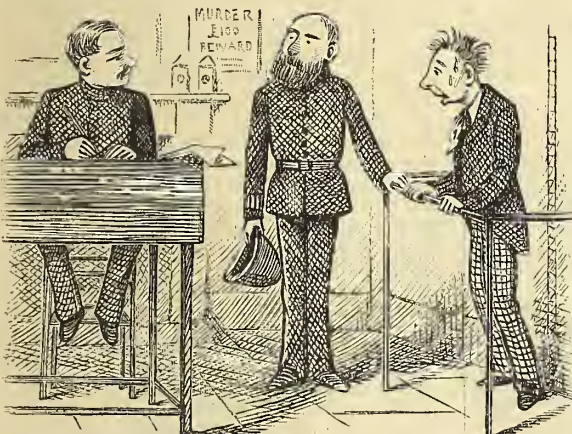
"I hereby certify that I found the said brown-paper parcel to consist wholly of sheep's entrails, and that I ordered the same to be buried or otherwise destroyed, being very much decomposed."
"J. THORNTON, D.S."

"There's been a mistake; you can all go," said the sergeant.

My singularly distressed appearance at home that evening was then and has ever since been a painful mystery in my family.

I never allowed any one to question me about it, and never divulged it to any living soul until now.

The eel-pie feast on board the Madras never came off, and the reason why was never given. I never spoke of eel-pies again in the office, or elsewhere, and never saw one, even in a shop window, without a shudder running through my whole system.



moment a porter from the railway forced his way through the crowd and was admitted. "Send a couple of men and a stretcher instantly to the station," said he; then he sat down for a few minutes to recover from his exertions. His hard breathing showed he was greatly distressed. He fixed his eyes on me and seemed paralysed with horror, as he faintly exclaimed, "That's him! That's him!" "What's up?" said the sergeant, drawing close to him. "Can't quite make it out," replied the man. "I can't quite make it out, but I think it's another 'Greenacre job.' Some 'remains' have been found in a carriage; they have got the other passengers, a man, an old woman, and two boys, but they all says the bag belongs to the one as bolted: that's him yonder, pointing to me; "howsomever you'll soon know, 'cause they are all on their way here."

"I wish," I said, in a voice almost inaudible from emotion, "to explain that—"

"Wait till you are charged, young fellow; and then mind what you do say, because it will be my duty to caution you, that whatever you do say will be brought up against you on your trial; mind that."

A great trampling of feet and shouting at the door announced the arrival of the ghastly procession. "Yes! that's him, that's him!" shrieked the old woman, pointing at me with her umbrella.

"Safe enough; that's the swell," says the man as he shook his head. "Oh! it's very dreadful, he's safe to be scragged."

"Him's the cove, and no mistake, as rode in the carriage, and bolted before it stopped," joined in one boy, to which the other added, in



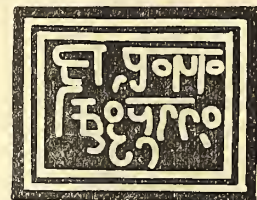
NEW POSTAGE STAMPS ISSUED DURING 1880-1.

(Continued from page 95.)

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.—Several fiscal stamps have lately been surcharged, and made to serve for postage stamps.



BHORE.—These are very singular stamps;



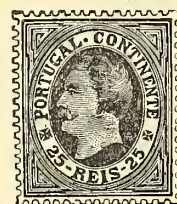
there are two values, $\frac{1}{2}$ and 1 anna, both a dark red.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC, or St. Domingo, as we used to call it, comes forward with a series of nine new stamps.



- | | |
|----|-----------------|
| 1 | centavo, green. |
| 2 | " orange. |
| 5 | " blue. |
| 10 | " rose. |
| 20 | " brown. |
| 25 | " lilac. |
| 50 | " yellow. |
| 75 | " blue. |
| 1 | peso, gold. |

PORTUGAL.—The new Portuguese stamps are unlike all previous ones, as they are not embossed; there are only three values published yet, but there are two types of the 25 reis. These stamps are found surcharged, AÇORES and MADEIRA.



- | | |
|----|--------------|
| 5 | reis, black. |
| 25 | " lavender. |
| 50 | " blue. |

PORTO RICO.—There are 13 new stamps with date 1881; the colours are very bright and well chosen, the design, except the name and date, is similar to the Fernando Poo stamp, with the head of King Alfonso engraved below.

FERNANDO POO.—Very few collectors can boast of having the old Fernando Poo stamp with head of the Queen of Spain; but we hope the new ones, with head of King Alfonso, will have

a larger circulation and find their way into many collections; there are three values:



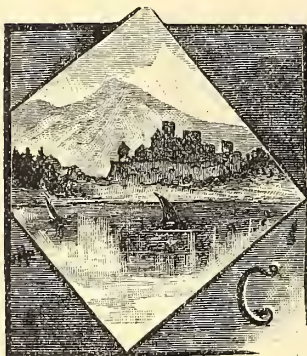
5 cents, green.
10 " brown.
50 " blue.

BAHAMAS.—The new envelope stamp is very handsome; it is oval shaped, value "four pence," dark lilac.

TRANSVAAL.—We have seen a halfpenny stamp of Transvaal of same type as engraving; it was published a short time previous to the war, and very few have found their way to England.



Correspondence.



IT.—Sir Richard Whittington was Lord Mayor in 1397, 1406, and 1419. The first "Lord Mayor" was Thomas Legge in 1354; previous to that the chief magistrate was called simply "mayor." There is nothing wonderful in Whittington's having held the office three times. Henry Fitz-Alwyn held it twenty-

four times, from 1189 to 1212; Robert Serle seven times—1214, 1217, 1218, 1219, 1220, 1221, and 1222; Richard Kenger, five times—in 1223, 1224, 1225, 1226, and 1238; Roger Duke, five times—in 1227, 1228, 1229, 1230, and 1231; Andrew Bokerell, six times—in 1232, 1233, 1234, 1235, 1236, and 1237; Richard Hardell five times—in 1254, 1255, 1256, 1257, and 1258; John de Gysors three times—in 1245, 1246, and 1258; Thomas FitzThomas four times—in 1262, 1263, 1264, and 1265; William FitzRichard three times—in 1260, 1261, and 1266; Gregory Rokeslie eight times—in 1275, 1276, 1277, 1278, 1279, 1280, 1281, and 1285; Rauf de Sandwitch seven times—in 1236, 1238, 1239, 1290, 1291, 1292, and 1293; Sir John Breton four times—in 1294, 1295, 1296, and 1297; Henry Waters four times—in 1282, 1283, 1284, and 1298; Sir John Blount seven times—in 1301, 1302, 1303, 1304, 1305, 1306, and 1307; Hamond Chickwell six times—in 1319, 1321, 1322, 1324, 1325, and 1327; Sir John Lenkyn four times—in 1348, 1353, 1365, and 1366; and Nicholas Brentyn four times—in 1377, 1383, 1384, and 1385. There are others we might have mentioned. The first Protestant Lord Mayor was Sir Rowland Hill, in 1549.

PETER.—You can use new coins as weights. Roughly speaking, to make up two ounces you would require four half-crowns, or five florins, or ten shillings, or twenty sixpences, or thirty fourpenny-bits, or forty threepenny-bits, or six pennies, or ten halfpennies, or twenty farthings. The exact weight in grains of a sovereign is 123.2745, of a half-sovereign 61.6372, of a half-crown 218.182, of a florin 174.545, of a shilling 87.273, of a sixpence 43.636, of a fourpenny-piece (now never coined, and fast disappearing) 29.001, of a threepenny-bit 21.313, of a penny 145.833, of a halfpenny 87.500, of a farthing 43.750.

T. G.—Ulyett's name is pronounced Uly-ett.

JACK ROBSON.—Glue should always be soaked in cold water. The ink used with all graphs is simply aniline dye.

D. B.—The lawn-tennis court should be 27ft. wide, and 78ft. long. It should be divided across the middle by the net, the ends of which should be attached to two posts standing 3ft. outside the court on each side. The height of the net should be 4ft. at the posts, and 3ft. in the centre. At each end of the court, parallel with the net, and at a distance of 39ft. from it, should be drawn the base lines, the extremities of which should be connected by the side lines. Half way between the side lines, and parallel with them, should be drawn the half-court line, dividing the space on each side of the net into two equal parts, called the right and left courts. On each side of the net, at a distance of 22ft. from it, and parallel with it, are drawn the service lines. In the three and four-handed games the court should be 36ft. in width, and the height of the net at the posts 4ft.

C. S.—With No. 67 there began a series of no less than eleven articles on Bee-keeping, and we can give no further information on the subject. Procure the back numbers.

L. E.—"Marcescent" is a botanical term, meaning fading, but remaining in its place. *Endymion nutans* is the common blue bell, and *Couvallaria majalis* the lily-of-the-valley.

AMATEUR.—Taking the facts as you state, the decision of the judges was wrong. Each man in a race should keep his own course as much as possible, and pass on the outside; but if a man who is leading deliberately crosses the track to baulk a man behind him, it is distinctly unfair to disqualify the baulked man for passing him on the part of the track from which he has moved. The man who rendered the manoeuvre necessary should have been disqualified, not you.

WHATRESDEY.—Bole Armenian is a dark red hydrated silicate of alumina, mixed with a good deal of peroxide of iron. It also contains traces of lime and magnesia. When there is enough magnesia to make it feel greasy it is called mountain soap. It is largely used in scene-painting. We are not sure of the derivation, but Tarquin is another form of Tarchon.

H. SHORT.—The marks on the pigeon's wing are the marks of the Columbarian Society, of which its owner is a member. Write to the secretary of the association, and he will soon tell you to what pigeon club the bird should be returned.

CORRY.—For cork-modelling the best plan is to buy your cork in thin sheets, which you can procure at any cork-cutter's. Models are occasionally made, as you suggest, out of old bottle cork, but then the corks are first cut into layers, and the marks of the stones are scored on them. We never heard of each individual stone having to be cut, and squared, and fixed.

W. G. JACKSON.—You were out. Providing the players have not crossed, the man who last came into the opposite ground is always out in such cases. Your colleague must be a very selfish muf.

J. B. and DUMPS.—W. Midwinter was born on June 19th, 1852, at Cirencester, in Gloucestershire, and emigrated to Australia. He returned from Australia in 1878, and has since played for Gloucestershire. The dispute in 1878 was due to the fact that the Australians wanted him to play with them, while he had agreed to play in all the County matches, and the County had made their arrangements for the Lords' match, and could not spare him.

GIANT RAFT.—We cannot undertake to advise any one as to what trade or profession he should choose. It is extremely unlikely that we should ever be thoroughly acquainted with all the circumstances of any individual case, and unless these are taken into consideration, advice would be misleading. You must choose for yourself. As a general rule, the man with special knowledge is the man who gets on. The future of the modern clerk, as a clerk and nothing more, seems to us very gloomy. There is a phantom gentility after which some people strive which is the cause of a vast deal of misery. Better be a prosperous mechanic than a needy clerk.

MERMAID.—Stay on shore. A ship is no place for girls to work. There is no such occupation, however, beyond the one you mention, and you would have to start something new.

A. SIMONNEAU.—The height of a horse is measured in hands, that of other animals in feet. The measurement is taken down the foreleg, and is reckoned from the ground, not from the hoof. A hand is four and a half inches.



"Boy's Own" Lifeboat Fund.

(Sums received to October 8th.)

£ s. d.

Amount already acknowledged .. 331 1 7

Oct. 1.—W. E. N. (Manchester), 1s.; S. C. H. (Sittingbourne), 1s.; H. V. Cooper (Bishop's Stortford), 9d.; Per H. Etchells (Stamford), 2s.; James Reekie (Kirkcaldy), 1s.; Anonymous, 3d.; Per W. L., 5s. .. 0 11 0

Oct. 3.—Per H. Stevens, 8s.; Per J. Armstrong, 11s. 6d.; Per E. Brisley, 6s.; Per J. Hearn, 3s.; Lewin Waby (Stevenage), 1s.; Per Ernest Hawkins (Woburn), £1 3s. 10d.; G. H. T. (Andover), 1s.; E. Tugwell (Greenwich), 5s.; A. G. B., 2s. 6d.; J. Amesbury (Bourton-on-the-Water), 2s. 6d.; F. J. N. (Brighton), 1s.; J. Brown (Hindley), 6d.; Gertrude E. Johnston (Torrington Square), 1s.; John Raven (Islington), 2s. 6d.; X. Y. Z. (Switzerland), 3s. 10d.; C. P. Sisley (Lewisham), 1s. .. 3 14 2

Oct. 4.—A. T. Jamney (Worcester), 1s.; Per C. Louis Fenn (Slough), 14s.; H. A. Golding (New Southgate), 2s. 6d.; L. H. Chambers (Westbury), 2s.; E. B. (Ipswich), 2s. 6d.; The Master Waides (Southsea), 1s.; Per Alfred John Ward (Windermere), 14s.; Per J. W. Penson (Tokenhouse Yard), 10s.; George Inglis (Kippen), 1s.; A. Kerr (Uphall), 1s.; E. Bacon (Ipswich), 1s. .. 2 10 0

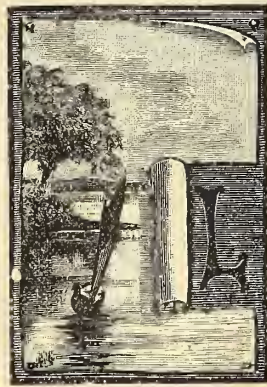
Oct. 5.—Per Hugh O. Fenn (Mishbourne), 10s.; E. Boyes (Urmston), 1s.; A. Little, 1s.; A. F. Henderson, 1s.; G. H. Shaw (Hull), 5s.; Per D. Murray (Golspie), 3s. 10d.; F. Harris (Edgware Road), 1s.; M. Gompertz, 1s.; H. Grime, 6d. .. 1 4 4

Oct. 6.—J. O. McCleery (Doagh), 10s.; Armadale, 6d.; Per E. Gore (Margate), 12s.; Clara Orchard (Blackheath), 1s. 6d.; H. M. (Stronsay), 3s.; Per A. A. McKechney (Upton), £2 3s.; H. J. Gibson, 6d.; F. H. S. (Worsley), 1s.; Ixion (Tipton), 1s. 6d.; W. E. T. (Tipton), 1s.; Charles E. Grace (Canterbury), 1s. .. 3 16 0

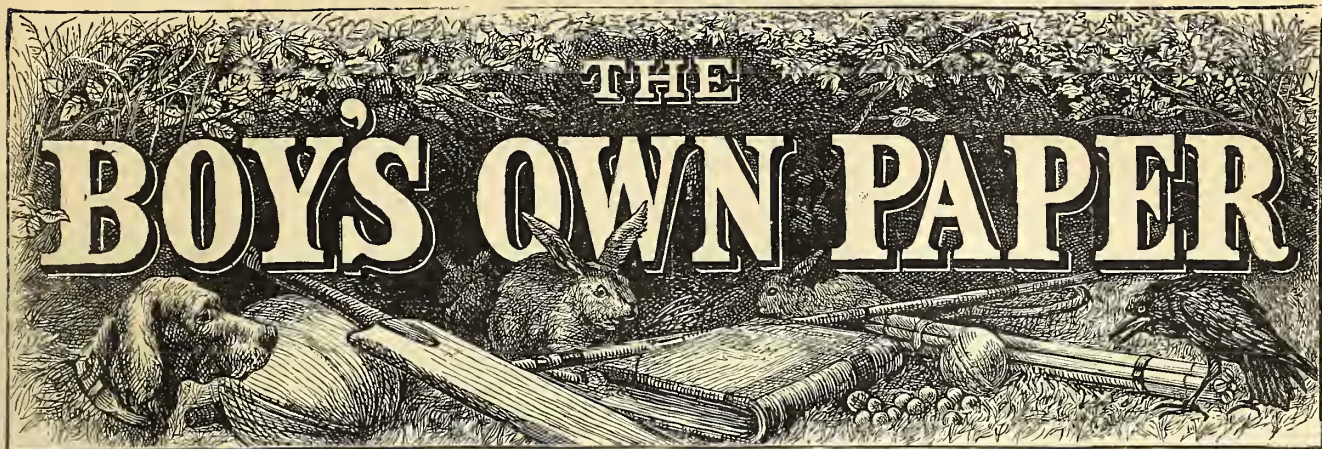
Oct. 7.—J. M., 2s.; John H. Miles (Liverpool), 2s. 6d.; F. P. B., 1s.; Herber A. Hunt (Martock), 1s.; Thomson Family (Nottingham), 10s.; J. H., 1s.; G. H., 1s.; Per Chas. Hine (Egypt, Hemmick), £1 3s.; Alex. Straw (Farnsfield), 2s.; Philip Pardoe (Ombersley), 3s.; A. J. Robinson (Northampton), 3s.; Francis J. Osborne (Penybont), 2s. 6d.; C. Gardiner (Islington), 2s. .. 2 11 0

Oct. 8.—Edith-Constance Gordon (Penrith), 2s. 6d.; Hugh Stanley Gordon (Penrith), 2s. 6d.; Per F. A. B. Bengier (Tetbury), 7s. 3d.; K. Modlen (Warwick), 6d.; G. L. M. (Stafford), 6d.; A Lover of the Boy's Own PAPER, 1s.; Some Manx Readers, 7s. 6d.; J. B. N. (Nottingham), 2s. 6d.; George Martyn (Plymouth), 3s. 6d.; H. Warren (Clifton, Bristol), 2s. 6d.; Three Big Boys (Hemel Hempstead), 1s. 6d.; B. T., 10s.; Alfred G. Potter, 3s. 4d.; Per Mrs. Hutton (Aberdeen), 6s. 6d. .. 2 11 10

Carried forward .. £348 2 11



IF EBOAT subscribers cannot yet possibly be informed where the boat will be stationed. When the needful amount is in hand we will confer with the Secretary of the National Lifeboat Institution as to the placing of the boat, and at once inform our readers. At present we must bend all energies to the getting of the Lifeboat.



No. 149.—Vol. IV.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1881.

Price One Penny.
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WILD ADVENTURES ROUND THE POLE;

OR,

THE CRUISE OF THE ARRANDOON.

(A SEQUEL TO "THE CRUISE OF THE SNOWBIRD.")

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

CHAPTER VIII.—A GALE FROM THE MOUNTAINS—DAY-BREAK IN ICELAND—THE GREAT BALLOON ASCENT—RORY'S YARN—THE SNOW-CLOUD—THE PIRATE IS SEEN.

A WHOLE week has elapsed since the events transpired which I have related in last chapter, a week most interestingly if not always quite pleasantly spent. The Arrandoon is lying before the quaint, fantastical old town of Reikjavik, surrounded almost in every direction by mountains bold and wild, the peaked summits and even the sides of which are now covered with ice and snow. For spring has

"It is she," he cried; "the Pirate herself!"

not yet arrived to unrivet stern winter's chains, to swell the rivers into roaring torrents, and finally to carpet the earth with beauty. The streams are still frozen, the bay in which the good ship lies at her anchors twain, is filled with broken pancake-ice, which makes communication with the shore by means of boat a matter of no little difficulty, for oars have to be had in-board or used as pressing poles, and boat-hooks are in constant requisition.

Winter it is, and the country all around might be called dreary, were it not for the ever-varying shades of colour that, as the sun shines out, or anon hides his head behind a cloud, spread themselves over hill and dale and rugged glen. Oh! the splendour of those sunrises and sunsets, the rose tints, the purples, the emerald greens and cool greys, that blaze and blend, grow faint and fade, as they chase each other among mountains and ravines! What a poor morsel of steel my pen feels as I attempt to describe them! Yet have they a beauty peculiarly their own, a beauty which never can be forgotten by those whose eyes have once rested thereon.

The fair-haired Danish girl has been landed, and for a time has found shelter and peace in the humble home of her uncle the clergyman. Our heroes have been on shore studying the manners and customs of the primitive but hospitable people they find themselves among.

Several city worthies have been off to see the ship and to dine. But to-night our heroes are all by themselves in the saloon. Dinner is finished, nuts and fruit and fragrant coffee are on the table, at the head of which sits the captain, on his right the doctor and Ralph, on his left Allan and Rory. Freezing Powders, neatly dressed, is hovering near, and Peter, the steward, is not far off, while the cockatoo is busy as usual, helping himself to tremendous billfuls of hemp-seed, but nevertheless, putting in his oar every minute, with a "Well, duckie?" or a long-drawn "Dea-ah me!"

I cannot say that all is peace, though, beyond the wooden walls of the Arrandoon, for a storm is raging with almost hurricane violence, sweeping down from the hills with ever-varying force, and threatening to tear the vessel from her anchorage. Steam is up, the screw revolves, and it taxes all the engineer's skill to keep up to the anchors so as to avert the strain from them.

But our boys are used to danger by this time, and there is hardly a moment's lull in the conversation. Even Sandie McFlail, M.D., of Aberdeen, has forgotten all the horrors of *mal-de-mer* by this time; he even believes he has found his sea-legs, and feels all over as good a sailor as anybody.

"Reikjavik!" says Ralph; "isn't it a queer break-jaw kind of a name. It puts one in mind of a mouthful of exceedingly tough beefsteak."

"A gastronomic simile," says Rory; "though maybe neither poetical nor elegant, sure, but truly Saxon."

"Ah! weel," the doctor says, in his quiet, thoughtful, canny way, "I dinna know now. Some o' the vera best poetry of all ages bears reference to the pleasures o' the table. Witness Horace's Odes, for instance."

"Hear! hear!" from Allan; and "Horace was a brick," from honest English Ralph; but Rory murmurs "Moore!"

"But," continues the doctor, "to my ear there is nothing vera harsh in the language that these islanders speak. They

pronounce the 'ch' hard, like the Scotch; their 'j's' soft, like the Spanish; and turn their 'w's' into 'v's.' They pronounce church—*kurk*; and the 'j' is a 'y,' or next thing to it. 'Reik' or 'reyk' means smoke, you know, as it is in Scotch 'reek'; and 'wik,' or 'wich,' or 'vik' means a bay, as in the English 'Woolwich,' 'Sandwich,' etc., so that Reikjavik is simply 'the bay of smoke,' or 'the smoking bay,' but whether with reference to the smoke that hangs over the town, or the spray that rises mist-like from the seething billows when the wind blows, I cannot say—probably the former; and it is worthy of note, gentlemen, that some savage races far, far away from here—the aborigines of Australia, for example—designate towns by the term 'the big smoke.'"

"How profoundly erudite you are, doctor!" says Rory. "Now, wouldn't it have been much better for your heirs and assigns and the world at large, if you had accepted a Professorship of Antiquity in the University of Aberdeen, instead of coming away with us, to cool the toes of you at the North Pole, and maybe leave your bones to bleach beneath the Aurora Borealis, eh?"

"Ha! there I have you," cries Sandie, smiling good-humouredly, for by this time he was quite used to Rory's bantering ways—"there I have you, boy Rory; and it is with the profoundest awe and respect for everything sacred that I remind you that the Aurora Borealis never bleached any bones; and those poor unfortunates who, in their devotion for science, have wandered towards the mystery land around the Pole, and there laid down their lives, will never, never moulder into dust, but, entombed in the green salt ice, with the virgin snow as their winding-sheet, their bodies will rest in peace, and rest intact until the trumpet sounds."

There was a lull in the conversation at this point, but no lull in the storm; the waves dashed wildly over the ship, the wind roared through the rigging, the brave vessel quivered from stem to stern, as if in constant fear she might be hurled from the protection afforded by anchor and cable, and cast helpless upon the rock-bound shore.

A lull, broken presently by a deep sigh from Freezing Powders.

"Well, duckie?" said Polly, in sympathising tones.

"Well, Freezing Powders," said McBain, "and pray what are you sighing about?"

"What for I sigh?" repeated Freezing Powders. "Am you not afraid you're f, sah! You not hear de wild winds roar, and de wave make too much bobbery? 'Tis a'most enuff, sah, to make a gem'larn turn pale, sah!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Rory; "really, it'll take a mighty big storm, Freezing Powders, to make you turn pale. But, doctor," he continued, "what say you to some music?"

"If you'll play," said the surgeon, "I'll toot."

And so the concert was begun, and the shriek of the storm-spirit was drowned in mirth and melody, or, as the doctor, quoting Burns, expressed it,

"The storm without might roar and rustle,
They didna mind the storm a whistle."

But after this night of storm and tempest, what a wonderful morning it was! The sun shot up amidst the encrimsoned mountain peaks, and shone brightly down from a sky of cloudless blue. The snow

was everywhere dazzling in its whiteness, and there was not a sigh of wind to raise so much as a ripple on the waters of the bay, from which every bit of ice had been blown far to sea. Wild birds screamed with joy as they wheeled in hundreds around the ship, while out in the bay a shoal of porpoises were disporting themselves, leaping high in air from out of the sparkling waters, and shrieking—or, as the doctor called it, "whistling"—for very joy.

Every one on board the Arrandoon was early astir—up, indeed, before the sun himself—for there were to be great doings on shore to-day. The first great experimental balloon ascent and flight was about to be made. Every one on shore was early astir, too; in fact, the greatest excitement prevailed, and on the table-land to the right of, and some little distance from, the town, from which the balloon was to ascend, the people had assembled from an early hour, even the ladies of Reikjavik turning out dressed in their gayest attire, no small proportion of which consisted of fur and feathers.

The aeronaut was a professional, Monsieur De Vere to name. McBain had gone all the way to Paris specially to engage his services. Nor had he hired him at random, for this canny captain of ours had not only satisfied himself that De Vere was in a scientific point of view a clever man, but he had accompanied him in several ascents, and could thus vouch for his being a really practical aeronaut.

Who would go with De Vere in this first great trip over the regions of perpetual snow? The doctor stepped forward as a volunteer, and by his side was Rory. Perhaps Allan and Ralph were rather lazy for any such aerial exploit; anyhow, they were content to stay at home.

"We'll look on, you know," said Ralph, "as long as we can see you; and when you return—that is, if ever you do return—you can tell us all about it."

When all was ready the ropes were cast loose, and, with a ringing cheer from the assembled multitude, up arose the mighty balloon, straight as arrow from bow, into the blue, sunny sky. Like the eagle that soars from the peak of Benrinnes, she seemed to seek the very sun itself.

Rory and the surgeon, who had never been in a balloon before—nor even, for the matter of that, down in a coal-pit—at first hardly relished their sudden elevation, but they soon got used to it.

Not the slightest motion was there; Rory could hardly credit the fact that he was moving, and when at last he did muster up sufficient courage to peep earthwards over the side of the car,

"Oh, look, doctor dear!" he cried; "sure, look for yourself; the world is moving away from us altogether!"

And this was precisely the sensation they experienced. Both the doctor and Rory were inclined to clutch nervously and tremulously the sides of the car in the first part of their ascent; but though the former was not much of a sailor, somewhat to his surprise he experienced none of those giddy feelings common to the landsman when gazing from an immense height. He could look beneath him and around him, and enjoy to the full the strange bird's-eye landscape and seascape that every moment seemed to broaden and widen, until a great portion of the northern island, with its mountains, its lakes, its frozen torrents, its gulfs and bays and islands, and the great blue southern ocean, even to the far-off Faroe

Isles, lay like a beautifully portrayed map beneath their feet. The grandeur of the scene kept them silent for long minutes; it impressed them, it awed them. It did more than even this, for it caused them to feel their own littleness, and the might of the Majesty that made the world.

De Vere himself seldom vouchsafed a single glance landwards; he seemed to busy himself wholly and solely with the many strange instruments with which he was surrounded. He was hardly a moment idle. The intense cold, that soon began to benumb the senses of Sandie, seemed to have no deterrent effect on his efforts.

"I must confess I do feel sleepy," said the worthy medico, "and I meant to assist you, Mr. De Vere."

"Here," cried the scientist, pouring something out of a phial, and handing it to him, "drink that quick."

"I feel double the individual," cried Sandie, brightly, as soon as he had swallowed the draught.

"Come," said Rory—"come, monsieur, I want to feel double the individual too."

"No, no, sir," said De Vere, smiling, "an Irishman no want etherism; you are already—pardon me—too ethereal."

Sandie was gazing skywards.

"It is the moon,"—he was saying—"I ken her horn,

She's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;

She smiles, the jade! to wile us hame,

But, 'deed, I doubt, she'll wait a wee."

"Happy thought!" cried Rory; "let us go to the moon."

"No," laughed the doctor; "nobody ever got that length yet."

"Oh, you forget, Mr. Surgeon," said Rory—"you forget entirely all about Danny O'Rourke."

"Tell us, then, Rory."

"Troth, then," began Rory, in his richest brogue, "it was just like this same. Danny was a dacint boy enough, who lived entoiirely alone with Biddy his wife, and the pig, close to a big bog in old Oireland. Sitting on a stone in the midst of this bog was Danny, one foine summer's evening, when who should fly down but an aigle. 'Foine noight,' says the aigle. 'The same to you,' says Danny, 'and many of them.' 'But,' says the aigle, 'don't you see that it is sinking you are?' 'Och! sure,' cries Danny, 'and so it is. I'll be swallowed up in the bog, and poor Biddy and the pig will niver set eyes on me again. Och! och! what'll I do?'

"Git on to me back, troth," says the aigle, "and I'll fly you thraight to your Biddy's door." 'And the blessings av the O'Rourkes be wid ye thin,' says Danny, putting his arms round the aigle's neck, 'for you are the sinisble bird, and whatever I'd have done widout ye, ne'er a bit o' me knows. But isn't it high enough you are now, aron? Yonder is my cottage just down there.' For," continued Rory, "you must know that by this time the aigle had mounted fully a mile high with poor Danny. 'Be quiet wid ye,' says the aigle, 'or I'll shake ye off me back entoiirely. 'Don't ye remember robbing my nest last year? I do. And it's niver a cottage you'll ever see again, nor Biddy, nor the pig either. It's right up to the moon I'm flying wid ye.' 'What!' cries Danny, 'to that bit av a thing like a raping-hook? Och! and och! what'll become av me at all at all?' But the moon got bigger the nearer they came to it, and they found it a dacint size enough when

they got there entirely. 'Catch a howld av the end av the raping-hook,' says the aigle, 'or by this and by that I'll shake ye off me shoulder.' And so poor Danny had no ho' but just to do as he was told, and away flew the aigle and left him. While he was wondering what he should do now, a stern voice behind him says, 'Let go—let go the end of the raping-hook, and be off wid ye back to your own counthry.' 'It's hardly civil av you,' says Danny, 'to ask me sich a thing. Sure it is few ever come to call on you anyhow.' 'Let go,' thundered the man o' the moon, and he gave Danny just one kiek, and off went the poor boy, flying into the air. 'It's killed I'll be,' says he to himself, 'killed entoiirely wid the fall, and what'll become o' me wife Biddy and the pig is more'n I can tell.' But he fell, and he fell, and he fell, and he never seemed to stop falling, till plump he alights right in the middle o' the sea, and there he lay on the broad back av him, till a big lump av a whale came and splashed him all over wid his tail. But sure enough the sea was only his bed, and the big whale turned out to be Biddy herself, with the watering-pot, telling him to get up, for a lazy ould boy, and feed the pig, and troth it was nothing but a dream after all.

"But where in the name of wonder are we now?" he continued, gazing around.

It was a very natural question. It had got suddenly dark. They were enveloped in a snow-cloud. The brave balloon seemed to struggle through it.

Ballast was thrown over, and up and out into the sunshine she rose again, but what a change had come over her appearance—every rope and length of her and the ear itself and our bold aeronauts were covered white with virgin snow.

"Monsieurs," said De Vere, "this is more than I had bargained for. We must descend. You see she has lost all life. De lofely soul dat was in de balloon seems to have gone. We will descend."

Indeed the huge balloon was already moving slowly earthwards, and in a minute more they were again passing through the snow-cloud. Once clear of this a breeze sprang up, or, to speak more correctly, they entered a current of air, that carried them directly inland for many miles. Tired of this direction, the valve was opened, out roared the gas, and the descent became more rapid until the wind ceased to blow—they were beneath the adverse current. More ballast was thrown out, and her "way" was stopped.

But see, what aileth our hero, boy Rory? For some minutes he has been gazing southwards over the sea, so intensely indeed that his looks almost frighten the honest doctor.

"The glass, the glass," he hisses, holding round his hand, but not taking his glance for a moment off the southern horizon.

The glass is handed to him, he adjusts it to his eye, and takes one long fixed look, and when he turns once more towards the doctor his face is radiant with joy and excitement.

"It is she," he cried, "it is *she*, it is *SHE*!"

The doctor really looked scared.

"Man!" he said, "are ye takin' leave o' your wufs? There, tak' a hold o' my hand and dinna try to frighten folk. There's never a 'she' near ye."

"It is *she*, I tell you," cried Rory again; "take the glass and look in under the land yonder, and heading for Stromsoe. It is the pirate herself. The pirate we fought in the Snowbird. Hurrah! hurrah!!

(To be continued.)

THE CRYPTOGRAM;

OR, EIGHT HUNDRED LEAGUES ON THE AMAZON.

(A SEQUEL TO "THE GIANT RAFT.")

BY JULES VERNE,

Author of "The Boy Captain," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.—RESOLUTIONS.

A FEW hours later the whole family had returned to the raft, and were assembled in the large room. All were there, except the prisoner, on whom the last blow had just fallen. Benito was quite overwhelmed, and accused himself of having destroyed his father, and had it not been for the entreaties of Yaquita, of his sister, of Padre Passanha, and of Manoel, the distracted youth would in the first moments of despair probably have made away with himself. But he was never allowed to get out of sight, he was never left alone. And besides, how could he have acted otherwise? Ah! why had not Joam Daecosta told him all before he left the jangada? Why had he refrained from speaking, except before a judge, of this material proof of his innocence? Why, in his interview with Manoel after the expulsion of Torres, had he been silent about the document which the adventurer pretended to hold in his hands? But, after all, what faith ought he to place in what Torres had said? Could he be certain that such a document was in the rascal's possession?

Whatever might be the reason, the family now knew everything, and that from the lips of Joam Daecosta himself. They knew that Torres had declared that the proof of the innocence of the convict of Tijueo actually existed; that the document had been written by the very hand of the author of the attack; that the criminal, seized by remorse at the moment of his death, had entrusted it to his companion, Torres; and that he, instead of fulfilling the wishes of the dying man, had made the handing over of the document an excuse for extortion. But they knew also that Torres had just lost his life, that his body was engulfed in the waters of the Amazon, and that he died without even mentioning the name of the guilty man.

Unless he was saved by a miracle, Joam Daecosta might now be considered as irrevocably lost. The death of Judge Ribeiro on the one hand, the death of Torres on the other, were blows from which he could not recover! It should here be said that public opinion at Manaos, unreasoning as it always is, was all against the prisoner. The unexpected arrest of Joam Daecosta had revived the memory of the terrible crime of Tijueo, which had lain forgotten for three-and-twenty years. The trial of the young clerk at the mines of the diamond arrayal, his capital sentence, his escape a few hours before his intended execution—all were remembered, analysed, and commented on. An article which had just appeared in the "O'Diario d'o Grand Para," the most widely circulated journal in these parts, after giving a history of the circumstances of the crime, showed itself decidedly hostile to the prisoner. Why should these people believe in Joam Daecosta's innocence, when they were ignorant of all that his friends knew—of what they alone knew?

And so the people of Manaos became excited. A mob of Indians and negroes hurried, in their blind folly, to surround

the prison and roar forth tumultuous shouts of death. In this part of the two Americas, where executions under Lynch law are of frequent occurrence, the mob soon surrenders itself to its cruel instincts,

"No!" replied Manoel. "With Heaven's help it is possible that all may not be lost!"

"Listen to us, Mr. Benito," said Frago-



"Five minutes later the four boats started from the Raft."

and it was feared that on this occasion it would do wild justice with its own hands.

What a night it was for the passengers from the fazenda! Masters and servants had been affected by the blow! Were not the servants of the fazenda members of one family? Every one of them would watch over the safety of Yaquita and her people! On the bank of the Rio Negro there was a constant coming and going of the natives, evidently excited by the arrest of Joam Dacosta, and who could say to what excesses these half-barbarous men might be led?

The time, however, passed without any demonstration against the jangada.

On the morrow, the 26th of August, as soon as the sun rose, Manoel and Frago, who had never left Benito for an instant during this terrible night, attempted to distract his attention from his despair. After taking him aside they made him understand that there was no time to be lost—that they must make up their minds to act.

"Benito," said Manoel, "pull yourself together! Be a man again! Be a son again!"

"My father!" exclaimed Benito. "I have unwittingly been the cause of his death!"

The young man, passing his hand over his eyes, made a violent effort to collect himself.

"Benito," continued Manoel, "Torres never gave a hint to put us on the track of his past life. We therefore cannot tell who was the author of the crime of Tijuco, or under what conditions it was committed. To try in that direction is to lose our time!"

"And time presses!" added Frago.

"Besides," said Manoel, "suppose we do find out who this companion of Torres was, he is dead, and he could not testify in any way to the innocence of Joam Dacosta. But it is none the less certain that the proof of this innocence exists, and there is no room to doubt the existence of a document which Torres was anxious to make the subject of a bargain. He told us so himself. The document is a complete avowal written in the handwriting of the culprit, which describes the attack in its smallest details, and which completely clears our father! Yes! a hundred times, yes! The document exists!"

"But Torres does not exist!" groaned Benito, "and the document has perished with him!"

"Wait, and don't despair yet!" answered Manoel. "You remember under what cir-

cumstances we made the acquaintance of Torres? It was in the depths of the forest of Iquitos. He was in pursuit of a monkey which had stolen a metal case, which it so strangely kept, and the chase had lasted a couple of hours when the monkey fell to our guns. Now, do you think that it was for the few pieces of gold contained in the case that Torres was in such a fury to recover it? and do you not remember the extraordinary satisfaction which he displayed when we gave him back the case which we had taken out of the monkey's paw?"

"Yes! yes!" answered Benito. "This case which I held—which I gave back to him! Perhaps it contained—"

"It is more than probable! It is certain!" replied Manoel.

"And I beg to add," said Frago, "for now the fact recurs to my memory, that during the time you were at Ega I remained on board, at Lina's advice, to keep an eye on Torres, and I saw him—yes, I saw him—reading, and again reading, an old faded paper, and muttering words which I could not understand!"

"That was the document!" exclaimed Benito, who snatched at the hope—the only one that was left. "But this document; had he not put it in some place of security?"

"No," answered Manoel—"no; it was too precious for Torres to dream of parting with it. He was bound to carry it always about with him, and doubtless in that very case!"

"Wait! wait, Manoel!" exclaimed Benito; "I remember—yes, I remember. During the struggle, at the blow Torres aimed at me and received in his own chest, the mancheta was partially stopped by some hard substance under his poncho, like a plate of metal—"

"That was the case!" said Frago.

"Yes," replied Manoel; "doubt is impossible! That was the case; it was in his breast-pocket."

"But the corpse of Torres?"

"We will recover it!"

"But the paper? The water will have stained it, perhaps destroyed it, or rendered it undecipherable!"

"Why," answered Manoel, "if the metal case which held it was water-tight?"

"Manoel," replied Benito, who seized on the last hope, "you are right! The corpse of Torres must be recovered! We will ransom the whole of this part of the river, if necessary, but we will recover it!"

The pilot Araujo was then summoned and informed of what they were going to do.

"Good!" replied he; "I know all the eddies and currents where the Rio Negro and the Amazon join, and we shall succeed in recovering the body. Let us take two pirogues, two ubas, a dozen of our Indians, and make a start."

Padre Passanha was then coming out of Yaquita's room.

Benito went to him, and in a few words told him what they were going to do to get possession of the document. "Say nothing to my mother or my sister," he added; "if this last hope fails it will kill them!"

"Go, my lad, go," replied Passanha, "and may God help you in your search!"

Five minutes afterwards the four boats started from the raft. After descending the Rio Negro they arrived near the bank of the Amazon, at the very place where Torres, mortally wounded, had disappeared beneath the waters of the stream.

(To be continued.)

THE ILL-USED BOY; OR, LAWRENCE HARTLEY'S GRIEVANCES.

By MRS. EILOART,

Author of "Jack and John," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE BABES IN THE WOOD.



BOB came slowly from a path through the thick growth of trees and bushes, and emerged on the open space where Lawrence was now lying. Lawrence was right. Bob had a small child in each hand, and a very fatherly look on his face. The children were not particularly clean, for they

had been wandering in the forest, making themselves happy in their own way, and the ways of small children don't always conduce to their cleanliness; and they were not pretty children, nor at all well-dressed, for their clothes were old and shabby, and there were some poor attempts at finery about them, which offended Lawrence's æsthetic eye. Nevertheless their poor mother, when she had washed and dressed them that morning for the day out that was to be the one great treat of the year both to them and to her, very likely thought that there were few children pleasanter to look on than her own.

"What's become of Polly? Where's Dick? Why doesn't he come to see after me?" asked Lawrence. "And what on earth are you doing with those dirty little wretches?"

"Polly's gone home to her stable. We caught her after a long run, and Dick thought the best thing he could do was to take her back at once. We've got somebody to take care of what is left of the phaeton. As to these children," continued Bob, looking down on each with a more paternal air than ever on his pleasant, good-natured face, "I came across them in the forest as I was coming to you. They've lost their mother. She lives somewhere in Whitechapel; they don't know the street. They came out for the day, in a van, with her and a lot of people, and I thought when I'd seen that you were all right I'd hunt about for their mother. She'll be in a fine way at losing the poor little things. But I say, Lawrence, what's become of your clothes?" asked Bob, looking round for the missing garments.

"Don't ask me! It's all your fault, Bob—yours and Dick's, leaving me here like this and rushing off after that wretched mare, as if she was the only one to be thought of. I was stunned, nearly killed; and I can just remember seeing some gipsies, and they must have served me like this. How ever you could go and leave me with such a pack of thieves! I only wonder they didn't finish me right off. I dare say they would have done, only perhaps they thought I was killed already, and so couldn't tell tales."

"I'm really very sorry," began Robert, feeling as if he had behaved very badly to his cousin; "but you see we all fell out together, and I didn't know you were hurt

so badly, and I thought uncle would be so vexed if Polly wasn't caught, so I just ran after her as fast as I could. But I say, what's to be done about your clothes? and how will you get home? Can you walk to Chingford? If you can, perhaps somebody would have a spare coat to lend you, and you'd be glad of something to eat; then when I've found the mother of these poor little things I'll join you."

Lawrence sat upright, and looked fiercely at Robert for a moment or two; it seemed as if he had no words with which to express his indignation. At last he found them.

"I never in all my life knew such an idiot," he cried. "Do you suppose that I should let people—ladies and gentlemen—fellows like the Carrs—see me in this disgraceful condition?"

"You—you—couldn't help it," gasped poor Bob, almost frightened at his cousin's anger, it was so overpowering, and he really had no clear idea of what he had said to call it forth. Then as the children, seeing there was something wrong, began to cry, he looked about for something to pacify them with, and found a bunch of grapes which some ferns had hidden from the gipsies. He sat down on the ground, with the little ones on each side of him,



and fed them in turns, telling them to be careful of the pips. He did not take one himself, though he was thirsty enough, but offered a few of the finest to his cousin. "They'll do you good, Lawrence, and cool you, and don't you mind if the Carrs and the others do stare a little at first. You couldn't help the gipsies, you know. It's not your fault that they've stolen your things."

"No! you great noodle, but it's yours," cried Lawrence, dashing the grapes away in his anger. "Who but you and such a donkey as that Dick would ever have left me in such a state, to be robbed and murdered? and all through trying to get that wretched mare into proper order. And then to suppose I'm going to let people see me in such a condition! Ladies, too! No, the only thing to be done is to keep as clear of Chingford as we can. I'm sure I don't know which way it lies, nor how far we are from it. However, we must get out of this and make our way towards Walthamstow. And the first decent inn we come to I must ask for a private room, and go in and wait while you go on to Clapton and

get a cab or something to take me home in. I can't walk down the Lea Bridge Road in this state."

"Well, it wouldn't be pleasant," said Robert, sympathetically. "Still, things might have been worse. They haven't taken your boots. But about these children? Shall I go with them and hunt about for their mother while you wait here? Or will you come with us?"

"You don't mean to say that you're really going to look for the woman they belong to now you've found me?" cried Lawrence. "Or do you suppose that I'm going to tramp about the forest with a couple of beggar's brats like these?"

"Now just stop that, Lawrence!" cried Robert, his patience failing him at last, now that other people were attacked. "I don't believe they are beggar's brats; and if they were, that would be no more their fault than the pickle you're in is yours. I shan't leave them till I've found some one belonging to them. So it's for you to choose whether you'll come with us or stay where you are."

It was not often Robert spoke in such a tone, still Lawrence had heard it before, when he had thought to amuse himself by teasing poor Tom; and he knew that when Robert did use that tone he was in earnest, so he gave in now, but with a bad grace, and saying, sulkily, "Have it your own way, I suppose I must go with you and your brats," rose from the ground and proceeded with Robert towards High Beech, where the oldest child said her mother had told them they were to have tea.

(To be continued.)

THE TWO CABIN-BOYS:

A STORY OF ADVENTURE BY LAND
AND SEA.

By LOUIS ROUSSELET.

CHAPTER VIII.—CAPTAIN GOULARD.

DANIEL was punctual to his appointment with Captain Goulard. Early in the morning he left the roof of Madame Ginestous, and, carrying his little bundle, joyfully turned his face to the harbour. It was a glorious prospect. The sun was shining brilliantly, and a gentle breeze just moved the sails and flags that dotted the forest of masts in the principal dock.

A custom-house officer pointed out the Jackson to Daniel. She was ready to sail and had left the dock, and was quietly riding near the St. Louis jetty which guards its entrance. She was a handsome brigantine of five or six hundred tons, with a finely moulded hull and tall well-balanced masts. The stars and stripes of the United States floated at the gaff, and the white sails hung half unfurled from the yards.

Daniel, like a true son of the sea, examined the ship for some time, and then, satisfied with what he thought of her, hailed a boat, and in a few seconds was alongside. Seizing the ladder which hung from the starboard gangway, he quickly gained the deck, and found himself face to face with Captain Goulard.

"Ah! here you are, my little man!" said he, apparently much pleased. "It has not gone ten yet; I see I can depend on you. I want to make the best of this breeze, and will start directly. You had better stow away that bundle and get to work."

"I am quite ready, captain."

"That is right. We must find a place for you. By-the-bye, do you speak English? No! Where could you have learnt it? But you will pick it up soon enough here. We speak all the languages under the sun. As I give my orders in English, I must give you a companion, who will teach you up." And turning towards the peop, he shouted, in a stentorian voice, "Hallo there! Penguin!"

In answer to his call, there ran up a young cabin-boy in the full seagoing trim of a blue cotton jersey, canvas trousers, and naked feet. He was a lad about the same age as Daniel, but more delicate-looking and more slightly built, while his large blue eyes and light brown hair gave him an almost girlish appearance.

"Do you see this fellow?" the captain said, pointing to Daniel. "He is the new cabin-boy I was telling you about. Take him off to his place among the crew, and sling his hammock next to yours. Teach him what he has to do, and if he makes a mistake you shall get the thrashing. Now go!"

Daniel followed his new companion, who took him into the bow of the vessel and showed him a narrow cabin between decks, which was to be their common room. While being thus summarily installed, Daniel questioned Penguin, who good-naturedly told him how things stood.

"The captain is a brave, good-hearted man," he said; "but you must be careful not to displease the first mate, for without being a bad fellow, he has got a quick, strong hand. But you heard what the captain said. For a few days I shall receive the knocks that you ought to have; afterwards, when you have got into your work, I warn you it will be your turn."

"I don't think I shall ever learn English," said Daniel, a little uneasy.

"I will help you," replied Penguin; "the captain and the mate speak as good French as you do; they are Louisiana creoles."

"And you?" asked the new hand.

"I am a Canadian, and come from Quebec."

"Where did you learn to speak French so well, then?"

"Ah! that's it," said the cabin-boy, laughing; "you folks in the old country think we are savages. But we speak as good French in Canada as you do."

A prolonged whistle here broke off the conversation.

"Quick—on deck!" exclaimed Penguin; "that is the mate's whistle!"

As the lads came up in hot haste there appeared before them the lean, bilious face of the mate, more of a mulatto's than a creole's, who exclaimed, in an angry tone, "What are you doing down below? I have been whistling for an hour."

"Beg pardon, sir, but the captain ordered me to take down the new cabin-boy," said Penguin, pointing to Daniel.

The mate eyed the new-comer for a minute, and then said, sharply,

"What is your name?"

"Riva, sir."

"Well, then, Riva, get up aloft, and give that man a hand with the spanker."

Without a word the new arrival jumped into the rigging, and was soon at his post.

The Jackson was getting ready to start. Some of the crew were hauling away at the cable, while others were aloft seeing to the sails. A small tug took the ship clear of the mole, and then left her. At a signal from the captain sails were

sheeted home, and the Jackson gracefully bowed her masts and ploughed through the waves. To make the most of the breeze, which blew from the north-north-west, studding-sails were set, and the coast rapidly disappeared into the misty horizon.

Astride on a boom, Daniel, suspended between sea and sky, bade a joyous farewell to the shores of France. The bracing air, the excitement of work, the pleasure of novelty, had wiped out all his cares. At last he was off! Such was his principal thought. It seemed as though he had left all trouble behind, and that for the future his life would flow on without a storm beneath a cloudless sky.

Towards evening, however, the ship for a little time neared the coast of France, and Daniel recognised from afar the sharp outline of Cerberus. The setting sun cast its purple rays on the crest of the Pyrenees: the fishing-boats were making for the shore. The sight reminded Daniel of that lovely evening which had been the prelude to all his sorrows. He thought of his father, who was perhaps then near to him, in one of those boats; of his mother Antoinette, who waited for him at home, weeping silently for her son. He remembered then that he had sent them no news since he left, and the thought made the blood rise to his cheeks and the tears well into his eyes. At last he stretched himself up, and taking his hat in his hand, exclaimed,

"I love you dearly, and I will do my best to be a true and honest man!"

The Jackson was a very small ship, but, on the other hand, she had an unusually large crew. Ten or twelve men could easily work a brigantine of five or six hundred tons, while here were some sixty splendid sailors, without counting the officers and the two lads. Daniel was much surprised to find such a numerous company, and he interrogated his companion on the subject, who contented himself by replying, with a smile,

"The captain likes to have a lot of men about him."

It might, too, have been truly said that the captain had got together on board a specimen of every nation in the world. The builders of Babel would hardly have formed a more extraordinary collection than the crew of the Jackson. English were in the majority, but there were Swedes, Spaniards, Italians, Frenchmen, and Germans; the carpenter even represented the Parisian element. In walking from one end of the deck to the other you heard a mixture of all the languages of the globe; you would even hear Chinese if Tchín-yan, the captain's valet, had occasion to scold in his Celestial dialect. At the same time it should be said that, although the men spoke such different tongues, there was one curious uniformity about them: men of the south or men of the north, they all exhibited the same sturdiness, and bore the same determined look on their features. You felt that they were thorough seamen, accustomed for years to every hardship, on all seas and in all climates. In a word, they were a picked crew.

As the working of the ship only required a few hands, the greater part of the men passed their time in amusements or sleeping on the deck. Severe discipline, however, reigned on board. Twice a day the captain inspected the crew as if she had been a war-ship. Captain Goulard, beneath his imperturbable appearance of joviality, did not allow the minutest infraction of his orders, and Daniel soon saw that every one

of the seamen felt for him a profound feeling of affection and fear.

"What can the captain want with such a crew?" the cabin-boy was constantly asking himself. "Can it need sixty men to take a few cases of silks and liquors to Mogador? or are we bound for some dangerous district where it requires a battalion to protect each ship?"

From time to time these ideas would exercise Daniel's mind in spite of himself, but he found himself so happy on board, the captain was so good to him, that, casting aside all such reflections, he was contented to enjoy the pleasure of sailing across the calm blue sea. A mysterious incident, however, again awoke his suspicions.

Six days out from Cette, favoured by unusual weather, they entered the Straits of Gibraltar. They soon saw, away to the west, the huge rock in which England conceals the fortress which is the true key to the Mediterranean.

The captain was walking the poop, attended by Daniel, who carried the field-glass with which he at intervals examined the Spanish coast. All at once Captain Goulard abruptly snatched the glass from the boy, directed it towards Gibraltar, and then, turning towards the deck, which was covered with sailors, shouted, "All hands below!"

At these words, the meaning of which escaped Daniel, he saw the deck a regular scene of tumult. The men jumped up precipitately and fled between decks, as if seized with a panic—all except a dozen sailors, who, when the last of the fugitives had disappeared, carefully shut down the main hatchway, and, so as to more completely hide the appearance of its having been opened, covered it with a huge tarpaulin. That done, the crew, thus reduced in number, dispersed about the deck and into the rigging, as if nothing unusual had passed on board.

The young cabin-boy, surprised at this unusual stir, remained, field-glass in hand, near the captain, who smilingly said to him, "Don't worry yourself, my boy; only, no matter what happens, keep close to me, and not a word."

During the few moments that this transformation of the Jackson was going on a steamboat came off from Gibraltar, and, putting herself so as to intercept the brigantine, was soon within hail. The steamer hoisted the English white ensign, accompanying it with the signal, "Heave to!"

Captain Goulard gave the order, "Up with the flag!" and to the man at the helm, "Don't alter."

Seeing that the brigantine continued its course, the war-ship fired a gun.

"This time the invitation is pressing," muttered the creole; "there is no way of getting past without receiving their pills;" and, turning towards the helmsman, "Starboard!" he said, and then, "Bring her to."

The manœuvre was quickly executed: the ship turned, and the sails flapped heavily against her masts.

A boat immediately left the man-of-war, and came towards the Jackson. A ladder was thrown over, and two officers of the English navy came on board. The captain politely received them at the port side. Salutations being exchanged, one of the officers said,

"Excuse us, but we are acting in virtue of express orders from our Admiralty. Will you let us look at your papers?"

"Oh yes! here they are!"
And Captain Goulard handed over a bundle to the officer, who carefully examined all of them.

"You are bound for Mogador?" asked the latter.

"Yes, sir, with a half cargo of liquors and fabrics."

"How many men have you got on board?"

"Ten, without counting the two officers and the cabin-boys."

By a rapid glance the officer assured himself that the number was correct. He re-read the papers.

"You are chartered by a French house?" he asked again.

"The house of Pratt and Co., of Cette."

"Well, my dear sir, before we leave you I ought to tell you that your voyage is a very dangerous one, and that if you don't care to lose your ship, you had better transfer your cargo, or change your flag at Gibraltar."

"It would not matter to me if I did change the flag," said Captain Goulard, smiling; "but I am pressed for time and can't stop. What danger is there between here and Mogador?"

"The Confederate cruiser Atlanta has been in these seas for the last few weeks. A mail-boat has come in to-day, which came across her at the Canaries. Perhaps you are unaware that she is stationed on this route to seize such ships as carry the Northern flag, and to burn them after she has plundered them."

"No!" said the captain, scratching his nose with an afflicted expression; "that is serious. But," he continued, proudly raising his head, "my ship is a splendid goer. He will be a clever fellow who catches her. I will keep on all the same, if it pleases you."

"Well, you have been cautioned. Our mission is accomplished."

The two English officers saluted and went down the side.

As the boat was pushing off the captain leant over the bulwarks and shouted,

"Will you have the kindness to tell me exactly where the Atlanta was last seen?"

"South of the island of Fuerteventura."

"Thanks, many thanks!" replied the captain, and apparently highly satisfied with the information, he put the field-glass into its case and said to the mate,

"Go ahead as before."

It was only when the vessel had cleared the straits and doubled Cape Spartel that the crew between decks ventured to come up and breathe the fresh air.

The captain impressed on his officers the necessity of the greatest vigilance, and he himself during the day indefatigably scrutinised the horizon; but no suspicious sail was reported. The wind was fair and the sea calm.

How happened it that such an experienced sailor as Captain Goulard, well-known at New Orleans as the skipper of one of the crack mail-boats, should have committed such an atrocious mistake? Was he blinded by the fear of meeting the redoubtable Atlanta? Was he deceived by the similarity of names on the chart? The Jackson passed by Mogador without even catching sight of it! For several days she followed the African coast instead of entering some friendly port; and one evening, in a deserted bay, surrounded by the shifting sandhills of the Sahara, she came to an anchor under the shelter of Cape Bojador!

(To be continued.)

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(THIRD SERIES.)

VII.—A Story Needing Words.



COMPETITORS will see, by reference to No. 107, page 296, that in this Literary Competition we offered Three Prizes as follows:—£1 ls., 17s. 6d., and 10s. 6d.; the competitors to be divided into classes, according to age. Class I., from 17 to 21; Class II., from 14 to 17; Class III., all ages up to 14.

We now publish our Award in the Third and Second Classes, and next week will follow that in the First Class, with some remarks on the whole Competition.

THIRD CLASS.

Prize, 10s. 6d.—ERNEST T. SHERWOOD (aged 12½ years), care of Mr. T. Wright, Gravel Walk, Faringdon, Berks.

Certificates.

WILLIAM M. MORTIMER, Walnut House, Lincoln.
JOHN BULLOCK, 13, Osborne Place, Aberdeen.
JAMES C. FRITH, Brongarth, Chirk, near Ruabon, Denbighshire.
FREDERICK A. WHITE, 36, Grafton Street, Mile End Road, E.
CHARLES ELDRIDGE, 12, Broad Street, South Molton, Devon.
THOMAS ROBE, 2, Bell Wynd, Links Street, Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire.
JAMES M. CAMPBELL, Peterborough, Ontario, Canada.
JOHN D. SPENCE, 7, St. Patrick Street, Toronto, Canada.
HUGH MONTGOMERY, 7, Walworth Terrace, Kent Road, Glasgow.
F. T. KINO, Oakfield, Wilton Road, Salisbury.
JAMES GARVIN, 111, St. Anne Street, Birkenhead, Cheshire.
JOHN JAMES BOYD, 14, Cumin Place, Edinburgh.
J. FOSTER HALL, Derby School, Derby.
CHARLES S. DOUGALL, Kippen, Stirling, N.B.
WM. CHAS. GRIGGS, 51, St. George's Square, Portsea, Portsmouth.
C. C. PICKERING, 153, Church Road, Islington, N.
HARRY STAPLEDON, 22, Wellfield Road, Walton, near Liverpool.
CHARLES JENNERY, 63, Malmesbury Road, Bow, E.
FRANCIS J. WILLS, Bondicarr, Blackheath Park, S.E.
HARRY LLEWELLYN PARKER, 139, Ramsden Road, Balham.
HAWKSWORTH BARKER, Mount Pleasant East, Todmorden, Yorkshire.
EDWARD LLOYD, Belfield House, Fairview Road, Oxtou, near Birkenhead.
JNO. A. SIMPSON, 5, Back Der Street, Todmorden.
ALBERT MARTIN, Harbledown, Canterbury.
ELLIS J. CASH, Oswald House, Oswald Road, Oswestry, Salop.
WILLIAM E. WILSON, 3, Buccleuch Place, Hawick, N.B.
SAMUEL ROBERT SLIPPER, 118, Globe Road, E.
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A. G. MACLEAN, National Bank, Wigton, N.B.
ERNEST C. JONES, High Street, Ringwood, Hants.
HARRY E. KEMP, Railway Station, Sudbury, Suffolk.
JAMES BURNS MAXWELL, 50, Petherton Road, Highbury New Park, N.
FRANK H. BROWN, Upwell, near Wisbech, Cambs.
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EDGAR R. HULLAND, 1, Victoria Road, Tamworth, Staffs.
CHARLES K. RITCHIE, Roselea, Coupar Angus, Perthshire.
F. WALDEMAR T. MEISTER, 17, Sefton Drive, Liverpool.
S. W. CHORLTON, Pitsmoor Vicarage, Sheffield.
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FRANCIS A. HIBBERT, St. Chad's School House, Shrewsbury.
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WILL E. WAGHORN, 32, Hollingsworth Street, Holloway, N.
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WILLIAM GAMBLE, 35, Lower Hoxton Road, Scarborough.
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JOHN FLETCHER, 11, White Horse Road, Church Street, Whitby, Yorks.
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JOHN R. DADDS, 13, Cambridge Terrace, Kensal Road, Paddington, W.
DOUGLAS J. M. BONE, St. Thomas's Vicarage, Lancaster.
FRANCIS A. BINCH, 14, Wilmot Street, Derby.
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AN AQUARIAN ROMANCE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES J. ABBEY.

[THIS is the story of a romance—a little epic, if not a tragedy—the heroes of which are not men, but lizards, ferns, and fishes. Many of our readers know the beauty of a well-kept fresh-water aquarium, in which, under the shade of overhanging ferns, living forms glide with a movement than which nothing can be more smooth and tranquil. Such an aquarium I once had. Its tenants were not many in number, but they were all old friends. Chief among them was a fine gold carp; next to him a brilliant little sticklebat, always to the fore, always ready to take the aggressive and drive away intruders. Also there was a great black lizard, or newt, a harmless creature except to worms, who is maligned in the story, and to whose memory, therefore, an apology is due. In the centre was an island, planted with maidenhair ferns, and much frequented by my poor friend, the newt. The whole was covered over with a large glass shade. Now comes the catastrophe. One fine summer day the condensed moisture so swelled the wooden frame in which the glass covering was set that the aquarium burst. Coming in, I found the room swimming with water. The gallant little sticklebat was dead; the goldfish was picked up in time and recovered; the newt had disappeared, and weeks afterwards was found shrivelled up under the carpet; and the ferns were left, I am afraid, to wither. Such is the kernel of the story, if romance must be translated into fact.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KAREL	(The King)	{ Carolus, the teller of the story.
FITZICARP	(A Knight)	{ His golden carp.
STIKBADDEL	(A valiant Dwarf)	{ His stickleback.
BLAKLIZZAR	(An Imp of Darkness)	{ His black newt.
THE FERNI	(Woodland Fairies)	{ His ferns.
MOSDAMPER	{ (A Magician, Spirit of the Mist)	{ The moisture or damp which brought the ruin.

[The Drama is laid in Glenalmin, a valley of the North.]

King Karel was a monarch in the wondrous days of old, When monarchs built their palaces all of the ruddy gold; When fairies in the forest, and giants on the hill, And sorcerers with mystic spells ranged sea and earth at will.

In the far Glenalmin Valley King Karel framed a sea, And roofed it o'er with crystal, a dazzling canopy; A mighty lake of crystal, with crystal overcrowned, No fleck or stain or blemish in the whole work was found.

And in the lake's mid-centre rose an enchanted isle, With rocky steep and beetling crag peering o'er many a mile; And on that island's borders and wooded heights were seen The Ferni, beauteous fairies, clad in the woodland green.

Of all the valiant sailors that ploughed the pearly wave, The doughtiest and noblest was Fitzicarp the brave; All in his mailed armour, glancing with golden sheen, Who dared that knight to challenge would rue the day, I ween.

But dearer to King Karel was the dwarf, Stikbaddel hight, A mannikin in stature, but withal a stalwart knight; In purple and in crimson and emerald-green arrayed, Stikbaddel stole the glances of many a high-born maid.

To Fitzicarp Stikbaddel was faithful, true, and leal, For he loved him like a brother in sorrow and in weal; But fiercely in the battle onward he ever pressed, And foemen still shrank backwards, when he bore his lance at rest.

The Ferni smiled upon him from their verdant island bowers, When Stikbaddel fought the mermen in the sunny summer hours; And King Karel loved to feast him with his own right royal hand, For he loved Stikbaddel chiefmost of all his knightly band.

O, alack! that spite and envy should work that gallant woe! And that malice should be lurking that crystal arch below! For they lived in loyal friendship, and love, and chivalry, But Blaklizzar, son of Elfin, was their mortal enemy!

Blaklizzar was most hideous of the things that see the light, And he hated all that's noble, and fair, and good, and bright. 'Twas whispered that in darkness, where rolls the Stygian wave, A dragon mother bore him in a cold and lonesome cave.

And he hated, too, the Ferni with all his venom'd spleen, For he'd climbed th' enchanted island, and had wooed the Ferni queen; And the queen had spurned him from her, so he strove to do her harm, And he sought the great Mosdamper for a magic spell and charm.

If the great Mosdamper uttered the word of mystery, He could shatter into fragments King Karel's crystal sea; And a day of dread and peril, of ruin and of woe, Would await the green-clad Ferni, and the knights that sailed below.

But Mosdamper the magician, he loved the Ferni well, And loved to hover near them in forest and in dell; And he spread his kindly influence e'en on that elfin knave, And eke on bold Stikbaddel, and on Fitzicarp the brave,

So Blaklizzar laid his meshes with many a serpent art, And with blandishments and cunning round the wizard's honest heart; So anon he promised lightly that he'd use the potent charm;— But the good magician knew not it would work a deadly harm.

When the crystal lake was smiling in the noontide clear and bright, And Fitzicarp's gold armour was a flood of golden light, And Stikbaddel sailed beside him in the pride of chivalry,— 'Twas then the spell was uttered, the dread word of mystery!

So the crys'al banks were riven of King Karel's crystal main, And its billows streamed unconquered o'er the monarch's vast domain. You may hear in far Glenalmin of the terror of that hour, And the crash of thundering torrents when Mosdamper used his power.

O, the might of bold Stikbaddel, and of Fitzicarp the brave, It was bootless mid the fury of the frenzied, foaming wave! And Blaklizzar's craft has failed him, he may seek in vain to fly, And the waters mock his wailing, for Blaklizzar he must die!

And the green-clad Ferni languish on their rocky island strand, For their tender natures brook not the air of a common land; And Mosdamper could not aid them: he had fled in grief away, For his power had wrought but ruin on that dark and fatal day!

But King Karel veiled his sorrow, and he sought the dismal scene, Where the noble son of Carpus lay a-gasping on the green, With his golden armour tarnished in the rush of the wild stream, And his brave life well-nigh sinking with a faint and fitful gleam.

But King Karel raised and cheered him; and before the eve grew cold, That knightly form was glancing with its wonted sheen of gold. And he sparkled first and foremost of King Karel's courtly band, Through the glorious days that followed in the far Glenalmin land.

O grieve for the dwarf Stikbaddel; for moons may wax and wane, But the flower of knightly prowess shall not see the light again! 'Mid the flood and foaming ruin of the oozy, weltering wave, 'Neath a shattered mass of crystal, that warrior found grave.

In a dark and lonesome hollow that was dark and drear to view, There was found a loathsome mummy, and the mildew o'er it grew; It was black and dry, and shrivelled, like a spectre from the tomb— 'Twas the imp, the vile Blaklizzar! He had earned his dismal doom!

THE FIFTH FORM AT ST. DOMINIC'S:

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Adventures of a Three Guinea Watch," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—A QUARREL AND A CRICKET-MATCH.

THE first number of the "Dominican" had undoubtedly caused a sensation; and it would have created far more sensation but for the fact that the Alphabet Match was to be played on the following day. But even this counter-attraction could not wholly divert the mind of St. Dominic's from this new literary marvel; and a skirmish took place on the very afternoon of its appearance.

Pembury and his friends had quite expected that the Sixth would attempt a

high-handed blow at their paper, and they were not disappointed. For no sooner had Loman and his peers stalked away from the scene of their indignation, and found themselves in the retirement of their own room, than they fell to talking in terms the reverse of pleasant about the event of the morning. The least important of their number were specially wroth.

"There's a great row out in the passage to-day," said Raleigh, who was blissfully ignorant of the whole matter; "why can't some of you monitors keep a little better order? The Doctor will be wanting to know what it's all about!"

"All very well," said Raikes, one of the monitors; "but if the Fifth will stick their tomfoolery out in the passage there's sure to be a row."

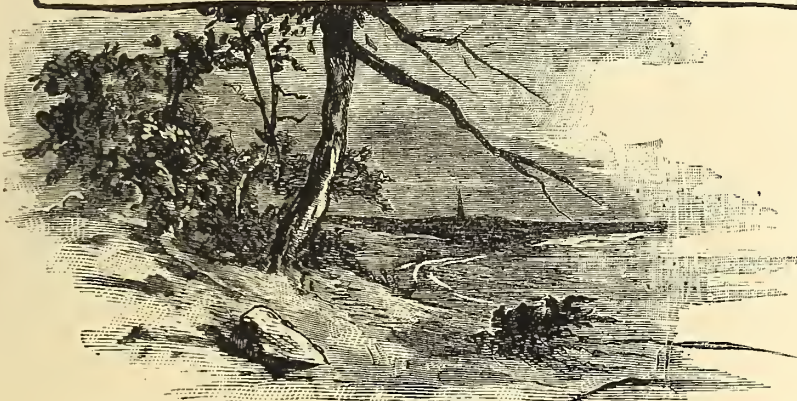
"What tomfoolery? Some of you are for ever grumbling at the Fifth."

"And so would you if you saw the complimentary remarks they make about you in this precious newspaper of theirs."

"Oh, the 'Dominican'? I must have a look at it by-and-by; but meanwhile something had better be done to stop that row, or we shall catch it ourselves."

And so saying, the captain left these injured youths to their own counsels, which it is to be feared were moved more by dislike for the "Dominican" than by a burning desire for the good order of the school.

However, they must do something; and there would be nothing inconsistent with their dignity in demanding the withdrawal of the obnoxious broadside on account of the noise it caused. This would be a safe move, and might be checkmate. Loman was deputed to wait upon the Fifth with the demand of the monitors, and lost no time in carrying out this welcome task. Class was just over, and the Fifth were just about to clear out of their room when Loman entered. It was not often that a Sixth Form fellow penetrated into their camp, and had they not guessed his mission they might have resented the intrusion.



An Exciting Time.

"Oh, you fellows," began Loman, feeling not quite so confident now as he had felt five minutes ago, "we can't have that thing of yours hanging out in the passage like that. It makes a crowd—too much row—whose is it?"

"Not mine," said Wrayford, laughing; "ask Bully—perhaps it's his."

"Not a bit of it," said Bullinger; "it's yours, isn't it, Simon?"

"Only part," said the poet of the Love Ballad, "and I presented that to the paper."

"Suppose it was mine?" said Oliver, with a drawl.

"Then," said Loman, losing his temper, "all I can say is, the sooner you clear it away the better."

"Oh! all right; only it's not mine."

"Look here," said Loman, "I'm not going to fool about with you. You may think it all very funny, but I'll report it to the Doctor, and then you'll look foolish."

"How nice! So pleasant it will be to look for once like what you look always," observed Pembury, gnawing the top of his crutch.

At that moment there was a loud shout of laughter in the passage outside, confirming the monitor's complaint. Wrayford walked hastily to the door.

"The next time there's a row like that outside our door," called he to the group outside, "we'll—what do you mean by it, you young blackguard?"

So saying, he caught Master Bramble, who happened to be the nearest offender within reach, by the collar of his coat, and lugged him bodily into the class-room.

"There, now! Do you know this gentleman? He's a monitor. Have a good look at him. He's been complaining of the row you are making, and quite rightly. Take that, and tell all the little pigs outside that if they don't hold their noise they will find themselves, every man jack of them, mentioned by name in the next number!"

So saying, with a gentle cuff he handed the ill-starred Master Bramble out again to his fellows, and from that time there was scarcely a sound audible from the passage.

"Good-bye," said Pembury, kissing his hand to Loman, who all this time had been standing in the middle of the room, in a white heat, and perplexed what to do or say next.

"You aren't going to live here, are you?" asked Bullinger.

"Any one got a toffee-drop?" drily inquired Oliver.

To his surprise, and to the surprise of every one, Loman wheeled round towards the last speaker, and without a word struck him a blow on the mouth with his hand.

He saw he had made a mistake, and looked ashamed the moment the deed was done. All eyes turned to Oliver, whose face was crimson with a sudden flush of pain and anger. He sprang to his feet, and Braddy, the bully, was already beginning to gloat over the prospect of a fight, when, to every one's amazement, Oliver coolly put his hands back into his pockets, and walking up to Loman said, quietly,

"Haden't you better go?"

Loman stared at him in astonishment. He had at least expected to be knocked down, and this behaviour was quite incomprehensible.

He turned on his heel and quitted the room without a word; and somehow or other from that time the Fifth heard no more protests from the monitors on the subject of the "Dominican."

But Oliver's conduct, much as it had astonished the person chiefly concerned, had astonished the Fifth Form still more. For the first time in the history of their class, as far as they could recollect, a blow struck had not been returned, and they could not tell what to make of it.

The blow had been a cowardly one, and certainly unmerited, and by all schoolboy tradition one fairly demanding a return. Could it be possible their man was lacking in courage? The idea was a shock to most present, who, although Oliver was never very popular among them, as has been said, had never before suspected his pluck. In fact it was an awkward moment for all, and it was quite a relief when Simon broke silence by asking Oliver,

"Why didn't you knock him down, I say?"

"Because I did not choose, if you want to know," replied Oliver, shortly.

"Oh! I beg your pardon," replied Simon, rather taken aback by this brusque answer.

This was not satisfactory. Had the offender been a Guinea-pig one could have understood the thing; but when it was a Sixth Form fellow—a good match in every respect, as well as a rival—the Fifth were offended at their man for drawing back as he had done.

"I suppose you *will* fight him?" said Ricketts, in a voice which implied that there was no doubt about it.

"Do you?" replied Oliver, briefly.

The boy's manner was certainly not winsome, and, when once put out, it was evident he took no trouble to conceal the fact. He refused to answer any further questions on the subject, and presently quitted the room, leaving more than half his class-fellows convinced that, after all, he *was* a coward.

An angry discussion followed his departure.

"He ought to be made to fight, whether he likes or not," said Braddy, the bully.

"Some one ought to pay Loman out," suggested Ricketts, "if Greenfield doesn't."

"A nice name we shall get, all of us," said Bullinger, "when it gets abroad all over the school."

"It's a shame, because one fellow funks, for the whole Form to be disgraced; that's what I say," said some one else.

There were, however, two boys who did not join in this general cry of indignation against Oliver, and they were Wrayford and Pembury. The latter was always whimsical in his opinions, and no one was surprised to see him come out on the wrong side. As for Wrayford, he always backed his friend up, right or wrong. These two scouted the idea of Oliver being a coward; the one with his usual weapon of ridicule, the other with all the warmth of friendship.

"Who calls him a coward?" exclaimed Wrayford, glaring at the last speaker.

Wrayford was not a coward, and looked so ready to avenge his friend by hard knocks, that the boy who had insinuated that Greenfield was afraid withdrew his charge as mildly as he could. "I only meant, it looks as if he didn't like to fight," he said.

"And what business of yours is it what it looks like?" demanded Wrayford.

"Come, old man," said Pembury; "don't eat him up! I fancy Greenfield might screw up courage to pull *his* nose, whoever else he lets off, eh? It's my private opinion, though, Oliver knew what he was about."

"Of course he did," sneered Braddy; "he knew jolly well what he was about."

"Dear me! Is that you, Mr. Braddy? I had not noticed you here or I should not have ventured to speak on a matter having to do with pluck and heroism. I'm glad you agree with me, though, although I didn't say he knew *jolly* well what he was about. That is an expression of your own."

Braddy, who as usual felt and looked extinguished when Pembury made fun of him, retired sulkily, and the editor of the "Dominican" thereupon turned his attack on another quarter. And so the dispute went on, neither party being convinced, and all satisfied only on one point—that a cloud had arisen to mar the hitherto peaceful horizon of Fifth Form existence.

The cricket match of the following day,

however, served to divert the thoughts of all parties for a time.

As it was only the prelude to a much more important match shortly to follow, I shall not attempt to describe it fully here, as the reader will probably be far more interested in the incidents of Sixth v. School Match when it comes off.

The Alphabet Match was, to tell the truth, not nearly as interesting an affair as it promised to be, for from the very first the N's to Z's had the best of it. Stephen, who with a company of fellow-Tadpoles and Guinea-pigs was perched on the palings, looking on, felt his heart sink within him as first one and then another of his brother's side lost their wickets without runs. For once he and Bramble were in sympathy, and he and Paul were at difference. The row these small boys kicked up, by the way, was one of the most notable features of the whole match. Every one of them yelled for his own side. There had, indeed, been a question whether every Guinea-pig, whatever his private initial, ought not to yell for the G's, and every Tadpole for the T's; but it was eventually decided that each should yell "on his own hook," and the effect was certainly far more diverting.

The first four men of the A to M went out for two runs between them, and Stephen and Bramble sat in gloomy despair. The next man in knocked down his wicket before he had played a single ball. It was frightful, and the jeers of the Z's were hateful to hear.

But Stephen brightened as he perceived that the next batsman was his brother. "Now they'll pick up!" said he.

"No they won't! Greenfield senior skies his balls too much for my taste," cheerfully replied the small Bramble.

But Stephen was right. For the first time that afternoon the A's made a stand. Oliver's partner at the wickets was Callonby, of the Sixth, a steady, plodding player, who hardly ever hit out, and got all his runs (if he got any) from the slips. This afternoon he hardly scored at all, but kept his wicket carefully while Oliver did the hitting.

Things were looking up. The telegraph went up from 2 to 20. Wrayford, who had hitherto been bowling with Ricketts against his friend, gave up the ball to Raikes, and the field generally woke up to the importance of getting rid of this daring player.

Stephen's throat was too hoarse to roar any more, so he resigned that duty to Bramble, and looked on in delighted silence. The score crept up, till suddenly Callonby tipped a ball into cover-slip's hand and was caught, to the great delight of the Z's, who guessed that, once a separation had been effected, the survivor would soon be disposed of.

The next man in was Loman. He was better as a bowler than a batsman; but he followed Callonby's tactics and played a steady block, leaving the boy he had struck yesterday to do the hitting.

Oliver was certainly playing in fine form, and for a moment his class-fellows forgot their resentment against him in applauding his play. The score was at 35, and the new coalition promised to be as formidable as the last, when Oliver cut a ball past point.

"Run! no! yes, run!" he shouted. Loman started, then hesitated, then started again—but it was too late. Before he could get across, the ball was up and he was run out. He was furious, and it cer-

tainly was hard lines for him, although there would have been time enough for the run had he not pulled up in the middle. Forgetful of all the rules of cricket, he turned round to Oliver and shouted, "You are a fool!" as he left the wicket.

Stephen luckily was too much engrossed in watching the telegraph to hear or notice this remark; which, however, was not lost on the Fifth generally, who experienced a return of their former discontent when they observed that Oliver, (though he must have heard it) took not the slightest notice of the offensive expression.

The match passed off without further incident. The Z's won in the end by two wickets, after a closer match than it had promised to be at first, and Stephen was comforted for the reverse by feeling sure that his brother at any rate had played his best, and would certainly get his place in the School Eleven.

(To be continued.)

RUGBY FOOTBALL, AND HOW TO EXCEL IN IT.

By DR. IRVINE, THE SCOTTISH CAPTAIN.

PART V.



THIS is repeated over and over again, and is just the game to suit the dead-weight, hard-pushing style of play of the Grampuses. Slowly and surely they make ground, carrying maul after maul, and having their rush stopped by the plucky half-backs, Wriggle and Jigger. The fight has been brought to the verge of the Jingoe goal-line, Dodger and the three-quarter-backs are behind the goal-line, and the half-backs are on it.

A maul is formed three yards from the line, and a gallant one it is. But again Grampus's weight, and their determination to score now they are so near their aim, carry the day. They come through with the ball, but a leading forward, instead of picking it up and trusting to the rush carrying him over the line, or keeping it close to his toe till over the line and falling on it, kicks it over; and before he has time to get on it, he has the mortification of seeing Dodger touch it down, and picking it up, walk out with it. Jingoes have had to "touch down," but that counts nothing in deciding who wins the match.

"What made you kick it so hard? You lost as a try." Such are the remarks audibly muttered at the luckless Grampus forward as his team fall back behind the 25 yards score, the backs and Nimbletoe well back, for Dodger is a long drop-kick, and he is going to "kick out," with a wind.

Dodger takes out the ball and stops about five yards from the 25 score, till seeing his forwards all ready, slightly behind him and well lined out across the field, he takes a few short steps, and swinging his leg freely, drops it far over Nimbletoe's head up to the backs, his forwards following up hard. The back has just time to dodge the two leading ones, and take a useful

drop into touch, and the danger is past. They line out, and the ball is thrown out by a Jingoe forward; for their understanding regarding possession of the ball in touch is this, that so long as the ball does not reach the barricade, it belongs to whoever touches it down first, being "on side;" but if it hits or flies over the barricade, or through it, it belongs to the side opposite to that of the player who played it into touch; and this kick sent it over the heads of the crowd behind the barricade.

The Jingoe does not throw it far out, because it is near his own goal-line, and he doesn't want to throw it in front of goal. He chuckes it about five yards to where a tall fellow-forward is lining out. Up go a forest of arms, but his are the longest, and catching the ball high in the air, he struggles on a few yards before he is fairly held, and has it down. Grampus carry this maul, and again the ball is in touch still nearer their opponents' goal-line. A Grampus man touches it down. "Look out far out—line well out, Jingoe, mark your men," sings out Dodger, for he knows that the Grampus forward will heave it as far out as ever he can, just for the same reason that caused his man to throw it so gently, because they are near the Jingoe goal-line.

It is thrown far out to Hookit, who has as usual been prowling around for a chance to throw back to Nimbletoe, for this pair work together, Hookit playing jackal to his doughty friend, and near goal they are mighty dangerous, and require close attention.

Hookit gets it on this occasion, for as soon as he catches the ball, ere he has time to think of chucking, he is bowled over, and a succession of mauls again takes place, in which Grampus once more wear down their opponents by shere strength, and get within ten yards of goal-line. Nimbletoe has been saying a few eager words to Hookit. Hookit has passed the message on to the mauls, and looks awfully mysterious and wary. The maul is about ten yards from the goal-line, and fairly in front of goal, but the Grampus forwards don't seem to be breaking through it as they should, and could if they chose. They seem rather to be giving way, and their legs are not working in the scrumage in the orthodox way.

"Look out, they are heeling out on the right; watch Hookit," suddenly yells Wriggle, in an ecstasy. And he is right. The front Grampus forwards have let the ball back through their legs, and those behind, while continuing to shove, have kept passing it back, till Wriggle saw it being coolly hooked out by a rear forward, and kicked to Hookit. Wriggle is round and at him like a weasel, but not in time to prevent him swinging round and hurling the ball straight back fifteen yards, to Nimbletoe.

"Now then, drop at goal, Nimbletoe," shout the friends of Grampus, and taking one glance at goal and steadying himself, he takes his drop. It is Nimbletoe's forte, and he makes no mistake this time. It flies in a beautiful curve fair from his toe high over the bar, out carried by the wind nearly outside the post.

The air resounds with the jubilant cries of the Grampuses, and Nimbletoe is radiant. "Isn't that a poster?" inquires the Jingoe captain, who, being a little to one side, has not seen the true course of the ball. "No, a goal two feet inside the post," says the umpire, who, foreseeing the event, had fallen back behind goal to see how Nimbletoe's drop would go. "Confound those fellows, heeling out for Nimbletoe! You half-backs must watch for that, and charge their half before he can chuck," says Dodger.

"Very low to heel out," says Wriggle. "I don't think it is fair, it should be made illegal," says Jiggers. "Not a bit," says Dodger, "they are quite right. What is the use of their kicking it over, just to give us a kick out from the 25?"

"These fellows are an awful weight," say the Jingoe forwards, "but it is getting near half-time, and we shall keep it as loose as we can, and prevent tight scrummages in the second half. We shall last longer than they, and can beat them at foot-work."

Thus they console themselves while walking

out to the centre. Dodger kicks off, Nimbletoe returns it, a Jingoe three-quarter returns that, and the forwards have breathing-time, as this long-range practice goes on for a few minutes over their heads, Nimbletoe particularly shining at this work. At last he drops into touch, and ends the duel.

Following up his drop, he is himself first at the ball in touch. Quick as thought he runs with it to where it crossed the touch-line, bounds it close to him in the field of play, catches it on the bound, jinks the two or three Jingoes who have got up, and is off full speed. And now look out Wriggle, and Jigger, look out three-quarter-backs, and even you, Mr. Dodger, confident as you are that you could tackle the veriest Hercules, look out for squalls. For it is not often that Nimbletoe tries a run in, only when he sees a rare chance. In fact, so rarely does he try it, that unkind people say that Nimbletoe is a very fine player when he has plenty of room, but doesn't like close quarters, hates being tackled, has an aversion to having his jersey dirtied—in fact, is a little bit of a funk.

He goes past Wriggle like an arrow. Jigger makes a dive at his waist, but though he gives him a shock, he doesn't check him. He runs clean round the three-quarter-backs, one of whom, a Rugby cap of last year, lets fly a "hack" at his legs as he sails past, but misses. "No hacking," shout the Grampuses, and the Rugby cap looks guilty. And now Nimbletoe has only Dodger to pass, and gathering himself together, he bears down upon him. He hesitates for a moment, not sure which side to try, and that is enough for Dodger, who goes straight at him, and winding his long arms round his middle, holds him fast. But the ball may yet be passed, and the try rendered certain, and Nimbletoe looks round to see some Grampus to throw to. He hears plenty shouting, "Well run, Nimbletoe, chuck;" but there is no one to chuck to. His big forwards have been too busy bawling and cheering him, to think of following close up on him (a common fault with big forwards), and even Hookit and Scuttle have not kept close to their man.

The chance is lost. In an instant the crowd is upon them. Nimbletoe calls "Down," and putting it down, works his way out of the scrumage, and gets back indignant to his place. But it has been the run of the day, and the Grampus throats are hoarse shouting out his praises. The maul is formed close to the goal-line, and Grampus, not to be balked, shove most resolutely. Gradually they pierce the Jingoe ranks, burst through with the ball before them, they and it cross the line, and in a confused mass there come squash on the top of the ball half a dozen Grampus forwards, nearly as many Jingoe forwards, and Wriggle is almost annihilated underneath the lot.

"Well mauled, Grampus. A try for Grampus," shout their partisans. "My ball," gasps Wriggle. Two or three Grampus forwards each claim to have touched it down first. Two or three Jingoe forwards claim the same, and declare that if the Grampus touched it down, it was in front of the goal-line. Who is to decide? The umpires come. They didn't see it, and couldn't say.

The referee couldn't say. So, after some consultation between the captains, amid black looks from the Grampus forwards—who no doubt each honestly believed he had the try—and looks of indignation and injured innocence from Wriggle, who believes he touched it down first, and knows he had all the breath squeezed out of him in the effort, they agree to hack it off five yards from the goal-line, when the umpires give the welcome call of "half-time," and the panting heroes have ten minutes' breathing-time. Some lie on their backs and contemplate the heavens; some suck sliced lemons; but the chiefs of each side, joined by rosetted friends from the ropes, hold solemn conclave, and each forms a deep scheme for undoing his adversary in the second half. The score stands a goal each, and Jingoe has had to touch down once, and a disputed try against them.

So far Grampus has had the best of it. You

have already observed the difference in the style of play of the two sides. Grampus can carry the tight scrimmages, but are not so quick in following up. They straggle more in the loose play, and move slower than Jingoe, and they don't always hunt in packs of four or five together, like Jingoe. When their backs run, they don't follow close enough up on them, rather inclining to take their leisure and show their zeal by bawling applause. They play with more power, but not the dash of Jingoe. Individually one might select two or three forwards, and Nimbletoe and Hookit, as perhaps the most brilliant men on the ground, each in his place. But there is not the working together, as a team, which you see in Jingoe, and for which no individual brilliancy will compensate in a tough match like this.

The men have again fallen into their places, but the sides have changed ends, and Jingoe now kick off from the centre against the slight wind which remains, while the way in which Grampus shade their eyes and blink shows that they feel the full force of the slanting dazzling sunlight and don't like it. The ball is well kicked by Dodger high and straight, and his fleet forwards are well up before it comes down. One of them catches it, and without waiting to be tackled lets it fall out of his hands and charges forward with his team at his elbow and the ball at his toe. Scuttle runs in to pick it up and stop the rush, but the busy feet take it past him, and he gets sadly knocked about and his hands trampled on and peeled for his pains.

One of the forwards kicks it rather hard, and Nimbletoe has time to pick it up and start to run ere they are on him. He starts to run round them, but the hounds are too close on him. Giving one wary glance about him to see whether there is any other shift, and seeing none, he deliberately runs straight back and touches down behind his own goal. Some of his side look vexed, all look dubious, and it is evident, though they are too good sportsmen to say it, that Jingoe are for the most part intensely disgusted. Some of the crowd have not the same scruples, and relieve their indignant souls in hoots and jeers. But Nimbletoe doesn't care two straws, and comes out with the ball to the 25, looking just as satisfied as he did after dropping the goal. He knows that very likely Jingoe would have been in had he done anything else than he did, or had he even hesitated to do it. He also knows that it was quite legal, and he did it. And who can blame him?

(To be continued.)

THROUGH THE DEEPEST CAÑON;

OR,

THE WILDEST OF THE WILD WEST.

(BASED ON THE NARRATIVE OF THE EXPLORER,
MAJOR J. W. POWELL.)

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING,

Author of "A Saddle in the Wild West," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

UP to August 13th the expedition had been in a partly explored region, but on that date they entered the Colorado proper, which Major Powell calls the "Great Unknown."

"We are now ready to start on our way down the Great Unknown," he writes in his diary; "our boats, tied to a stake, are chafing each other as they are tossed by the fretful river. They ride high and buoyant, for their loads are lighter than we could desire; we have but a month's rations remaining. The flour has been resifted through the mosquito-net sieve; the spoiled bacon has been dried, and the worst of it boiled, and a few pounds of dried apples have been spread in the sun and reshrunk to their normal bulk. Our sugar has been lost in the river, but we have a large sack of coffee. The lightning of the boats has this advantage: they will ride the waves better, and we shall have but little to carry when we make a portage."

"We are three-quarters of a mile in the depths of the earth, and the great river shrinks into

insignificance as it dashes its angry waves against the walls and cliffs that rise to the world above. They are but puny ripples, and we but pigmies, running up and down the sands or lost among the boulders.

"We have an unknown distance yet to run, an unknown river yet to explore. What falls there are we know not; what rocks beset the channel we know not; what walls rise over the river we know not. Ah well! we may conjecture many things. The men talk as cheerfully as ever; jests are banded about freely this morning, but to me the jests are ghastly."

With some eagerness and some anxiety they entered the cañon, and were carried along by the swift water through walls which rose from its very edge. There were tiers of irregular shelves below, and above these steep slopes to

which here entered the granite; and after breakfast they embarked once more. At the very introduction the cañon inspired awe. It was narrower than they had ever seen it before, and the water was swifter. There were a few broken rocks in the channel, but the walls were set on either side with pinnacles and crags, and sharp, angular buttresses, which extended far out into the river. They soon reached a place where a creek came in from the left, and just below the channel was choked with boulders, which, having been washed down the lateral cañon, formed a dam, over which there was a fall of thirty or forty feet. They managed to secure a foothold on the boulders, however, and then made a portage.

Three more such dams were found. Over one they made another portage; at the other two



In the Grand Cañon.

the foot of marble cliffs. They ran six miles in a little more than half an hour, and emerged in a more open part of the cañon, where high hills and ledges of rock intervened between the river and the distant walls. Just at the head of this open place the river ran across a dyke, where a fissure in the rocks, open to depths below, had been filled with eruptive matter. This on cooling had become harder than the rocks, and when these were washed away the volcanic matter had remained as a wall, the river cutting a gateway through it several hundred feet high and as many wide. As the river crosses the wall there is a fall below, and a rapid filled with boulders of trap, at which the men stopped to make a portage, afterwards proceeding by hills and ledges, with distant walls in view, until they had made another five miles, when they landed for dinner.

At daybreak next morning they walked down the bank of the river, on a little sandy beach, to take a view of a new feature in the cañon,

they found safe passages, through which they ran.

The granite rose higher, until nearly a thousand feet of the lower part of the walls were composed of this rock.

About eleven o'clock they heard a great roar ahead, and approached it very cautiously. The sound grew louder and louder, and at last they saw a long broken fall, with ledges and pinnacles of rock obstructing the river, and a descent of seventy feet or eighty feet in a third of a mile.

They landed just above, but there was no foothold on either side. It was nearly a thousand feet to the top of the granite, and so it was impossible for them to carry their boats around. They decided that they must either run the rapid or abandon the river; and they took the former course without hesitation.

At first the water was smooth but swift; then they struck wave after wave, and rode to its top, and swept down into the trough, and up

again on a higher wave, and down and up on waves higher and higher, until they struck one just as it curled back, and a breaker rolled over the smallest boat. Still they flew along, past projecting rocks, until the Emma Dean was caught in a whirlpool and spun round like a top.

From the whirlpool the men pulled out into the stream, and the other boats passed them. The open compartment of the Emma Dean was now filled with water, and every breaker rolled over her. Hurling back from a rock, now on this side, now on that, she was carried into an eddy, in which she struggled for a few minutes, and then dashed out again, the breakers still rolling over her. She was unmanageable, and drifted down another hundred yards, through breakers. The other boats had meanwhile turned into an eddy at the foot of the fall and were waiting to catch her as she came. They pushed out as she approached and pulled her in against the wall.

Strange to say, she was not seriously damaged, nor were her crew hurt; and after bailing her out, the undaunted adventurers continued their perilous voyage.

The gorge was black and narrow below, and red and grey above, with crags and angular projections on the walls, which were cut in many places by side cañons. Down in these depths the explorers glided, ever listening, for the mad waters kept up their roar, and ever glancing ahead, for the narrow cañon was winding, and the river was closed in, so that they could see only for a few hundred yards. But ever as they journeyed there was some new pinnacle or tower, some crag or peak, some distant view of the upper plateau, some strange-shaped rock, or some deep narrow side cañon to interest them. Then they reached another broken fall, which appeared more difficult than the one of the morning.

It seemed possible to let the boats down with lines, from point to point, along the right-hand wall, and after making a portage over the first rocks, they found a footing on some boulders below. They next passed along the walls by climbing from projecting rock to rock, sometimes near the water's edge, and at other places fifty or sixty feet above. They held each boat with a line, while two men remained aboard who prevented her from being dashed against the cliffs and kept the line from getting caught in the wall. In two hours they had brought all the boats down, as far as possible, in this way.

"It is not easy to describe the labour of such navigation," says Major Powell. "Sometimes, where the river is swift, we must land and put a bight of rope around a rock to prevent the boat from being snatched from us by a wave; but where the plunge is too great we must let her leap and catch her below, or the undertow will drag her under the falling water and sink her. When we wish to run a little way from shore, through a channel between rocks, we must first throw in little sticks of driftwood and watch their course to see where we must steer; and so we hold, and let her go, and pull and lift, among rocks, around rocks, and over rocks."

At one point the boats became entirely unmanageable, and no order in their running could be preserved. Now one, now another was ahead, each crew labouring for its own preservation. In such a place they came to another rapid. Two of the boats ran it perforce. One succeeded in landing, but there was no foothold by which a portage could be made, and she was again pushed out into the stream. The next minute a great reflex wave filled the open compartment and water-logged her. Breaker after breaker washed over her, and one capsized her. The men were thrown out, but they clung to her, and in a few minutes succeeded in righting her.

She was soon bailed out, and the men were aboard once more, but the oars were lost, and a pair from the Emma Dean had to be spared. So on, and on, and on.

The clouds played wonderful tricks in the cañon. Sometimes they rolled down in great masses, filling it with darkness; sometimes

they hung above, from wall to wall, and covered it with a roof of impending storm. Then they drifted away into the distance and hung around the peaks, and covered them with a mantle that lifted from time to time and set them all in sharp relief. Then baby clouds crept out of side cañons, glided round points, and crept back again into more distant gorges. Then other clouds settled in strata across the cañon, and between the rifts in them vistas could be seen of the cliffs and rocks beyond.

When it rained little rills were formed above, and soon these grew into brooks, and the brooks grew into creeks, and tumbled over the walls in innumerable cascades, adding their wild music to the roar of the river. When the rain ceased the rills, brooks, and creeks instantly ran dry.

On August 17th Major Powell wrote: "Our rations are still spoiling. The bacon is so badly injured that we are compelled to throw it away. By an accident this morning the saleratus* is lost overboard. We have now only musty flour, sufficient for ten days, and a few dried apples, but we have plenty of coffee. We must make all haste possible. If we meet with difficulties, as we have done in the cañon above, we may be compelled to give up the expedition and try to reach the Mormon settlements to the north. Our hopes are that the worst places are passed, but our barometers are all so much injured as to be useless, so we have lost our reckoning in altitude, and know not how much descent the river has yet to make."

"The stream is still wild and rapid, and rolls through a narrow channel. We make but slow progress, often landing against a wall, and climbing around some point, where we can see the river below. Although very anxious to advance, we are determined to run with great caution, lest, by another accident, we lose all our supplies. How precious that little flour has become! We divide it among the boats and carefully store it away, so that it can be lost only by the loss of the boat itself. We make ten miles and a half, and camp among the rocks on the right. We have had rain, from time to time, all day, and have been thoroughly drenched and chilled; but between showers the sun shines with great power, and the mercury in our thermometers stands at 115°, so that we have rapid changes from great extremes, which are very disagreeable. It is especially cold in

* Used to leaven the bread.

the rain to-night. The little canvas we have is rotten and useless, the rubber ponchos with which we started from Green River City have all been lost; more than half the party are without hats, and not one of us has an entire suit of clothes, and we have not a blanket apiece. We gather driftwood and build a fire, but after supper the rain, coming down in torrents, extinguishes it, and we sit up all night on the rocks, shivering, and are more exhausted by the night's discomfort than by the day's toil.

"On August 19th the day is employed in making portages, and we advance but two miles on our journey. Still it rains. While the men are at work making portages, I climb up the granite to its summit, and go away back over the rust-coloured sandstones and greenish-yellow shales to the foot of the marble wall. I climb so high that the men and boats are lost in the black depths below, and the dashing river is a rippling brook. All about me are interesting geological records. The book is open, and I can read as I run. All about me are grand views, for the clouds are flying again in the gorges. But I think of the nine days' rations, and the bad river, and the glory of the picture is but half seen. I push on to an angle, where I hope to get a view of the country beyond, to see, if possible, what the prospect may be of our soon running through this plateau, or at least of meeting with some geological change that will let us out of the granite. But arriving at the point I can see below only a labyrinth of deep gorges."

"August 19.—Rain again this morning. Still we are in our granite prison, and the time is occupied until noon in making a long portage. After dinner, in running a rapid, the pioneer boat is upset by a wave. We are some distance in advance of the larger boats, the river is rough and swift; and we are unable to land, but cling to the boat, and are carried down stream, over another rapid. The men in the boats above see our trouble, but they are caught in whirlpools, and are spun about in them, and it seems a long time before they come to our relief. At last they do come; our boat is turned right side up, bailed out; the oars, which fortunately have floated along in company with us, are gathered up, and on we go without even landing."

I think that when the reader reaches this point, he will agree with me that the perseverance of these men has few parallels.

(To be continued.)

AFGHAN GAMES.

BY THE REV. T. P. HUGHES, OF THE C. M. S.



The Game of Skhe.

THE most popular game amongst Afghan boys is that of SKHE. It is played by any number of lads, who form themselves into two companies. One company is placed in charge

of the goal, which is usually one of the boy's shoes. Each boy then seizes his left foot by the great toe and hops upon his right leg. The company of attack advances to seize the shoe, the other party acting on the defensive. If one of them drops his left leg he is considered dead, and must leave the game. Whichever company seizes the shoe eight times wins the game.

Another popular game is TATTI. A rope is fastened to a peg in the ground, and the boys place their clothes—scarves, turbans, shoes, etc.—round the peg. One of their number then seizes the rope and defends the property. If he touches any of the thieves they become prisoners and must restore the property.



The Game of Tatti.

ONE OF FRANKLIN'S HEROES.

IN the summer of 1830, John Irving, a Scottish lad of fifteen, gained the second mathematical prize at the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth. It was a large silver medal, representing the well-known features of George IV on one side, and having on the other a space for the winner's name, which was duly engraved. Never has any schoolboy's prize had so strange a history.

Soon after passing his examination, Irving got his first appointment, and joined the *Belvidera* frigate (then cruising in the Mediterranean) as a midshipman.

There have been preserved and recently published a number of letters written by this young sailor to one who had been for a short time his comrade at sea, the unaffected letters of a boy, showing his character, clearly describing his companions, and admitting his own faults frankly to his friend. Among many temptations to idleness, he tried to remain steady and industrious, and to help his friends to be so.

They went through Euclid in spare time, and read and lent to each other what books they had on board. But John Irving had more than merely steady habits. Those were rough days in the navy, when the manliest and most consistent profession of religion did not escape ridicule.

"The whole of us," writes Irving to his sister, "are laughed at for reading the Bible, and horribly blasphemous nicknames are applied to us. I hope you will not think," he adds, "that I am melancholy or vexed at the behaviour of my messmates; for I am quite happy in the knowledge that *in this ship* my own pride and bad temper have not been the cause of their troubling me. Poor old Kingston has been annoyed lately in the same way." Kingston, of whom he speaks often, and with much affection, is a brother of the late W. H. Kingston, the well-known contributor to the *Boy's Own Paper*, through which he addressed his last letter to the boys of Great Britain.

Irving's career at sea was not eventful. He fought in no battles and besieged no towns. After seven years of service he left the navy for

a time, and tried sheep-farming in Australia, but found it "a very losing concern," and returned to the sea at his father's desire. "I cannot vex my poor old father," he wrote, in reference to his profession, "who has trouble enough to provide for six sons in the various ways of getting a living, by telling him of my wishes to come and live at home."

At this time, in 1845, the celebrated Arctic expedition was planned, under command of Sir John Franklin, to attempt once again the discovery of the North-West Passage to Behring's Straits. And amongst those volunteers who were accepted for it was John Irving. He was appointed third officer of the *Terror*, one of Sir John's two ships.

Doubtless everything which the scientific knowledge of that day could suggest was done to make this expedition successful. But it is startling to find how wide a gulf separates 1845 from 1881. In a letter dated from H.M.S. *Terror*, Greenhithe, Irving writes:—"We tried our screws and went four miles an hour. Our engine once ran somewhat faster on the Birmingham line. It has a funnel the same size and height as it had on the railway, and makes the same dreadful puffings and screamings, and will astonish the Esquimaux not a little."

"As you observe," he says in one of these last letters, "there must now be a long blank in our correspondence. Do not give us up if you hear nothing. . . . Whatever happens is the will of God."

All readers are familiar with the earlier history of this fated voyage. How, after the sister ships sailed away into that icy sea, and years passed without their return, their country did not give them up. Expedition after expedition was sent in search of them, bringing various results in the way of papers and relics, but no certain news as to their fate until, in 1879, an American expedition, under Lieutenant Schwatka, starting in a north-westerly direction from Hudson Bay with sledges, living and travelling with the Esquimaux, followed the Back River, within the Arctic Circle, to the coast, and from it made several excursions,

collecting stories from Esquimaux, and tracing the expedition as far as possible without its papers, now proved to have been destroyed by natives, into whose hands they had fallen.

Visiting King William's Island, Schwatka found there graves and unburied bones, telling their own sad story of lonely deaths. Amongst them he found a grave which had been disturbed by the natives. In it lay a few bones and some shreds of clothing and a *silver medal*.^{*} The identification was complete, the medal being that which young Irving had won as a naval cadet fifty years before.

These bones were gathered by the friendly explorers and taken to America, and thence sent home to John Irving's relatives in Edinburgh, his native town; and there, upon the 7th of January, 1881, were laid to rest in the beautiful Dean Cemetery. Thousands watched the funeral and followed the remains to the grave with all naval and military honours. More than thirty years had elapsed since a few famine-stricken comrades had laid Irving to rest on the shore of King William's Island, and now he alone of all his brother heroes had been so strangely brought home to his country.

With Irving's burial the Franklin records seem to end. As Markham says, "We know enough; we know that our gallant countrymen died in discovering the North-West Passage, and that they fell in the performance of their duty. . . . Englishmen will always cherish a feeling of gratitude for the kindly deed of the brave Americans who tenderly collected and buried the bones of some of our heroes and brought away the remains of one of them, a task which, we well know, entailed no small difficulty and hardship."

An interesting memoir of Lieutenant John Irving, by Dr. Bell, of Edinburgh, has been published, to which we are indebted for this narrative. It concludes with the following reflection in reference to the religious character of Irving and others of Franklin's gallant band, including their chief himself. "No one can tell what an important influence these God-fearing men may have exercised during these gloomy years of Arctic experience, both in sustaining the hearts of their comrades amid the stupendous trials of their lot, and in teaching them—mainly by their consistent example—the one true way of facing the unseen world which lay before them."

In an early number Commander Cheyne, with whom Lieutenant Schwatka is now working, will give a detailed account of his Arctic experiences.



PARROTS AND ALL ABOUT THEM.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

IF, instead of the above title, I headed this paper, "Parrots I have known," then, from

^{*} Now in the United Service Museum, London.

beginning to end, you would read it with an amused smile on your face, and I'm very much mistaken if, every now and then, you wouldn't have to put down the sheet and laugh right out.

Parrots, cockatoos, lories, and love-birds I have kept, known, and loved many a time and oft, so that it is no wonder that anecdotes of their lives and histories crowd upon me as I write. But in Australia, by the way, where, it seems to me, they eat the most extraordinary things, they make pies of parrots and delicious stews of cockatoos. Here is a little joke that is sometimes perpetrated in Australia. The joke, I must tell you, rests on the fact that if you press the chest of a cockatoo after death, the air sent through the vocal cords will cause the defunct bird to emit a scream. Given, then, say, an Irish servant who has never plucked a cockatoo before. She is sitting in the outer kitchen with the dead *cacatua* in her lap, to which she has just put the finishing touches as you pass through.

"Sure now, sur," she says, looking innocently up in your face, "haven't I picked him clane and nice?"

"Yes, you have, Bridget," you say; "but are you quite sure that life is extinct?" As you speak you give the creature a pinch.

"Cray!" cries Polly.

"Oh! sur!" screams Bridget. "Oh! sur! sur!"

That is the *dénouement*; that is the situation. Bridget, with looks of terror seeking the farthest-off corner of the kitchen, the dead bird on the floor, and there is where the laugh comes in. But the joke is a harmless one.

Now if you wish to possess yourself of a parrot, you cannot do better than purchase an African grey one. They are of a beautiful slate colour, with crimson tail, very intelligent and wise-looking, and very quiet and gentle. The very young ones, I should say, are lighter in colour, which deepens with age. These birds are imported in immense quantities into this country by such firms as Jamrach, of London, and Cross, of Liverpool. If I do not err, the price is only 15s. each. It would, however, be as well if you were to save your sixpences and buy one somewhat older than these recently imported gentry. But, and if you determine to invest in a young one, I feel convinced you may leave the choice in the hands of any of the great importers you purchase from. Go personally in preference to writing. Say I recommended you, if you choose. I dare say many of them have heard my name; and Mr. Jamrach has himself written for "THE BOY'S OWN PAPER."

Before you bring your Polly home, be sure you have his house ready for him, a large clean roomy cage, price new about ten shillings, second-hand, through such a paper as the "Exchange and Mart," about half that.

Have his food, water, and bath ready as well. Of these I will speak presently.

These parrots make exceedingly nice pets. They are affectionate and winning in all their ways; possess in a high degree the capability of being taught to speak, and taught tricks as well; and if well cared for they seldom, if ever, get sick, and live to a goodly old age. In this latter respect they are more satisfactory as pets than dogs are; for alas! no matter how well and dearly we love the latter, we know that in a few brief years the loving brown eyes will no longer meet our gaze, nor the gambols cheer us. But parrots have been known to live for ninety years. Indeed, if I remember aright, there is one at this moment in Bristol considerably over a hundred years of age.

Again, parrots do not eat a great deal. You do not miss their food, any more than you do that of our firsides favourite pussy.

The common green parrot is another favourite, a very independent little chap, capable of taking his own part, and speaking when he isn't spoken to. His scream, however, is not pleasant. You have no doubt seen king parrots, or parakeets, with their splendid coats of crimson, long tails and wings of brightest green. They are good feeders, but somewhat delicate, unless kept well away from draughts. The heat

of a fire or gas is much against their chance of long life. They talk well, and can be taught to pipe as well. Food: seeds, such as barley, rice, oats, maize, and a little hemp.

The common Amazon parrot is a native of South America, and is plentifully imported to this country. There are a very large number of species of them. They are capital talkers, are very beautiful in colour, nearly all green, and are said by some to be even more teachable than the grey parrot. Of parakeets there are an endless variety, many of which make charming pets, being gentle and affectionate in their ways, and of most beautiful plumage.

The plum-headed parakeet is one of the loveliest. It is a long-tailed green parrot, with purplish or plum-tinted head. It is no great talker, but very docile, and hearty enough if properly attended to. Food: millet, maize, canary-seed, and now and then a little lunch biscuit steeped in milk.

The ring-necked parakeet is brought from Asia and Africa. Those brought from Africa differ somewhat in appearance from the Asiatic, though not in shape or size. In time they become great favourites, but they are slow to learn.

The long-tailed green parakeet is a great favourite, rather inclined to be noisy, but a good talker withal. I must not forget to mention those now fashionable and beautiful little birds which go by so many different names, but which are so well known that I need hardly describe them. They are called budgerigars, shell parrots, zebra parakeets, grass parakeets, and canary parrots, and probably most correctly the undulated grass parakeet. The three words "shell," "zebra," and "grass," ought to convey to a reader with any imagination, a very good notion of the bird's plumage, and on being told that it is a tiny parrot, not bigger than a cock-robin, he ought to know it wherever he met or saw it. It is a native of Australia, found very plentifully in the vicinity of the River Lachlan, where it lives principally on grass. The word "budgery" signifies in the native language "pretty" or "good," hence the name of budgerigar.

These little creatures make excellent and pretty pets; they are hardy, and, if in a large aviary, will breed in confinement.

Canary-seed is this bird's staple of diet; but, admitting that they will live a long time without water, it is in my opinion cruel to deprive them of the luxury, if luxury only it be.

Budgerigars, however, are more suited as pets for girls than boys, although it is very pleasant to observe them hatching and bringing up their young.

Cockatoos are large, strong, hardy fellows, not particular as to what they eat, although many of them have a great weakness for hemp-seed. They are of several sizes and colours, are very intelligent and docile, with their owners at all events, but apt to fly at a stranger. They are intelligent and amusing, but not good talkers, as a rule; yet not long since I owned a white South Australian cockatoo who was altogether a marvel. There was nothing that bird could not do that ever a bird did do, and the best of him was that he went through all his various performances only when told to. His only faults were a bad temper towards strangers and a terrible aversion to my pet cat. He used to invite her in the most winning voice to "Come on, dear," "Give Polly one little kiss." If pussy was fool enough to listen to the voice of the tempter she had her nose torn, after which Polly, looking like a very fiend, would hold back her head and laugh exultingly.

Cockatoos are as well kept on a perch; if they do have a cage it should be a very large bell-shaped one, with the usual ring for a swing.

There are many very beautiful species of lories. I need only mention one, the blue-capped mountain lory, a bird of very gorgeous plumage, delicate if not well taken care of and protected from draughts. It is a very intelligent parrot, about ten or eleven inches in length, and extremely docile, not to say affectionate. It can both talk and pipe tunes. Food: canary-seed, maize, millet, and a little hemp. The food ought to be varied occasionally.

Of macaws I know little, never having kept any. I never could make up my mind to invest in one. I admire their plumage, which in some species is simply gorgeous; but I consider them selfish, and I hate an unseemly noise.

ON THE CARE AND TREATMENT OF COCKATOOS AND PARROTS.

Parrots and cockatoos, including the African red-tailed grey and the Amazon parrots, should be all treated similarly as regards food, etc.

The feeding is a most essential point, unless you wish your bird to contract dyspepsia, pluck and eat its feathers, mope, and look a perfect fright. Some bird-fanciers go in greatly for bread-and-milk. I merely give this as a change perhaps three times a week. But I do not for a moment wish my young reader to be guided entirely by me. If he will go into those old-fashioned bird-shops sometimes, that he will find in out-of-the-way streets in large cities, he will pick up many a hint worth knowing. However, I myself prefer to give these birds, as a staple of diet, canary-seed, with now a little millet-seed in it, and now a little maw, and sometimes as a treat a portion of hemp-seed. Only it must be remembered that this latter is fattening, and that, although the bird may be very fond of it, it ought not to be given very often. As a change, bread-and-milk or well-boiled Indian corn, given cold, of course. The bread should be soaked in water first, to extract the alum, etc., then squeezed out and a little of the sweetest of milk poured over it. Great care must be taken to prevent it from turning sour, so what is left from one day must not be given the next. Nuts I give them now and then as a treat, and also once or twice a week a cayenne pod or chili. But on no account would I permit a parrot to have meat of any kind, or even a bone to pick. Ripe fruit, if the bird cares for it, may be allowed occasionally in moderation, and of a morning a morsel of dry toast. Water should be placed in the dish—after it is rinsed out—every morning, and the bird should have a bath daily if he cares to take it.

Glass or earthenware is the best kind of dishes, because they can be kept nice and clean.

The bottom drawer of the cage should contain dry clean gravel, and the mess should be removed every morning, a little more gravel being then added. When you wash and scour the drawer use a little carbolic acid in the last water, then dry it before the fire previous to returning it to the cage. Every bit of the cage should be kept most particularly clean, and the bird's feet should not be allowed to get messy. This is the sign of a dirty cage, and it is very injurious, and sometimes even fatal to poor Polly.

If the bird won't take a bath, then a small syringe should be used now and then.

Warmth is essential to the well-being of parrots. They ought not to be placed near a fire, it is true, but the apartment in which the bird is kept should be warm and free from draughts. You may cover the cage up at night, but leave a breathing space. Never sit the cage in a draught, and when in summer you put it out of doors do not stand it too long in the sun without a covering over the top of it, and do not put it in any corner that is exposed to the wind.

It is better if you can manage it to give Polly her bath out of and not in her cage, for the dryness of the latter is quite as essential as its cleanliness.

The more room a parrot has in its cage the more healthy and happy will it be, and consequently the more apt will it be to speak well and fluently. The perch should be moderately thick, or it will not be all comfortable; if it is not comfortable the bird's sleep will be disturbed, and evil consequences will follow.

I am often asked what is the best method of teaching a parrot to speak. Certainly the greatest part of the secret—if secret it is—consists first and foremost of getting your parrot to love you. Unless you do this you will, I fear, never make Polly a very accomplished linguist.

As to talking about cutting or splitting the tongue, such a thing is simply preposterous, cruelly so indeed. Always approach the bird's cage with gentleness and with words of kindness. Keep repeating to him or her—for both male and female can talk—the words you wish the bird to learn, and let them be simply words at first and not sentences. Birds, like children, must learn by slow degrees.

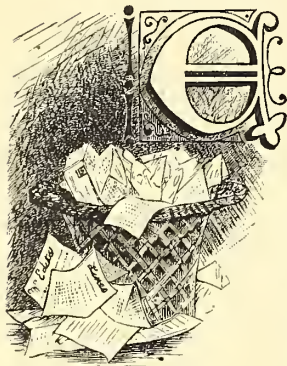
Some breeders advise you to keep out of sight when you are teaching the bird. This is, in my opinion, an objectionable practice. At all events it is quite unnecessary. Let the words you repeat have a meaning with them, or let them be accompanied by some act which Polly can take notice of. Say "Good morning, dear," or, "Good night, pet," only at appropriate times, etc., and when saying, "Does Polly want a drop of water?" or, "Will Polly have some breakfast?" give water or food, as the case may be, while you speak.

And so on and so forth, but always speak slowly, distinctly, and cheerfully.

Do not place your bird in a position where it can hear all sorts of ridiculous noises; parrots learn these time enough.

Parrots are afflicted at times with a few ailments which are nearly always the result of uncleanliness of its surroundings, cold, or improper feeding, and a return to the proper care of the bird will nearly always remove the ailment. A few drops of castor-oil may do good in costiveness. A teaspoonful of paregoric in the drinking water will help to cure either cold or diarrhoea. A lotion of zinc (four grains to an ounce of water) rubbed in to the roots of the feathers will dry up any sore or scurfy state of the skin. When the bird is in low condition give a more liberal diet, and a little cod-liver oil, five or six drops three times a day. Space warns me to close, but any letter sent to the Editor asking advice about the ailments or troubles of a parrot, or indeed any cage-bird, will receive due attention.

Correspondence.



T. Z. and Others.—Judging from the inquiries we receive we should imagine that in a few years there will be hundreds of candidates for every Civil Service appointment, and under such circumstances the future of the clerks is not so promising as people think.

ENQUIRER.—No more than any other of our present gentlemanly players.

Your friend is welcome to his opinion, but his facts are imaginary and his arguments erroneous. The position in the premier match is a sufficient reply to him without going further into a matter which has been answered and settled long ago.

NOT OUT.—The newspaper report you quote is inaccurate. The ball was caught after it had struck the ground close to the crease, and bounded up.

F. R.—We have already given nine articles on the Magic Lantern and its Slides, commencing in our first number, and we cannot say more about the subject for some time. All the information you want you will find in them.

SLICK PETHERTON.—An article on "My Boat, and How I Made It," appeared in our third number, and three articles on Boat Building in the forty-seventh, forty-eighth, and forty-ninth numbers. At present we can give no further information, but may return to the subject shortly.

S. BUDGE.—Mr. Tom Hughes has written a book on "Rugby, Tennessee." It is published by Macmillan and Co., at 4s. 6d.

ONE OF THE SIX HUNDRED.—Ilk means "the same," and hence MacSporran of that ilk is MacSporran of that same, or name, or family, or, in other words, MacSporran of MacSporran.

W. J. SLATER.—Elder-flower ointment is made by boiling together one pound each of elder-flowers and lard until the flowers become crisp, and then straining the compound with pressure through a linen cloth. Elder-leaf ointment is made by boiling together three pounds of fresh-bruised elder-leaves, four pounds of suet, and two pounds of lard. Perfume is added if desired.

B. O. P.—The plates are published in a packet at the end of the volume, but the price is not settled until the Annual is completed.

H. J. M.—You will find the information in our article on Rats and Mice.

FISHING-ROD.—Rounders appeared in No. 90. We must find out what "chemicles" are first. Coins, occasionally.

A. B.—For particulars as to the examination for solicitors, apply to the Secretary, Law Institution, Chancery Lane.

B. B.—Waterloo was fought on the 18th of June. It was a printer's error.

BEN.—To preserve the natural colours of flowers in a herbarium is not easy. Mr. Saunders, of Luton, who has succeeded in doing so better than any other botanist whose collection we have seen, places his specimens between sheets of porous paper in the ordinary way, and then puts a pile of the sheets between pieces of stout millboard and wood, and, with strong strings having running nooses, he tightens up the bundle, and so presses his specimens. He then plunges the bundle into a bath of hot sand, and leaves it there for a couple of days. The millboard allows for evaporation, and the hot sand, which can be kept in any old box, assures rapid drying. The colours are preserved, and the specimens do not seem to be injured in the least.

TOBY.—1. A model steam-engine such as you ask about would cost you about £10. 2. The gowns represent the old degree robes, such as are still worn in the colleges and by clergymen; the wigs represent the old wigs which our forefathers used to wear, and which have only been retained by bishops, lawyers, and coachmen.

A BOY.—Do not attempt too much at a time. Select two or three subjects and a stated quantity at each sitting. Study thoroughly and make copious notes, carefully spelt. At first try English history, geography, and mathematics, with botany, geology, chemistry, or some such science, as a change. Attack the languages last. Do not needlessly waste time over grammar, useful as it is—remember that it is not grammar which makes the language, but the language which makes the grammar, and that, if you read intelligently, the correct construction of your sentences and the spelling of the words will come to you without effort.

PICKWICK.—1. The fee at Stationers' Hall is five shillings. 2. In all cases the person who gets possession of the property takes over the liabilities to which the property was subject before it came to him, unless there is an express provision to the contrary. It does not matter whether the survivor be a poor widow or a millionaire. 3. You have probably got some insect in your room. It may be a leaf or something blowing against the window-pane. Under any circumstances it is not a ghost, and you can easily clear it up for yourself if you try.

A. V. F. C.—There is no necessity for a lawyer to draw up apprenticeship indentures: you could probably buy a form at the nearest stationer's shop. But take care the form is the one you want, and that you fill it up properly. "Penny wise and pound foolish" is not the best motto for life.

E. A. S.—Rough castings for model engines will be sent to any part of England by any of the dealers. The prices you quote for finished parts are rather high, but the quality of the work is the only criterion of value. Mr. Phelps, 257, Kentish Town Road, London, N.W., will supply the parts you name at a lower price, and, judging from the work we have seen from him, the quality is quite equal to that generally sold.

H. E. and Others.—In any case where you find the coloured plates, through the pressure employed by the binder, sticking together, they may be readily opened without injury if first warmed, say by holding before the fire, or holding a heated iron above them.



"Boy's Own" Lifeboat Fund.



(Contributions received to October 14th, 1881.)

Amount previously acknowledged .. £ 348 2 11

Oct. 10.—Fred B. (Highbury), 1s.; Walter Spencer (Romford), 1s.; Edward J. Evans (Ludlow), 1s.; Thomas Edwards, 6d.; W. S. F. (Guernsey), 1s.; G. S. Crowther (Hillsboro'), 1s.; John Collins (Plumstead), 1s.; Per F. B. Smallman (Kilburn), 12s.; Herbert T. Jones, 3d.; F. Sidney Holmes (Hull), 1s.; Per A. B. Hampson (St. John Street Road), 17s. 2d. .. 1 16 13

Oct. 11.—Per George Henry (Torquay), 9s. 9d.; Per E. H. Reeves (Edgbaston), 5s.; Per G. A. Talbot (Bedford), 15s.; Per F. W. Isacke (Edgware Road), 5s.; P. J. Waldram (Hertford), 1s. 11d.; Nonplusonian, 3s. 6d.; H. Latham (Wakefield), 4s.; Per J. A. Hope, £1 17s.; T. B. L., 1s.; M. L., 6d.; Per Thomas Lovell (Northampton), £1 7s. 6d.; G. W. Terry (Brixton), 3s.; Per G. Turner Skelton (Forest Gate), 10s.; Arthur G. Gladwell (Barnsbury), 1s.; E. W. Tearle (Ossory Road), 2s. .. 6 6 2

Oct. 12.—Ernest S. Mattice (Cornwall, Canada), £1 19s. 2d.; Per Charles B. Corley (Barnsbury), 15s. 6d.; Wm. L. R. N. Best, 2s.; P. Abercrombie (Paisley), 1s.; Per G. M. MacJerron (Annan), £1 1s. 6d.; Per Wm. Jessel Druff (Canonbury), 16s. 6d.; Per James J. Budden (Rye), 2s. 6d.; Per Wm. A. Ploewman (Birmingham), 9s. 4d.; H. F. C., C. C., M. C. (Cheltenham), 3s.; W. K. D. (Wimbledon), 1s.; Nautilus (Birmingham), 1s.; Per Ernest Campion (Deptford), 4s.; Per Stanley Suttou (Norwich), £1 5s. 6d.; Per J. H. Adeney (Walpole Street), 12s.; Per H. Halford (Pembroke Square), 7s.; Hattie (Hucknall Torkard), 2s. .. 8 3 0

Oct. 13.—M. M. E. G. N. and F. M. (Bath), 2s. 6d.; M. R., 2s. 6d.; T. Down (Forest Row), 6d.; A. P., 10s.; C. A. Mills (Southwell), 5s.; E. P. Appletou (Probus School, Cornwall), 2s. 6d.; J. K. Blackmore (ditto), 1s.; Per H. Ellis (Littlehampton), 15s.; John Barrie (Smallfield School, Burston), 2s.; H. H. P. (Shrewsbury), 1s.; Per William Ed. Jones (Manchester), 10s.; Per R. Lansdowne (Plymouth), 18s. 9d.; Boys at Larchfield Academy (Helensburgh), £1 10s.; Per E. G. Bramwell, £1 16s. .. 6 16 9

Oct. 14.—Per Miss Lindsell (Faversham), £1 1s.; Carolus M. Nix, 1s.; H. A. Legge (Shobdon), 1s.; James Burr (Quilquox), 1s. 6d.; Per H. Vernon (Malvern Wells), £3 11s. 5d.; A Happy Family (Lamberhurst), 5s.; Per S. Boom (Cambridge), £1 1s.; Mary and Elsie Nedwill (Leeds), 5s.; W. S. (Romsey), 1s.; A Family Contribution, 2s. 1d.; Amicus Amico, 6d.; W. Williams (Northop), 2s. 3d. .. 6 12 9

Carried forward .. £377 18 6

THE BOYS' OWN PAPER

No. 150.—Vol. IV.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1881.

Price One Penny.
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WILD ADVENTURES ROUND THE POLE ;

OR,

THE CRUISE OF THE ARRANDOON.

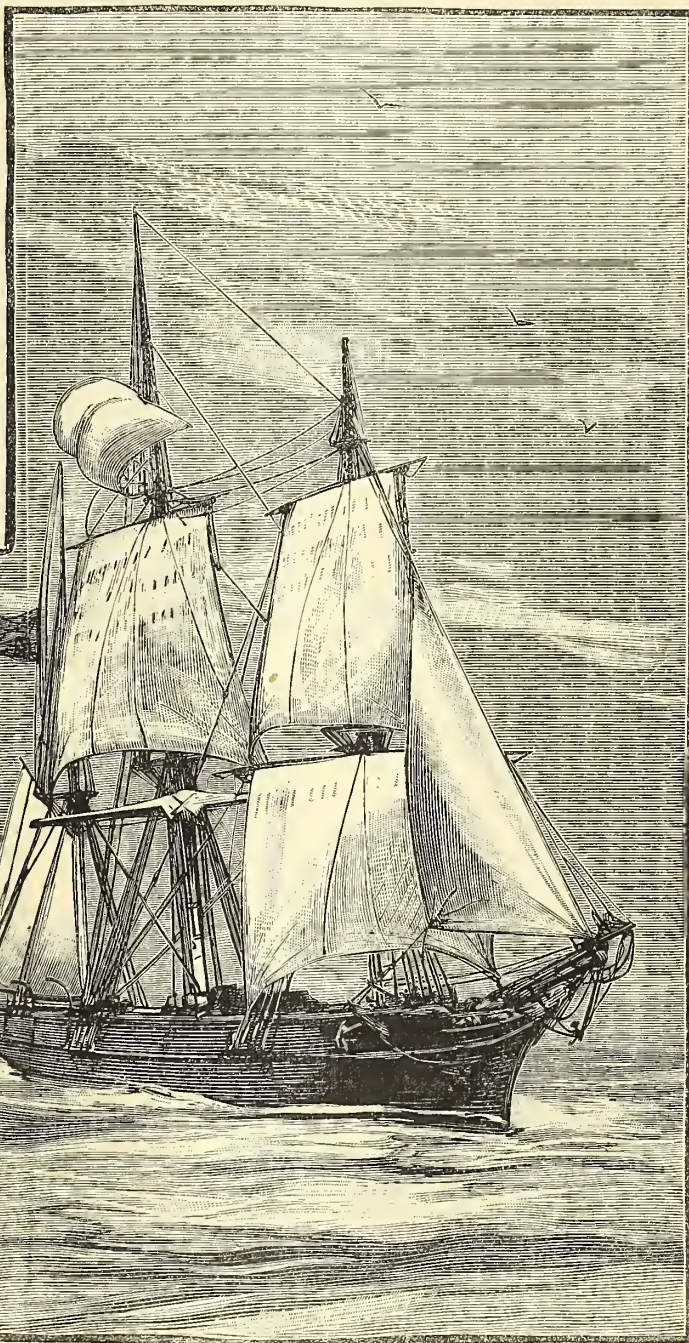
A SEQUEL TO "THE CRUISE OF THE SNOWBIRD."

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

CHAPTER IX.—MOUNT HEKLA—THE GREAT GEYSER—A NARROW
ESCAPE—THE SEARCH FOR THE PIRATE—MCBAIN'S LITTLE
"RUSE DE GUERRE"—THE BATTLE BEGUN.

"THAT puts quite another complexion on the matter,"
said Dr. Sandy McFlail, with a sigh of relief, when
Rory explained to him that he had spied the pirate, "quite
another complexion, though, for the time bein', ye glowered
sae like a warlock that I did think ye had lost your reason ;
so give me the glass, and I'll e'en take a look at her mysel'.

"Eh! sirs," he continued, with the telescope at his
eye, "but she is a big ship, and a bonnie ship. But,
Rory boy, just catch a hold o' my coat-tails, and I'll



"The Battle had begun."

feel more secure like. I wouldn't wish to go heels o'er head out o' the car. A fine big ship indeed—square-rigged forward and schooner-rigged aft; a vera judicious arrangement."

"Now," cried Rory, "the sooner we are landed on old mother earth the better. Bend on to the valve halyards, De Vere. Down with her."

"Sirs! sirs!" cried the doctor, in great alarm; "pray don't be rash. Be judicious, gentlemen, be judicious."

De Vere looked from one to the other, then laughed aloud. He was amused at the impetuosity of the Irishman, and at the canniness of the Scot.

A very pleasant little man was this De Vere to look at, black as to hair and moustache, dark as to eyes; thoughtful-looking as a rule were these eyes, yet oft lit up with fun. He never spoke much, perhaps he cogitated the more; he seldom made a joke himself, but he had a high appreciation of humour in others. Taking him all and all he gave you the impression of one who would be little likely to lose his presence of mind in a time of danger.

"Gentlemen," he said, quietly, "you will leave the descent in my hands, if you please. We are now, by my calculation, some ninety miles from de city of Reikjavik. You see beneath you wild mountains, ice-bound plains, frozen lakes, rivers and waterfalls, deep ravines and gorges, but no sign of smoke, no life. Shall I make my descent here? Shall I pull vat Monsieur Rory call de valve halyard? Shall I land in de regions of desolation?"

"Dinna think o't," cried Sandy. "Never mind Rory; he is only a laddie."

"It's yourself that's complimentary," quoth Rory.

"Ah! ver' well," said De Vere; "I will go on, for since you have been gazing on de ship, de current have change, and we once more get nearer home."

An hour went slowly by. Both the doctor and Rory were gazing at the distant mountain, Hekla, that lay to the south and east, though distant many miles. The vast hill looked a king among the other mountains; a king, but a dead king, being still and quiet in the sunshine, enrobed in a shroud of snow.

Sandy was doubly engaged—he was talking musingly, and aloud; but at the same time he was doing ample justice to the venison pie that lay so confidently on his knee, for Sandy was a bit of a philosopher in his own quiet way.

"Mount Hekla," he was saying; "is it any wonder that these Norsemen, these superstitious sons of the ancient Vikings, look upon it as the entrance-gate to the terrible abode of fire and brimstone, gloom and woe; where are confined the souls of the unhappy dead? Hekla, around thy snow-capped summit the thunders never cease to roll—"

"Hark," said Rory, holding up his hand; "talk about thunder, list to that."

Both leant over the car and looked earthwards. What could it mean, that low, deep, long-continued thunder-peal? Was a storm raging beneath them? Yes, but not of the kind they at first imagined. For see, from where yonder hill starts abruptly from the glen, rise immense clouds of silvery white, and roll slowly adown the valley. The balloon hangs suspended right above the great geyser, which is now in full eruption.

"It is as I thought," said De Vere; "let us descend a little way;" and he opened the valve as he spoke.

The balloon made a downward rush as he did so, as if she meant to plunge herself and all her occupants into the very midst of the boiling cauldron. The steam from the geyser had almost reached their feet; the car thrilled beneath them, while the never-ceasing thunder pealed louder and louder.

"My conscience!" roared honest Sandy, losing all control over himself; "we'll be boiled alive like so many partans!"*

De Vere coolly threw overboard a bag or two of sand, and the balloon mounted again like a skylark. And not too soon either, for, awful to relate, in his sudden terror Sandy had made a grab at the valve-rope, as if to check her downward speed. Had not Rory speedily pulled him back, the consequences would have been too dreadful to think of.

De Vere only laughed, but he held up one finger by way of admonishing the doctor as he said, "Never catch hold of de reins ven anoder man is driving."

"But," said Rory, "didn't you go a trifle too near that time. Mister de Vere?"

"A leetle," said the Frenchman, coolly. "It was noding."

"Ach! sure no," says Rory; "it was nothing at all; and yet, Mister de Vere, it isn't the pleasantest thing in the world to imagine yourself being played at pitch and toss with on the top of a mighty geyser, for all the world like a nut-gall on the top of a twopenny fountain!"

Sandy resumed the dissection of his venison pie. He would have a long entry for his diary to-night, he thought.

Luck does not always attend the aeronaut, albeit fortune favours the brave, and the current of air that was carrying the balloonists so merrily back to Reikjavik, ceased entirely when they were still within ten miles of that quaint wee place. It was determined, therefore, to make a descent. Happily, they were over a glen. Close by the sea and around the bay were many small farms, and so adroitly did De Vere manage to attach an anchor to the roof of an old barn, that descent was easy in the extreme.

Perhaps the happiest man in the universe at the moment Sandy McFlail's feet touched mother earth again, was Sandy himself. "Man!" he cried, to Rory, rubbing his hands and laughing with glee, "I thought gettin' out meant a broken leg at the vera least, and I haven't even bled my nose."

There was some commotion, I can tell you, among the feathered inmates of the barnyard when the balloonists popped down among them; as for the farm folks, they had shut themselves up in the dwelling-house. The geese were particularly noisy. Geese, reader, always remind me of those people we call sceptics: they are sure to gabble their loudest at things they can't understand.

But convinced at last that the aeronauts were neither evil spirits nor inhabitants of the moon, the good farmer made them heartily welcome at his fireside, and assisted them to pack, so that, by the aid of men and ponies, they found themselves late that evening safely on board the Arrandoon; and right glad were their comrades to see them again, you may be sure, and to listen to a narration by Rory of all their adventures, interlarded by Sandy's queer, dry remarks, which only served to render it all the more funny.

But before they sat down to the ample

supper that Peter had prepared for them, Rory reported to the captain his great discovery.

McBain's eyes sparkled like live coals as he heard of it, but he said little. He sent quietly for the engineer and the mate. "How soon," he asked the former, "can you get up steam?"

"In an hour, sir; easy."

"That will do," said the captain. "Mr. Stevenson, when will the moon rise?"

"She is rising now, sir."

"All right, Mr. Stevenson. Have all ready to weigh anchor in two hours' time."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

The engineer still lingered. "I *could* get up steam in twenty minutes," he said; "those American hams, sir—"

"Oh, bother the hams!" said the captain, laughing. "No, no; we may be glad of those yet when frozen in at the Pole. Bear-and-ham pie, engineer; how will that eat, eh?" and he bowed him kindly out.

By two bells in the middle watch the good ship Arrandoon was off the needle rocks of the Portland Huck. They stood up out of the water like tall sheeted ghosts, with the moonlight and starlight shimmering from their shoulders. The sea was calm, with only a gentle heave on it; and there were but a few snowy clouds in the sky skirting the southern horizon, so the vessel ploughed along as beautifully as any sailor could wish, with a steady, contented throb of engine and gride of screw, leaving in her wake a long silvery line for the moonbeams to dance in. Save the noise of the ship's working there was not another sound to be heard, only occasionally a gull would float past overhead emitting a strange and mournful cry. What makes the sea-birds, I have wondered, sometimes leave the rocks at the midnight hour, and go skimming alone through the darkling air, emitting that weird and plaintive wail of theirs? It is a wail that goes directly to one's heart, and you cannot help thinking they must be bereaved ones mourning for their dead.

Our heroes walked long on deck that night, talking quietly, as became the hour, of the prospects of their having a brush with the pirate. But they got weary at last, and turned in. Next morning they found the decks wet and slippery, more clouds in the sky, a fair beam wind blowing, and a trifle of canvas displayed.

After breakfast McBain called all hands aft. In calm, dispassionate language he told them the story of the poor girl who had risked her life on their account, of her murdered brother and captive father, and of the pirate he was about to try to find and capture. Then he paused, and as he did so every one of the crew turned eyes on Ted Wilson, who strode forward.

"Captain," said Ted, firmly, "we didn't sign articles to fight, did we, mates?"

"No," from all hands.

"But," continued Ted, "for such a captain as you be, and in such a cause, we *will* fight, every man Jack of us, as long as the saucy Arrandoon has a timber above the water. Am I right, mates?"

A ringing cheer was all the reply, and Ted retired.

Now, reader, were I a landsman novelist I would very likely here make my captain give the orders to "splice the mainbrace," but I'm a sailor, and I tell you this, boys, that British seamen never yet needed Dutch courage to make them do their duty.

Captain McBain only waved a hand and said, "Pipe down."

* Partans: Scottie, crabs.

An hour afterwards the crow's-nest was rigged and hoisted at the main-truck, and either the mate or the captain was in it off and on the whole day. But no pirate appeared that day nor the next. In the evening, however, some fishermen boarded the Arrandoon, and reported having seen a large barque, answering to the description of the suspected craft, that same morning lying at anchor off Suddersøe, with boats passing to and fro 'twixt ship and shore.

"It is my precious opinion, captain," said old Magnus Bolt, "that this craft does a bit o' smuggling 'tween here and Shetland."

"And it is my precious opinion, my dear Magnus," said McBain, "that the rascal doesn't care what he does so long as he lands the cash."

The Arrandoon was now kept away for the island named by the honest fisherman. Not straight, however; McBain gave it a wide berth, and passed it far to the west, and held on his course until many miles to the southward. In the morning it was "bout ship" and stand away north and by east again. They sighted the island about seven bells in the morning watch. Suddenly there was a hail from the crow's-nest. It was the captain's voice.

"Come up here, Magnus Bolt, if your old bones will let you, and see what you shall see."

Magnus sprang up the rigging somewhat after the fashion of an antiquated monkey, but with an agility no one would have given him credit for.

"It is she!" he shouted, after he had had a look through the long glass in towards the iron-bound shores of the island; "it is she! it is she! Ha! ha! ha!" and he positively danced and chuckled with delight.

"You'll fight? you'll fight?" he gasped.

"Rather," replied McBain; "but we'll run first. She shall fire the first shot and, Magnus, you shall fire the second."

Half an hour afterwards, when our heroes came on deck to have their morning look around, they stared at each other in blank astonishment. The Arrandoon looked as if she had just come out of a tornado and had been dreadfully handled. The foretop-gallant mast was down, the jibboom in board, the screw was hoisted up, the funnel itself had been unshipped and was lashed to the deck, and the flag was flying at half-mast, as if the vessel were in distress, or had death on board.

Now let me, with one touch of the fairy wand the storyteller wields, waft my readers on board the pirate herself. Fear not, for we will stay there but a brief space of time indeed. The tall and by no means unprepossessing form of the captain, armed *cap-à-pic*, is leaning against the rudder-wheel, one spoke of which he holds. His mate is by his side, glass in hand, examining the Arrandoon, now only a few miles off.

"Ha! ha!" says the latter; "it is the same big craft we tried to strand; and she's had dirty weather too—foretop-gallant mast and jibboom both gone. She is flying a signal of distress."

"Distress? Eh? Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the pirate. "Isn't it funny? She'll have more of it; won't she, matie mine?"

The mate laughed and commenced to sing—

"Won't you walk into my parlour?"
Said the spider to the fly?"

"She's evidently a whaler, crow's-nest and all," he said.

"Well," said the captain, "we'll *w(h)ale* her;" and he laughed at his own stupid joke.

"I say there, old lantern-jaws," he bawled down the companion.

"I reckon," said a Yankee voice, "you alludes to this child."

"I do," cried the captain; "and look ye here. We are going to fight and so forth. If we're like to be bested, scupper the old man at once. D'ye hear?"

"Well, I guess I ain't deaf."

"Very well, then. Obey, or a short shrift yours will be."

"Why, captain," said the mate, "she knows us. She has put about, and is bearing away to the nor'-nor'-west."

"Then hands up-anehor," cried his superior. "Crowd all sail; she can't escape us in her crippled condition."

"Ah! captain," the mate remarked, "had you taken my advice and given that pretty but sly minx the sack, ere she gave you the ship, that whaler would have been ours before now."

"Silence," roared the captain. "On that subject I will not hear a word. She shall be mine yet—or her father dies."

With the exception of the few sentences bawled down the companion, all this was said in Danish, and my translation is a free one.

And so the chase commenced, and seawards before the pirate, in an apparently crippled condition, staggered the Arrandoon.

"How far do you intend to bring her out?" asked Allan.

"Ten miles clear of these islands, anyhow," replied McBain, "then she won't be able to play any pranks with us. Boys," continued McBain, a few minutes afterwards, "I'm going to write letters—home."

There was nothing very unusual in the tone of his voice as he spoke these words, but there was a meaning in them, nevertheless, that was perfectly understood by our young heroes. They were not long, then, before they were each and all of them seated by the saloon table, inditing, it might or might not be, the last communications to the loved ones at home they ever would pen. They were performing a duty—a sad one, perhaps, but still a duty; they were about to fight in a good cause, doubtless, but the result of the battle was uncertain. The Maelsturm, for that was the name of the pirate, was better—or rather, I should say, more copiously-manned than the Arrandoon, and though not so large a ship, she had more guns; her crew too fought with halbers round their necks, and would therefore doubtless fight to the bitter end. The only advantage—and it was a great one—possessed by the Arrandoon was steam-power. Hours went by, and the chase was still kept up. It was six bells in the forenoon watch, and the Maelsturm was hardly a mile astern. Our men had already had dinner, and were all in readiness—waiting, when, borne towards them over the wind-rippled waters from the pirate ship, came the quick, sharp rattle of a kettledrum. One roll, two rolls, three.

"At last," said McBain, "they are beating to quarters."

A puff of smoke from the bow of the pirate, the roar of a gun, and almost immediately after a round shot ricocheted past the quarter of the Arrandoon.

The battle was begun.

(To be continued.)

THROUGH THE DEEPEST CANON;

OR,

THE WILDEST OF THE WILD WEST.

(BASED ON THE NARRATIVE OF THE EXPLORER, MAJOR J. W. POWELL.)

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING,

Author of "A Saddle in the Wild West," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE explorers were now out of the granite, and though the river was still swift, they went some distance without getting into any more rapids. Delay had become dangerous to them. Their diet was limited to coffee and a mess of dried apples and flour, and even these articles were not abundant.

On August 25th they came to some monuments of lava, standing in the river. Going on three or four miles, they found these increasing in number. Great quantities of cooled lava and many cinder cones were on both sides, and beyond these an abrupt cataract was reached. Just over the fall, on the right wall, a cinder cone, or extinct volcano, with a well-defined crater, stood on the very brink of the cañon. From this volcano vast floods of lava had been poured into the river, and a stream of molten rock had run up and down the cañon. The whole north side, as far as they could see, was lined with the black basalt, and high up on the opposite walls were patches of the same material, which, resting on the benches, and filling old alcoves and caves, had a peculiar spotted appearance.

The cañon walls were steadily becoming higher as the explorers advanced, and the evidences of the volcanic eruptions above described were in view for ten days.

There were few signs that the tribes of Indians known to inhabit the plateaus on either side ever came down to the river; but one day an Indian garden was discovered at the foot of the wall to the right, where a little stream entered through a side cañon. Along the valley the Indians had planted maize, using the water which burst out in springs at the foot of the cliff for irrigation. The corn was looking well, but was not sufficiently ripe for eating. There were some nice green pumpkins, however, and ten or a dozen of these were taken on board the boats. Then, after running to a point where they felt secure from the Indians, the men prepared a mess, and though they had no salt to season them, the stolen pumpkins tasted like the most delicious fruit.

About eleven o'clock one morning they reached a place in the river which seemed much worse than any they had yet met with in all its course. A little creek came down from the left, and they landed on the right and clambered up over the granite pinnacles for a mile or two without seeing any way by which they could let down the boats. High above the river, they could walk along the top of the granite, which was broken off at the edge and set with crags and peaks.

In his eagerness to reach a point where they could see the roaring fall below, Major Powell went too far on the wall, and could neither advance nor retreat. He stood with one foot on a little projecting rock, and clung to the wall with one hand fixed in a little crevice. Finding himself caught here, suspended four hundred feet above the river, into which he would fall if his footing failed, he called for help. The men came and passed a line, but he could not let go of the rock long enough to take hold of it, and then they brought two or three of the largest oars. All this took time, which was very precious to him. The blade of one of the oars was pushed into a little crevice of the rock beyond him in such a manner that they could hold him pressed against the wall; then another was fixed in such a way that he could step on it, and thus he was extricated.

It is worthy of remark that this intrepid explorer, whom we have seen standing at the bow of his boats and guiding them over tempestuous

falls, rapids, and whirlpools, soaring among the crags of almost perpendicular cañon walls, and suspended by his fingers from the rocks four hundred feet above the river, IS A ONE-ARMED MAN!

Still another hour was devoted to examining the river from this side, but no good view was obtained, and the men returned to the side which was first examined, spending the afternoon in clambering among the rocks. They found that the lateral streams had washed boulders into the stream, so as to form a dam, over which the water made a broken fall of eighteen or twenty feet; and then there was a rapid, beset with rocks, for two or three hundred yards, while on the other side points of the wall projected into the river. There was a second fall below, how great they could not tell, and then another rapid filled with huge rocks, for one or two hundred yards. At the bottom of the latter, from the right wall, a great rock projected quite half way across the river. It had a sloping surface extending up stream, and the water, coming down with all the momentum gained by the falls and rapids above, rolled up this inclined plane many feet and tumbled over to the left. Major Powell decided that it was possible to let down the boats over the first fall, and then to run near the right cliff to a point just above the second fall, where they could pull out into a little passage, and, having run over that in safety, pull with all their power across the stream to avoid the great rock below.

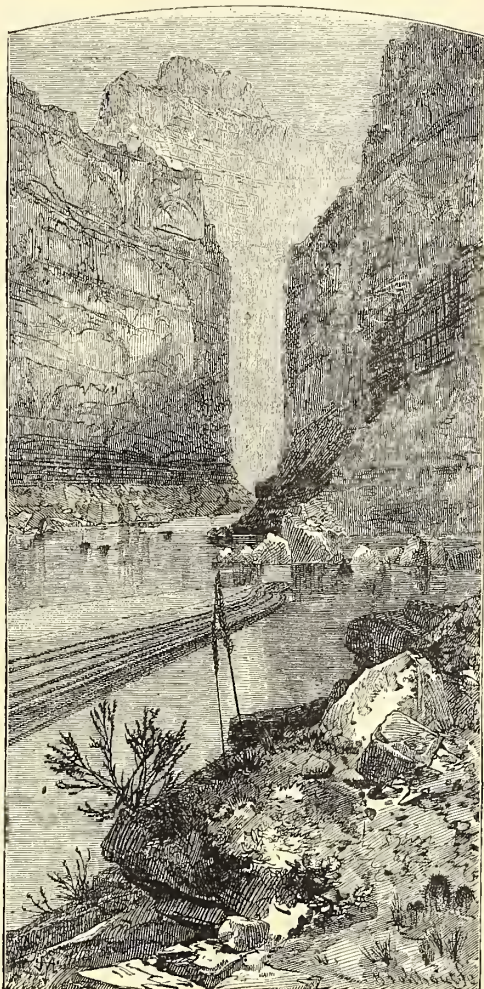
He announced to the men that they were to make the attempt in the morning.

But after supper Captain Howland asked to have a talk with him, and remonstrated against his determination to proceed.

Howland said that they had better abandon the river here, and that his brother, William Dunn, and himself would go no farther in the boats.

"For the last two days our course has not been plotted," the major wrote, after this interview. "I sit down and do this now, for the purpose of finding where we are by dead reckoning. It is a clear night, and I take out the sextant to make observation for latitude, and find that the astronomic determination agrees very nearly with that of the plot—quite as closely as might be expected from a meridian observation of a planet. In a direct line, we must be about forty-five miles from the Rio Virgen. If we can reach that point we know that there are settlements up that river about twenty miles. This forty-five miles in a direct line will probably be eighty or ninety in the meandering line of the river. But then there is open country for many miles above the mouth of the Virgen, which is our point of destination.

"As soon as I determine all this, I spread my plot on the sand and wake Howland, who is sleeping down by the river, and show him where I suppose we are, and where several Mormon settlements are situated. We have another short talk about the morrow, and he lies down again; but for me there is no sleep. All night long I pace up and down a little path on a few yards of sandbeach along by the river. Is it wise to go on? I go to the boats again and look at our rations. I feel satisfied that we can get over the danger immediately before us; what there may be below I know not. From our outlook yesterday on the cliffs, the cañon seemed to make another great bend to the south, and this, from our experience hitherto, means more and higher granite walls. I am not sure that we can climb out of the cañon here, and when at the top of the wall I know enough of the country to be certain that it is a desert of rock and sand between this and the nearest Mormon town, which, on the most direct line, must be seventy-five miles away. True, the latter rains have been favourable to us should we go out, for the probabilities are that we shall find water still standing in holes, and at one time I almost conclude to leave the river. But for years I have been contemplating this trip; to leave the exploration unfinished—to say that there is a part of the cañon which I cannot explore, having already almost accomplished it—is more than I am willing to acknowledge, and I determine to go on. I wake my brother and tell him of Howland's determination, and he promises to stay with me. Then I call up Hawkins, the cook, and he makes a like promise; then Sumner, and Bradley, and Hall, and they



"The Cañon Walls were steadily becoming higher."

all agree to go on."

At last daylight came, and they had breakfast without a word being said about the future. The meal was as solemn as a funeral. After breakfast, Major Powell asked the three men if they still thought it best to leave. The elder Howland said Yes, and Dunn agreed with him. The younger Howland tried to persuade them to go on with the party, failing in which, he decided to go with his brother.

The small boat was very much disabled and unseaworthy. With the loss of hands consequent on the departure of these three men, the others were not able to run all the boats, and they therefore decided to abandon the Emma Dean.

Two rifles and a shot-gun were given to the men who were leaving, and Major Powell told them to help themselves to the rations, and take what they thought to be a fair share. This they refused to do, saying that they had no fear but that they could get something to

eat, but Billy the cook had a pan of biscuits* prepared for dinner, and these he left on a rock. Before starting, Major Powell's division of the camp took their barometers, fossils, and minerals, and some ammunition from the boat, and left them on the rocks. They decided to go over the fall as light as possible. The three deserters helped to lift the boat over a rock twenty-five or thirty feet high, and then to let them down again over the first fall.

Now they were ready to start. The last thing Major Powell did was to write a letter to his wife and give it to Howland. Sumner gave Howland his watch, directing that it should be sent to his sister should he not be heard from again. The records of the expedition had been kept in duplicate. One set of these was also given to Howland.

For the last time Howland entreated the others not to go on, and told them that it was madness not to get out of the cañon at this place, that they could never get safely through it, and, further, that he felt sure the river turned again to the south into the granite, and that a few miles of such rapids and falls would exhaust their entire stock of rations, and that then it would be too late to climb out.

Some tears were shed. It was a solemn parting, and each company thought the other was taking the dangerous course.

Major Powell now went on board the Maid of the Cañon, and the three men remaining behind climbed a crag that overhung the river to watch the others off. The Maid of the Cañon was pushed out and glided rapidly along the foot of the wall, just grazing one great rock, and then pulling out a little into the rapids of the second fall, over which she plunged. The open compartment was filled when she struck the first wave below, but she cut through it, and then the men pulled with all their power towards the left wall and swung clear of the dangerous rock below. They were scarcely a minute in running it, and found that, although it looked bad from above, they had passed many places which were worse.

The other boat followed without more difficulty. They landed at the first practicable point below, and fired their guns as a signal to the men above that they had come over in safety. Here they remained a couple of hours, hoping Howland would take the small boat and follow, but he was obstinate, and was not seen again.

Then they had a succession of rapids and falls until noon, all of which were run in safety, though just after dinner another bad place appeared.

A little stream came in from the left, and below there was a fall, and still below another fall. Above the river fell over and among the rocks in whirlpools and great waves, and the waters were lashed into foam. They ran along the left above this, and soon saw that they could not get down on that side, but it seemed possible to let down on the right. They pulled up stream again for two or three hundred yards, and crossed. There was a bed of basalt on this northern side of the cañon, with a bold escarpment about a hundred feet high. They climbed it and walked along the summit to a point where they were just at the head of the fall. Here the basalt was broken down again, and the major directed the men to take a line to the top of the cliff and let the boats down along the wall.

As each boat was lowered one man remained in her to keep her clear of the rocks and prevent her line from being caught on the projecting angles. The major meanwhile climbed the cliff and passed along to a point just over the fall, where he found that there was no possibility of a portage.

Without waiting further to examine and determine what should be done, he hastened back to the top of the cliff to stop the boats from coming down. When he arrived he found that the men had let one of them down to the head of the fall. She was in swift water, and Bradley was standing in the open compartment,

* An American biscuit is something like a hot roll.

holding out his oar to prevent her from striking against the foot of the cliff. Now she shot out into the stream and up as far as the line would permit, and then, wheeling, she drove headlong against the rock, and then out and back again, now straining on the line, now striking against the rock.

As soon as the second line was brought the others passed it down to Bradley, but his attention was all taken up with his own situation, and he did not see that they were passing the line to him. The major stood on a projecting rock, waving his hat to gain Bradley's attention, for his voice was drowned by the roaring of the falls. Just at that moment Bradley took his knife from its sheath and stepped forward to cut the line. He had evidently decided that it was better to go over with the boat as it was than to wait for her to be broken to pieces. As he leaned over the boat sheered again into the stream; the sternpost broke away, and she was loose.

With perfect composure, Bradley seized the great scull-oar, placed it in the stern rowlock, and pulled with all his power to turn the bow of the boat down stream, for he wished to go bow down rather than to drift broadside on. One, two strokes he made, and a third just as she went over. The boat was fairly turned, and

she passed down almost beyond sight of the others, though they were more than a hundred feet above the river. Then she came up again, on a great wave, and down and up, then around behind some great rocks, and was lost in the foam below.

The men were frozen with fear, and it seemed that Bradley was lost. But at last, away below, his companions saw something coming out of the waves. It was the boat. A moment more and Bradley was seen standing on deck, swinging his hat to show that he was all right. But he was in a whirlpool. Major Powell directed Sumner and Powell to pass along the cliff, and try to reach him from below. Rhodes, Hall, and the major then ran to the other boat, jumped aboard, pushed out, and let go over the falls. A wave rolled over them, and the boat became unmanageable. Another great wave struck her, and she capsized.

All that those in her remember after this was when they found the plucky Bradley picking them up.

The next day, August 29th, they emerged from the grand cañon, every waking hour in which had been one of toil. Now the danger was over the toil had ceased; the gloom had disappeared. They were nearly at the end of their journey.

On August 30th they passed through two or three low cañons, and in one of the valleys they discovered a family of Indians, who timidly scampered away to hide among the rocks when they approached. Major Powell reassured them, however, and made overtures of friendship to them. They were without lodges, but had built some little shelters of boughs. The man was dressed in a hat; the woman in a string of beads. At first they evidently were much terrified, but when spoken to in their own language they took courage, and begged for tobacco. Sumner looked around in the boat for something to give them, and found a little piece of coloured soap, which they received as a valuable present, rather as a thing of beauty than as a useful commodity. They were either unwilling or unable to tell anything about the Indians or white people, and so the explorers left them.

Very soon now the latter were within the limits of civilisation, but what had become of Howland and his companions? Were they still wandering in the depths of the cañon, unable to find a way out? or were they searching the desert lands above for water? It was a long time before their fate became known.

(To be continued.)



OUR NOTE BOOK.

A Story of a Shipwreck.



CONTRIBUTOR of ours, whose name will be familiar to all readers, writes as follows:—

DEAR SIR,—I venture to think you may deem the following story of shipwreck and peril, as told in a letter dated the 12th inst., from a boy of fifteen to his mother, worthy of insertion:—

"I am shipwrecked off Cape Roca, in Portugal. We struck on a rock about one-and-a-half mile from the land, then we lanchered the lifeboat, and seventeen men and myself got into it, all naked, out of bed, at twelve o'clock midnight. The rest did not have time to get in, as the ship sank in eight minutes after her striking the rock, and not a particle could be seen of her. As the ship was sinking it dragged the boat that we was in under water with it and capsized it, throwing the seventeen men and myself into the sea, when six men and myself managed to get into the boat again, but the boat was full up with water, but being the lifeboat and lined with cork it floated, and there we was for seven and-a-half hours, from twelve o'clock midnight till half-past seven in the morning, in a boat full of water, in the open sea and every wave passing over us. Then it was daylight and we made for the land, and as we was close to the breakers making for the land, one man was washed away, leaving five men and myself in the boat. And then we got to the shore and the boat stuck in the sand, and then another man died from exhaustion, leaving four and myself. And then the five of us, half dead, managed to walk on the sand to the dry land with water to our waists, and we are now under the charge of the British Consul at Lisbon, and shall be sent home on Saturday to London. I will tell you the rest when I come home. There was twenty-one lives lost and five saved. I am saved, thank God.

"From your loving son,

"CHARLES FELLOWS."

The vessel was the steamship *Corsica*, outward bound for Bombay. Charles Fellows is one of the many thousand boys trained by the Marine Society, and he learnt to swim (to which, under Providence, he owes his life) while on board the *Warspite*. He had once before been shipwrecked—on Christmas Day last—having then been only one month afloat; but, nothing daunted, he returned to the charge, and went off again to sea.

S. WHITCHURCH SADLER,

Paymaster-in-Chief, R.N.

Marine Society's Office,

54½, Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.,

October 19.

Saved by a Hyæna.



THE hyæna, of all the animals that we see at the Zoological Gardens, is perhaps the most repulsive and unpopular. With his awkward shape, shuffling gait, and hideous grin, he is the very ideal of ugliness, and his habits in the wild state do not belie his looks. Being a carrion feeder and prowling about at night, having also enormous power in his broad chest and strong front legs, he digs dead bodies out of their graves, when unprotected by heavy stones heaped over them, or when the sepulchre is not hewn in the rocks. On this account, and from his offensive habits generally, the hyæna is detested in every country, and especially in Palestine, where he is still commonly found.

We confess to having looked at the hyæna with greater interest since reading the following

remarkable instance of providential deliverance, due to the horror with which the animal is regarded, even by the roughest men of the East.

When Mr. Gobat, afterwards Bishop of Jerusalem, was in earlier life a missionary among the Druses of the Lebanon range of mountains, a Druse chief, whose influence it was important to secure, sent a message entreating Mr. Gobat to visit him. He was, however, unable to do so in consequence of indisposition. A second messenger repeated the invitation, but still, contrary to Mr. Gobat's expectation, he was prevented from complying with the chief's wishes. A third messenger prevailed on him to set out, by the assurance that if he went at once he might spend the night with the chief, and be ready to return in the morning, so as to join a ship about to sail for Malta, in which Mr. Gobat was anxious to embark.

On their journey the guides lost themselves in the mountain paths. Having at last, with some difficulty, regained their route, they suddenly saw by the light of the moon that a hyæna had laid itself down across the path exactly in their way. They threw stones to frighten it, when the animal sprang up and ran along the path which the party were to travel. A superstition is prevalent among the Druses, that "the way a hyæna goes is an unlucky one." The natives refused, accordingly, to go farther, and Mr. Gobat had to retrace his steps, greatly perplexed at the obstacles which had hindered a journey apparently of so much consequence to his mission.

Long after, when in Malta, he received a letter from a friend in Lebanon, stating that he had been visited by the chief, who, with much agitation, had spoken to him as follows:—"Your friend is truly a servant of God, and God has preserved him; for I wished to draw him to my village in order to murder him. Therefore I sent message after message to him; but God has delivered him from the hand of his enemies."

It was very lucky, some would say, that this hyæna was in the way, but the good missionary saw in the incident the hand of Divine Providence, and gave heartfelt thanks for so remarkable a deliverance.

THE TWO CABIN-BOYS:

A STORY OF ADVENTURE BY LAND AND SEA.

By LOUIS ROUSSELET.

CHAPTER IX.—THE SIGNAL ON CAPE BOJADOR.

IF Daniel had been surprised when he saw the Jackson cast anchor off a desert coast, his astonishment became stupefaction when on the morrow he heard the captain announce that the ship had reached the end of her voyage. The crew, however, seemed quite satisfied. The boats were launched loaded with provisions, and all went ashore with the exception of a few sailors, who stayed behind on guard. Daniel went with Captain Goulard, he having taken him into his personal service.

The boats crossed the shallow bay, and reached a beach of level sand, commanded by a cordon of rounded dunes. Cape Bojador, forming the horn of the crescent, ran boldly out to sea, and lifted its bare and sandy head about twenty yards away from the other sand-hills.

It would be difficult to imagine a place more desolate, more mournful, or more deserted, than this part of the African coast, where the vast ocean washes with its blue waters the tawny waves of the huge sand-sea of the Sahara, and yet leaves them lifeless. Near the borders of the bay, on the flanks of the small hills, there certainly grew a few tall, dense clumps of esparto grass, a plant of some value, but with a peculiarly forbidding look about its long, light blades of silver-grey. Beyond these, however, all vegetation ends; as far as you can see towards the east there is nothing but sand; and not a habitation, not a creature, was visible to the visitors.

As soon as they had landed, the men were set to work. While some mounted the sides of Cape Bojador, and hastily pitched a couple of tents there, the others, in greater numbers, dispersed towards the sand-dunes, and, armed with their cutlasses, vigorously attacked the clumps of esparto. The stems were gathered in a heap, and piled up at the summit of the Cape, and then the captain came and himself set light to the bonfire. The flames were soon leaping up and crackling, and giving forth a thick column of smoke, which shot up like a white plume, and then, at an immense height, spread out into an enormous cloud.

While, under the command of the mate, the sailors were cutting fresh esparto to keep the fire going, the captain anxiously scanned the horizon with his glass.

What could it all mean? What was this fire lighted for on a desert coast? If they were running away from Confederate cruisers, was there not a great deal of danger lest this signal should be seen by them? Daniel did not know what to think; his face betrayed such profound astonishment, that the captain, seeing him motionless near him, could not restrain a smile.

"I am afraid we shall have to wait here some time," he muttered, putting down his glass and turning towards Daniel.

"Listen, my lad," he said, "it is time you should know why we have come here. In spite of my wish, it was impossible for me to tell you anything at Certe or even during the voyage. I did not care to risk a noble cause by a possible indiscretion on your part. I took you on board because I wanted you, and because I saw by your

face that you were a resolute lad, who was in search of adventure. Was I mistaken?"

"I don't know, captain. I never was a coward, and I should not be a sailor's son if I did not like an adventurous life. But—"

"Yes, I see what you are going to say," continued the captain; "you would like to know a little more about the business. That is coming. Here it is. Doubtless you have heard speak of the war which has now been raging for two years in North America?"

"Very vaguely, captain. I remember my father has occasionally told us what he had read about it in the newspapers."

"Well," continued Captain Goulard, "the Northern States desired to abolish slavery. The measure was a very wise one, and for my part I am not opposed to its adoption under reasonable circumstances; but if the measure had been carried into effect immediately, as was proposed, it would have ruined the Southern States, whose rich, fertile soil can, I believe, only be tilled by negroes. My native state, Louisiana, with Georgia, Florida, and Virginia—the whole of the South, in fact—have revolted against the proceedings of the Yankees, who have now even raised our slaves against us. Our homes, our farms, have been pillaged and burnt; we have been compelled to take up arms to defend our independence and our lives. Unable thus far to crush us on the battle-field, the Yankees resolved to annihilate our trade; they blockaded our ports and captured our ships. Our president, remembering what France had to do when she was blockaded by the English, called to mind the deeds of Jean Bart, and Surcouf, and the many others who so gallantly fought for their homes. He appealed to the boldest of us, and has now sent forth on every sea a few daring privateers, who will everywhere pursue the ships of the Northern merchants, and strike the Yankees where they are most susceptible. I applied for and have obtained the honour of being of use to my country. Leaving Richmond, I ran the blockade, and I bought in England a fine fast steamer. I armed it, manned it, and I was about to sail; but the English police were watching me, and just as I was going to embark I was stopped with a part of my crew. Fortunately my ship, commanded by a trusty friend, had got my instructions, and had been able to clear off. After a good many difficulties, I managed to get away. Followed by my men, I succeeded in crossing to France. At Certe I bought this little brigantine without awaking any suspicions, and I have come here to this deserted corner of the Sahara, where my ship will come to look for us."

"Then, captain," said Daniel, "the Jackson will go no farther?"

"My ship is that Atlanta of which you have already heard, for it appears that my second, Captain Evans, has not lost any time. I will pay him out for it. So, my boy, you know that your master is Commodore Goulard, and that you are a cabin-boy on board the Atlanta, whether you like it or no. Would you not rather be on a smart man-of-war than living like a grocer's boy on board some petty trader?"

"It is rather late to ask me," answered the lad, frankly, "but—"

"No buts for me," said Captain Goulard, sharply; "if you don't like it, I will put you ashore at the first port we stop at. That's all."

"That is not what I was going to say. I am glad to serve under you, for you have been very kind to me; but you promised to take me to Australia."

"Oh yes! That's your hobby!" said he, laughing. "We shall go to Australia, I promise you. As soon as we have swept the Atlantic we shall go round into the Indian Ocean to see if there are any Yankee ships there. And now let us look if the Atlanta is not in sight. It is not the fault of Captain Evans, for you know I could not make an appointment to the minute."

An hour afterwards, though Daniel came to the conclusion that he had been decidedly kidnapped, he had again settled down to his work, and was showing himself as anxious as the rest of the crew for the arrival of the famous Atlanta, and he had no knowledge of the real facts of the dispute between North and South, as we now have.

During the whole day the fire, kept going by the sailors, sent up its plume and cloud of smoke, which as night fell were changed into columns of flaming red. Placed on the hill, the signal could be seen for miles, not only across the ocean, but across the Sahara. If it escaped the look-out of the Atlanta, it did not escape the attention of the wandering tribes of the desert.

This district of the Sahara is peopled, or rather overrun, by the Moorish tribes, which wander in small bodies between Morocco and the Senegal. For these miserable, cruel, fanatic Moors, the ships which storms cast on to the coast are a welcome prey. At the first sign of a disaster the robbers swoop down on the shipwrecked sailors, pillage them, and leave them to die of hunger and thirst on the burning sands, or else drag them off into slavery, and sell them in the markets of Adria or Timbuctoo.

As soon as the column of fire had been perceived by a horseman of the tribe of Ouled-bou-Seba, he hurried off with the news to one of the clans encamped a few leagues from the cape. The Moors, expecting a shipwreck, came down in a body to the coast.

Commodore Goulard had passed the night on the cape with his men, and although he did not fear an attack on the land side, he had posted a guard before the camp.

The first gleam of daylight disclosed to one of the sentinels a number of human forms wandering on the beach and round the cape. The sailor ran to warn the captain, who at once perceived that a large party of Moors had established themselves on the borders of the bay. At the approach of the robbers, the boats had retreated to the Jackson, and its communications with the crew were thus cut off.

At a first glance Captain Goulard saw the critical position in which he was placed. The sailors had armed, and were already round him eager for the fray; but it was obvious that the little band would have some difficulty in cutting their way through the Moors, who were much more numerous, and all of whom carried firearms. On the other hand, the Moors seemed considerably astonished. They had hurried on to pillage a disabled ship, and they looked aghast at the Jackson, moored in an excellent position, and with a crew very different from the handful of wearied men they had expected to find.

And so each side hesitated. Captain Goulard was the first to come to a de-

cision. Ranging his men in line on the crest of the hill, he ordered them to keep in readiness to protect him, while he went to parley with the natives. Accompanied only by Daniel, he stepped towards the enemy, and waved a white handkerchief.

His approach seemed to excite a good deal of commotion amongst the Moors, whose shouts and imprecations indicated that they could not agree as to the reception they should give the commodore. At length the party of conciliation seemed to have gained the day, for two men came away from the rest and walked towards the officer.

Of these two, one was an old man with a long white beard, finely cut face, and of venerable aspect, but, like all the Moors, of a cunning, hypocritical expression. He was clothed in a big white burnous, tied to his head by a cord of camel's-hair, and showing beneath its folds the large red trousers of a Zouave.

His companion, a thick-lipped Berber, almost a negro, was a powerful young fellow, with fierce rolling eyes. Covered with rags, he was haughtily leaning on his damascened gun. Obviously these were two personages of importance, probably chiefs of Ouled-bou-Seba.

In nearing the captain the old man majestically bowed, and gave the Arab salute, "Salam Aleikoum," to which he added in French of excellent purity,

"Are you Frenchmen?"

"Yes," replied the captain, without hesitation.

"I have been in Algiers," said the Moor, "and I know the French. I am Ali-ben-Mansour, the cadi of Ouled-bou-Seba. What are you doing in my territory?"

"What does it matter?" said the captain. "Arrived to-day, we shall be gone to-morrow, our presence cannot annoy you very much. If you know the French you know that they are the friends of the Arabs, but that they do not allow themselves to be molested. Tell your people who we are, and order them to retire."

"I cannot," replied the cadi. "According to an old law of this country every ship which touches this shore is the property of Ouled-bou-Seba. Your ship is ours; if you wish to keep it you must pay us a ransom."

The captain was about to reply to the cadi in a way that his impudent proposition deserved, but a thought crossed his mind, and he continued,

"In all my voyages I have respected the laws of the countries I have visited, and I am ready to do what you ask. I have no more use for the ship you see in the bay, for I am waiting for another which is coming here in search of me. I agree to hand over the brigantine to your men, but on condition that you will allow us to take out of her everything we require."

"I will communicate your offers to my comrade, Bou-Sliman Agha of Rach," and the old man translated the captain's offer into Arabic for the benefit of his companion.

"The man is a coward," said the Agha.

"Or perhaps a traitor," replied the cadi.

"But leave me alone; has not the prophet said, 'The folly of the believer is more sensible than the wisdom of the infidel'?" and turning towards the commodore he continued, "Bou-Sliman accepts. Return to your people. We will allow you to pass, trusting on what you have pledged yourself to."

Captain Goulard and the cabin-boy regained the post on the cape. It was best

to profit by the favourable disposition of the Moors and to take refuge on the Jackson, where they would be in greater security, to wait the arrival of the Atlanta. The commodore collected his men, enjoined the greatest prudence, and ordered them to use their arms only at the last extremity. The fire received a few more bundles of esparto, which gave it renewed vigour, and then the little troop abandoned the encampment and took the road to the beach.

At the approach of the sailors the Moors moved away from the shore, and stood massed together at the foot of the dunes. They uttered a chorus of savage shouts as the crew defiled before them, but not a gun was levelled, not a sign of hostility was perceptible.

The commodore, reassured by this attitude, hailed the boats, which pulled off from the Jackson towards the shore. As they approached the sailors broke their ranks and prepared to embark, when a formidable volley from the Moors threw them into confusion, and killed and wounded a few. In a moment the little band was surrounded by the savages, and a terrible struggle followed. The sailors dropped their rifles and took to their cutlasses, and fought hand to hand with the Moors. Captain Goulard drew his revolver, and cleared a wide space round him.

In spite of the overwhelming number of their antagonists, the sailors had the best of it. Already the Moors were making off, when the black Bou-Sliman, covered with blood, threw himself on Daniel, and, clasp ing him in his arms, picked him up from the ground in his powerful embrace, and tried to run off with him. But Penguin heard the young Frenchman's shout, and, armed only with his sailor's knife, rushed after the Moor and drove it into his loins. The giant dropped his prey and staggered to the ground, while the Canadian raised Daniel, who was senseless, and dragged him back among the crew.

As he was doing so a violent explosion shook the sand-hills. A splendid steamer glided into the bay, and boats full of armed men were seen rapidly nearing the shore.

At the sight of this unexpected reinforcement the Moors took to flight, and disappeared behind the dunes.

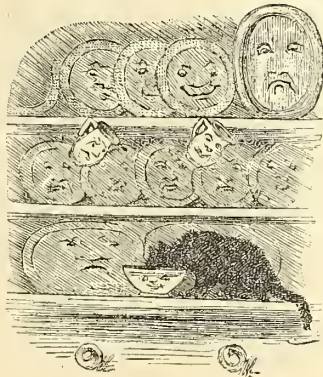
"The Atlanta, my lads!" exclaimed Commodore Goulard.

"Hurrah for the Atlanta!" cheered the sailors, all together.

The first boat touched the beach. An officer jumped out and ran up to the skipper of the Jackson, who shook hands with him and merely said,

"You have kept your appointment well, Captain Evans!"

(To be continued.)



THE ILL-USED BOY;

OR, LAWRENCE HARTLEY'S GRIEVANCES.

BY MRS. EILOART,

Author of "Jack and John," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—HOW THE "BABES" BROUGHT FRESH TROUBLES.

LAWRENCE walked sulkily along, not vouchsafing a word to Robert, who, on his part, was anxiously looking about for the mother of the children. They came across several parties of merrymakers, mostly working people from the East End who had come out for the day, and the little ones peered about for their mother, but without success. Some of the people made themselves merry at the expense of the boys. They did look rather an odd party. Bob's clothes still bore signs of his fall, and the scratch on his face did not improve his beauty. The little ones elung to him as if he were their father, looking up to him and asking him if he thought they should "see mother soon," and Lawrence slouched along behind, looking and feeling more ill-used than ever.

Some of the women eyed the group pitifully, and one offered Lawrence a penny, evidently thinking they were very badly off indeed. He turned away scornfully, but soon after a man told him he was "down on his luck," and another asked if they were looking out for the Union.

"Oh! dolet us be quick and get to High Beech," cried Lawrence, presently. "I am sure I can get a room there, and then you hurry home and get a trap for me."

It did not occur to Lawrence that from High Beech, Clapton was rather a long way off for anybody to hurry to. As to Robert, he did not mind a mile or two extra so long as he found the mother of the children.



They asked one and another to direct them, and at last, when they were getting near, they caught sight, through the trees, of a number of people, and the eldest child said.

"I'm sure I heard mother!"

There was a thick growth of underwood and bushes, so that they could not see who the people were distinctly, but they heard a woman's voice asking eagerly if any one had seen two dear children who had strayed away in the Forest. Then the little ones pulled Robert's hand eagerly, but stopped short presently.

"Will mother spank us?" asked the eldest, gravely.

"You haven't been naughty," said Robert; "why should she?"

"She told us to stay where we was, and not to move, while she went to speak to Mr. Tebbs, and we thought we see'd blackberries a little way off, and they seemed to be further and further, but we only went a *very* little way; but we shall be spanked."

Then they both began to cry, as if with a view of moving their mother's heart as soon as she saw them; but her voice was no longer heard, but plenty of others instead. People were talking of making a fire, and some seemed busy collecting sticks. There was a great deal of laughter and chatter, and Robert thought that he heard one or two female voices consoling the bereaved mother.

"Come along," he said to the little ones, "your mother won't punish you; she'll be too pleased to see you for that, and you'll mind what she tells you next time."

"Yes, let's get rid of the little wretches," said Lawrence. "They're a nice low lot in there. Just hear how they're laughing. They're the regular sort—Whitechapel roughs and costermongers. I wonder whatever made Carr's friends pitch on the Forest for their picnic. There's always such a lot of riff-raff coming here."

"Will you stay here while I take the young ones to their mother?" asked Robert, thinking his cousin might not care to face the crowd.

Lawrence answered, haughtily,

"They're only a pack of cads. You can tell that by the very sound of their voices, and if I let you go in alone you'll be half an hour persuading that woman not to give her brats a whipping. I only hope she will. That will teach them not to pester people by running away again."

They went forward, Robert still leading the children by the hand, and Lawrence behind, and they found themselves in a crowd of well-dressed people, certainly neither "roughs" nor "cads." Some of them were lighting a fire, that the kettle



might boil for tea. One young lady was sketching the group in general, and scolding them because they would keep moving and changing places. This young lady was rather æsthetic—she had on a peculiar-coloured green dress, an elaborate silver girdle, and two lilies in a very faded state by the

"What a delicious group of beggars! They're just what I wanted. Bring them up, some one, and put them in the foreground. That tall boy without a jacket might pass for an Italian lazzarone. Please make him sit down, with his arm folded tenderly over one of the little ones; let the other seem tired out and rest its head in his lap. Be quiet, and I shall have time to sketch them in while you're boiling the kettle for tea."

There were two or three gentlemen round this young lady, who was not only æsthetic but pretty, and one of them stepped forward and said to Lawrence,

"Just throw yourself on the grass, my lad, put your arm round this little one, and let the other rest its head on your lap, as that young lady wishes. She is making a sketch, and wishes to put you in it. If you keep quite quiet I'll give you a shilling, and your little brother and sister sixpence apiece."

The children began to cry louder than ever. Their mother was at a distance, talking eagerly to some ladies about her precious children who had strayed away, so that they did not see her nor she them; but not even that promise of sixpence apiece would comfort them when they heard Lawrence spoken of as their brother, and were told they were to keep quiet with him for company. As for Lawrence, words fail me, as the novelists say, to describe his indignation. These wretched children his brother and sister!—he to be spoken to as "my lad," and promised a shilling if he would lie down on the grass to be painted!

"I—I—never was so insulted in my life," he said, presently, turning pale with anger.

"I hope I've not made a mistake," said the gentleman, in a little confusion; then he glanced over the children and Lawrence with a little surprise, and said, "I'm sorry if I've offended you, but I thought you might be glad to earn a shilling."

Just then the children caught sight of their mother, and they each cried louder than ever. She came running up, and there was kissing and a little crying on her part, then some rather sharp questioning as to how they came to be lost.

"We've been with that boy," said the eldest.

Then the mother, who was heated, flushed, and half beside herself, first with the anxiety she had had about her children, and then with the joy of finding them, seeing what a very peculiar figure Lawrence made, and thinking they meant him, attacked him rather sharply.

"Took them away for the sake of their clothes, I suppose, you wicked little rascal! As if I dressed them this morning in their Sunday best for that! Have you got all on, dears?"

She turned them round and round and examined them sharply. By this time quite a number of people had gathered round; even the æsthetic young lady had joined the group, but the good woman was too much occupied with her children to pay much attention to any one else. Bob came forward.

"You're quite mistaken, ma'am. I found the little ones crying for you, and we've been more than an hour hunting for you. And here's something to buy a doll for the girl and a ball for the boy, and, please, they say they'll never run away again if only you won't spank them this time."

He spoke with perfect simplicity and good faith, giving her a shilling as he

spoke; but his very fatherly manner, and the earnest way in which he deprecated the



"spanking" of the little ones, were too much for other people's gravity, and there was a general burst of laughter, in which some voices, strangely, horribly, terribly familiar to Lawrence, joined. He looked around him fearfully. Had he indeed stumbled on the very people whom, of all others, in his present plight, he most wished to avoid? And indeed he had.

The truth was, the picnic party had got tired of Chingford. They admired the views, went over the old ruined church, and had their dinner on the grass. Reginald and Ralph Carr had long before dinner-time given up all thoughts of seeing Lawrence or Robert. So had Ted. "Something's up," said the latter, philosophically. "They've had a spill. I know Hartley's long been wanting to have the handling of that mare, and now I suppose he's made Dick give it him. I wonder what his uncle will say."

Then it had been suggested they should drive to High Beech, look at the trees, and wander a little in the immediate neighbourhood of the inn at the height, leave their servants to put up the carriages, and stroll on to some quieter place, farther away from the general resting-ground, and have tea.

This had all been agreed to; this had all been acted on; and the result was not a



particularly fortunate one for Lawrence.

"I say, Hartley, how ever did you get into such a mess?"

It was Ralph Carr who spoke, and it was Mr. Carr, a portly gentleman, who, glancing at Lawrence, turned to his son with an air of surprise, and said, "One of your friends?"

This was too much for Lawrence. The wretched, crestfallen boy dashed away, and was lost amidst the trees and underwood which grew thick and dense around.

(To be continued.)

THE

FIFTH FORM AT ST. DOMINIC'S:

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

By THE AUTHOR OF

"The Adventures of a Three Guinea Watch," etc.

CHAPTER IX.—A ROD IN PICKLE.

LOMAN, who had arrived at the same conclusion respecting Oliver's bravery as the majority in the Fifth, did not allow his conscience to trouble him as to his share of the morning's business. He never had liked Oliver, and lately especially he had come to dislike him. He was therefore glad to have made him smart; and now, since the blunder in the cricket match, he felt greatly inclined to repeat the blow, particularly as there did not seem much to fear if he did so.

He was quick, too, to see that Oliver had lost favour with his comrades, and had no hesitation in availing himself of every opportunity of widening the breach. He affected to be sorry for the poor fellow, and to feel that he had been too hard on him, and so on, in a manner which, while it offended the Fifth, as applied to one of their set, exasperated them all the more against Oliver. And so matters went on, getting more and more unsatisfactory.

Loman, however, had other things to think of than his rival's cowardice, and foremost among these was his new fishing-rod—or, rather, the rod which he coveted for his own. Until the day after the Alphabet Match he had not even had time

to examine his treasure. Three pounds ten was an appalling figure to pay for a rod; "but then," thought Loman, "if it's really a good one, and worth half as much again, it would be a pity to miss such a bargain;" and every one knew the Crippses, father and son, were authorities on all matters pertaining to the piscatorial art. Loman, too, was never badly off for pocket-money, and could easily raise the amount, he felt sure, when he represented the case at home. So he took the rod out of its canvas bag, and began to put it together.

Now, a boy's study is hardly the place in which to flourish a fishing-rod, and Loman found that with the butt down in one bottom corner of the room, the top joint would have to be put on up in the opposite top corner. When this complicated operation was over, there was no room to

move it from its position, still less to judge of its weight and spring, or attach the winch and line. Happy thought! the window! He would have any amount of scope there. So, taking it to pieces, and putting it together again in this new direction, he had the satisfaction of testing it at its full length. He was pleased with the rod, on the whole. He attached the line, with a fly at the end, in order to give it a thorough trial, and gave a scientific "cast" into an imaginary pool. It was a splendid rod, just right for him; how he wished he was up above Gusset Weir at that moment! Why, he could—

Here he attempted to draw up the rod. There was an ugly tug and a crack as he did so, and he found, to his disgust, that the hook, having nothing else to catch, had caught the ivy on the wall, and what



was worse, that the top joint of the rod had either snapped or cracked in its inability to bring this weighty catch to shore. It was a long time before Loman was able to disengage his line, and bring the rod in again at the window. The top joint was cracked. It looked all right as he held it, but when he tried to bend it it had lost its spring, and the crack showed only too plainly. Another misfortune still was in store. The reel in winding up suddenly stuck. Loman, fancying it had only caught temporarily, tried to force it, and in so doing the spring broke, and the handle turned uselessly round and round in his hand. This was a streak of bad luck,

"It had caught in the ivy."

and no mistake! The rod was not his, and what was worse, it was (so Cripps said) a rod of extraordinary excellence and value. Loman had his doubts now about this. A first-rate top-piece would bend nearly double and then not break, and a reel that broke at the least pressure could hardly be of the best kind. Still Cripps thought a lot of it, and Loman had undoubtedly himself alone to blame for the accidents which had occurred. As it was, the rod was now useless. He knew there was no place in Maltby where he could get it repaired, and it was hardly to be expected that Cripps would take it back.

What was to be done? Either he must pay £3 10s. for a rod of no value, or—

He slowly took the rod to pieces and put it back into the canvas bag. The top joint after all did not look amiss; and, yes, there was a *little* bit of elasticity in it. Perhaps the crack was only his fancy; or perhaps the crack was there when he got it. As to the reel, it looked as if it *ought* to work, and perhaps it would, if he only knew the way. Ah! Suppose he just sent the rod back to Cripps with a message that he found he did not require it? He would not say he had not used it, but if Cripps chose to imagine he received it back just as he had sent it, well, what harm? Cripps would be sure to sell it to some one else, or else put it by (he had said he possessed a rod of his own). If he, Loman, had felt quite certain that he had damaged the rod himself, of course he would not think of such a thing; but he was not at all certain the thing was not defective to begin with. In any case it was an inferior rod, that he had no doubt about, and Cripps was not acting honestly by trying to pass it off on him as one of the best make. Yes, it would serve Cripps right, and be a lesson to him, and he was sure, yes, quite sure now, it had been damaged to begin with.

And so the boy argued with himself and coquetted with the tempter. Before the afternoon was over he felt (as he imagined) quite comfortable in his own mind over the affair. The rod was tied up again in its bag exactly as it had been before, and only wanted an opportunity to be returned to Mr. Cripps.

After that Loman settled down to an evening's study. But things were against him again. Comfortable as his conscience was, that top joint would not let him alone. It seemed to get into his hand in place of the pen, and to point out the words in the lexicon in place of his finger. He tried not to mind it, but it annoyed him, and, what was worse, interfered with his work. So, shutting up his books, and imagining a change of air might be beneficial, he went off to Callonby's study, there to gossip for an hour or two, and finally rid himself of his tormentor.

Stephen, meanwhile, had had Mr. Cripps on his mind too, for that afternoon his bat had come home. It was addressed to "Mr. Greenfield, St. Dominic's," and of course taken to Oliver, who wondered much to receive a small size cricket-bat in a parcel. Master Paul, however, who was in attendance, was able to clear up the mystery.

"Oh! that's your young brother's, I expect; he said he had got a bat coming."

"All I can say is, he must be more flush of cash than I am, to go in for a thing like this. Send him here, Paul."

So Paul vanished, and presently Stephen put in an appearance, blushing, and anxious-looking.

"Is this yours?" asked the elder brother.

"Yes; did Mr. Cripps send it?"

"Mr. Cripps, the lock-keeper?"

"No, his son. He said he would get it for me. I say, is that a good bat, Oliver?"

"Nothing out of the way. But, I say, young 'un, how much have you given for it?"

"Not anything yet. Mr. Cripps said I could pay in June, when I get my next pocket-money."

"What on earth has he to do with when you get your pocket-money?" demanded Oliver. "Who is this young Cripps? He's a cad, isn't he?"

"He seemed a very nice man," said Stephen.

"Well, look here! the less you have to do with men like him the better. What is the price of the bat?"

"I don't know; it's one Mr. Cripps had himself when he was a boy. He says it's a beauty! I say, it looks as good as new, Oliver."

"You young muff!" said the elder brother; "I expect the fellow's swindling you. Find out what he wants for it at once and pay him; I'm not going to let you run into debt."

"But I can't; I've only two shillings left," said Stephen, dejectedly.

"Why, whatever have you done with the five shillings you had last week?"

Stephen blushed, and then faltered, "I spent sixpence on stamps and sixpence on—on brandy-balls!"

"I thought so. And what did you do with the rest?"

"Oh! I—I—that is—I—gave them away."

"Gave them away! Who to—to Bramble?"

"No," said Stephen, laughing at the idea, "I gave them to a poor old man!"

"Where?—when? Upon my word, Stephen, you *are* a jackass—who to?"

And then Stephen confessed, and the elder brother rated him soundly for his folly, till the little fellow felt quite miserable and ashamed of himself. In the end, Oliver insisted on Stephen finding out at once what the price of the bat was, and promised he would lend his brother the money for it. In return for this, Stephen promised to make no more purchases of this kind without first consulting Oliver, and at this juncture Wraysford turned up, and Stephen beat a retreat with his bat over his shoulder.

The two friends had not been alone together since the *fracas* in the Fifth two days before, and both now appeared glad of an opportunity of talking over that and subsequent events.

"I suppose you know a lot of the fellows are very sore at you for not thrashing Loman?" said Wraysford.

"I guessed they would be. Are you riled too, Wray?"

"Not I! I know what I should have done myself, but I suppose you know your own business best."

"I was greatly tempted to let out," said Oliver, "but the fact is—I know you'll jeer, Wray—the fact is, I've been trying feebly to turn over a new leaf this term."

Wraysford said "Oh!" and looked uncomfortable.

"And one of the things I wanted to keep out of was losing my temper, which you know is not a good one."

"Not at all," said Wraysford, meaning quite the opposite to what he said.

"Well, if you'll believe me, I've lost my temper oftener in trying to keep this resolution than I ever remember to have done

before. But on Friday it came over me just as I was going to thrash Loman. That's why I didn't."

Wraysford looked greatly relieved when this confession was over. "You are a rum fellow, Noll," said he, after a pause, "and of course it is all right, but the fellows don't know your reason, and think you showed the white feather."

"Let them think!" shouted Oliver, in a voice so loud and angry that Master Paul came to the door and asked what he wanted.

"What do I care what they think?" continued Oliver, forgetting all about his temper; "they can think what they like, but they had better let me alone. I'd like to knock all their heads together! so I would!"

"Steady, old man!" said Wraysford, good-humouredly; "I quite agree with you. But I say, Noll, I think it's a pity you don't put yourself right with them and the school generally, somehow. Everybody heard Loman call you a fool yesterday, and you know our fellows are so clammy that they think, for the credit of the Fifth, something ought to be done."

"Let them send Braddy to thrash him, then; I don't intend to fight to please them!"

"Oh! that's all right. And if they all knew what you've told me they would understand it; but as it is, they don't."

"They'll find out some day, most likely," growled Oliver; "I'm not going to bother any more about it. I say, Wray, do you know anything of Cripps's son?"

"Yes. Don't you know he keeps a public-house in Maltby?—a regular cad, they say. The fishing-fellows have seen him up at the Weir now and then."

"I don't know how he came across him, but my young brother has just been buying a bat from him, and I don't much fancy it."

"No, the youngster won't get any good with that fellow, you had better tell him," said Wraysford.

"So I have, and he won't do it again."

Shortly after this Pembury hobbled in on his way to bed.

"You're a pretty fellow," said he to Oliver; "not one of our fellows cares a rush about the 'Dominican' since you made yourself into the latest sensation."

"Oh, don't let us have that up again, for goodness' sake," implored Oliver.

"All very well, but what is to become of the 'Dominican'?"

"Oh, have a special extra number about me. Call me a coward, and a fool, and a Tadpole, any mortal thing you like, only shut up about the affair now!"

Pembury looked concerned.

"Allow me to feel your pulse," said he to Oliver.

"Feel away," said Oliver, glad of any diversion.

"Hum! As I feared—feverish. Oliver, my boy, you are not well. Wandering a bit in your mind, too; get to bed. Be better soon. Able to talk like an ordinary rational animal then, and not like an animated tom-cat. Good-bye!"

And so saying, he departed, leaving the friends too much amused to be angry at his rudeness.

The two friends did a steady evening's work after this, and the thought of the Nightingale Scholarship drove away for the time all less pleasant recollections.

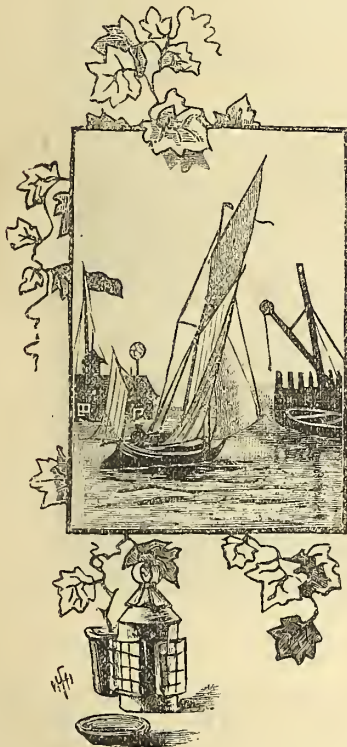
They slept, after it all, far more soundly than Loman, whose dreams were disturbed

by that everlasting top joint all the night long.

The reader will have to make up his own mind whether Oliver Greenfield did rightly or wrongly in putting his hands into his pockets instead of using them to knock down Loman. It certainly did not seem to have done him much good at the time. He had lost the esteem of his comrades, he had lost the very temper he had been trying to keep, twenty times since the event, and no one gave him credit for anything but "the better part of valour" in the whole affair.

And yet that one effort of self-restraint was not altogether an unmanly act. At least so thought Wrayford that night, as he lay meditating upon his friend's troubles, and found himself liking him none the less for this latest singular piece of eccentricity.

(To be continued.)



OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(THIRD SERIES.)

VII.—A Story Needing Words.

(Continued from page 119.)

FIRST CLASS.—Prizes.



COMPETITORS will remember that we offered in this class, which embraced all ages from 17 to 21, a Prize of One Guinea. We find, however, three aspirants for literary honours running one another so closely that we have thought it better and fairer to augment the amount, and apportion it in Three Prizes—one of 15s., and two of 10s. 6d. With this arrangement, our Award is as follows:—

Prize—Fifteen Shillings.

JAMES YOUNG (aged 19 years), 22, Harland Street, Ballymacarrett, Belfast.

Prizes—Ten Shillings and Sixpence.

JAMES P. GILMOUR (aged 20 years and 7 months), 133, London Street, Glasgow.

CHARLES BRIDGES CORLEY (aged 18 years and 3 months), 24, Barbara Street, Barnsbury, N.

Certificates.

THOMAS MARSHALL, 34½, Bond Street, Sunderland.

WILLIAM FIFFIELD HOLTORN, Stoke Hall, Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire.

ARUNDEL H. GARRAWAY, Chantry House, Faversham, Kent.

JOHN JOHNSON, 63, Upper Grange Road, Old Kent Road, S.E.

JAMES EDWARD ROWLEY, The Manor House, Sedgley, near Dudley.

THOMAS JOHNSTON, Grove House, Portobello, N.B.

JAMES WOODBURN RILEY, Sun Street, Ulverstone, Lancashire.

JAMES G. GREEN, 13, Underhill Street, Swansea.

JOSEPH CUNLIFFE, 1, Queen Street, St. Helens.

WM. WHITEHEAD, 73, St. George's Road, Bolton.

GEORGE EVERETT, 8, College Street, St. Andrews.

A. E. BRACKENBURY, Claremont College, Blackpool, Lancashire.

RICHARD HUGHES, 1, Park Avenue, Oswestry.

ROBT. M. COWAN, Howard Street, Kilmarnock, Scotland.

ARTHUR LEE GRIMLEY, St. Wilfrids, Compton Terrace, Clifton Road, Brighton.

THOMAS W. HUNTER, 1, Rutland Villas, Grafton St., Newland, Hull.

JOSEPH BROATCH, Allison House, Keswick, Cumberland.

ARTHUR STANLEY BARLING, 94, Belle Vue Road, Leeds.

ROBERT L. CAIN, East View Terrace, Woodbourne Sq., Douglas.

JAMES ALLEN SMITH, Dodlee Green, Longwood, near Huddersfield.

GEO. J. MAHON, 36, Brainerd Street, Tue Brook, Liverpool.

JAMES FLEMING, 10, Lothian Street, Hawick, N.B.

HORACE HYDES, Palmerton Road, Brincliffe, Sheffield.

HUDSON N. COWELL, Cottage Place, Chelmsford.

W. SCHOFIELD, 4, Gladstone Road, Amity Road, West Ham, Essex.

THOMAS J. GREEN, 31, Kingsley Road, Maidstone.

JOHN BELL, 17, Addison Street, Sunderland.

JOHN A. REDWOOD, 8, St. Matthew's Road, Cotham, Bristol.

H. KNIGHT, care of Mr. Fullagar, West Mallings, Maidstone, Kent.

E. TAVERNER JONES, 61, Montpelier Road, Brighton.

HARRY BRISLEY, 25, Northampton Street, Essex Road, N.

C. P. CROUCH, 35, Fellows Road, Hampstead.

NOAH RODEN, Dawley Road, Dawley, Salop.

ALFRED JOHN WOOD, 40, Cuparstone Place, Aberdeen.

WM. R. DUNSTAN, care of Mr. G. Davey, draper, The Green, Winchmore Hill, N.

Of the prize-winners in this class we notice that one at least, J. Young, has entered the lists before, when he carried off a certificate. We rejoice that his perseverance has now secured a prize, especially as it is wrested from no mean antagonists. The tone of his story is admirable, enforcing the noble and God-like virtue of forgiveness, the writer not forgetting to whom we are indebted for all our best impulses, or who it was that taught us to pray, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." The narrative is a somewhat romantic one, but it is quite within the bounds of possibility.

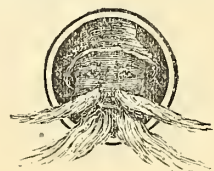
James P. Gilmour gives us an "Episode in

Canadian Life," and though the style is perhaps a trifle too stilted, and would certainly be improved by the use of fewer adjectives, it is clear, and manly, and sensible. Some of the descriptive bits, too, are exceedingly well done. The moral of the story may be gathered from the concluding paragraph:—"Hector (the hero), when expostulating with young men smitten with exaggerated notions of their own ability and consequence, and impetuously bent on the fulfilment of their own hare-brained schemes in opposition to the advice of their elders, was wont to cite his memorable experience as a powerful example of the pernicious results of such madness and folly."

Charles Bridges Corley entitled his production "Where Duty Calls," and very prettily and naturally does he weave the details into a homogeneous whole. We can afford space for but one or two extracts illustrative of the purpose of the story:—"Of our happy school-days, which rolled by all too quickly, I must not speak. From the plain but excellent teaching of the aged village schoolmaster, I believe we profited more than had we been crammed with all the ologies of science and the technicalities of art. He was a man of many parts, this village schoolmaster, full of much practical knowledge, and, above all, an earnest Christian; one of those, alas! too rarely met with, who carried religion into everyday life, and did not put it on as a superior garment on the Sabbath. On leaving his school, Harry was apprenticed to the village grocer, and I entered the shop and laboratory of the resident Bolus. For years after we had taken employment we went regularly on Sabbath afternoons to our friend and former schoolmaster, when he earnestly and eloquently taught us from the Word of God. How we used to look forward to those Sunday afternoons! The old man had so endeared himself to us that we spoke freely to him. Our troubles of the past week he readily understood, and had sweet counsel with us upon them. One Sunday in particular I well remember. He gave us a stirring address on Duty, and spoke of the trials and troubles of life which come upon all, and sometimes render the course of duty hard. Directing our thoughts to Him who alone can sustain, he besought us not to let our actions arise from any slavish fear of the consequences of neglecting our duty, but, prompted by love of right, to earnestly, and at all times, endeavour to do our duty. This, and much more, he said, quoting in conclusion the well-known lines, 'Where duty calls, or danger, Be never wanting there.'" How this advice was brought into action by the hero of the story, space will not permit of our telling, but the concluding sentence may possibly suggest the key: "I cannot bear to think what might have been the consequence had I not gone where duty called."

For the rest, we may mention that the number of competitions sent in, as may be judged by the certificates awarded, was very large, and, on the whole, showed satisfactory progress. In many cases the snow-storm of the 18th of January formed the basis of the narratives. Canada and Russia were much favoured as selected scenes, and the latter sometimes proved a very English kind of Russia!

We are sorry to have to refer to the spelling again, but when our friends know we have "to" repeatedly instead of "too"; "wintery"; "of" instead of "off"; "storey" for "story"; "staf"; "except," and many other impossible words, some of them even in the senior division, they will at once understand the importance of attention in this matter. Competitors would do well also to give particular attention to the uses of "who" and "whom," a point in regard to which many fail.



THE CRYPTOGRAM.

(A SEQUEL TO "THE GIANT RAFT.")

BY JULES VERNE,

Author of "The Boy Captain," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE FIRST SEARCH.



HE search had to commence at once, and that for two weighty reasons.

The first of these was—and this was a question of life or death—that this proof of Jcam Dacosta's innocence must be produced before the arrival of the order from Rio Janeiro. Once the identity of the prisoner

was established, it was impossible that such an order could be other than the order for his execution.

The second was that the body of Torres should be got out of the water as quickly as possible so as to regain undamaged the metal case and the paper it ought to contain.

At this juncture Araujo displayed not only zeal and intelligence, but also a perfect knowledge of the state of the river at its confluence with the Rio Negro.

"If Torres," he said to the young men, "had been from the first carried away by the current, we should have to drag the river throughout a large area, for we shall have a good many days to wait for his body to reappear on the surface through the effects of decomposition."

"We cannot do that," replied Manoel. "This very day we ought to succeed."

"If, on the contrary," continued the pilot, "the corpse has got stuck amongst the reeds and vegetation at the foot of the bank, we shall not be an hour before we find it."

"To work, then!" answered Benito.

There was but one way of working. The boats approached the bank, and the Indians, furnished with long poles, began to sound every part of the river at the base of the bluff which had served for the scene of the struggle.

The place had been easily recognised. A track of blood stained the declivity in its chalky part, and ran perpendicularly down it into the water; and there many a clot scattered on the reeds indicated the very spot where the body had disappeared.

About fifty feet down stream a point jutted out from the river-side and kept back the waters in a kind of eddy, as in a large basin. There was no current whatever near the shore, and the reeds shot up out of the river unbent. Every hope then existed that Torres's body had not been carried away by the main stream. Where the bed of the river showed sufficient slope, it was perhaps possible for the corpse to have rolled several feet along the ridge, and even there no effect of the current could be traced.

The ubas and the pirogues, dividing the work amongst them, limited the field of their researches to the extreme edge of the eddy, and from the circumference to the

they cannot possibly have any effect over this depression."

This was fortunate, it must be admitted. But was Araujo mistaken? The old pilot



"The River Bottom stirred up in every direction."

centre the crews' long poles left not a single point unexplored. But no amount of probing discovered the body of the adventurer, neither among the clumps of reeds nor on the bottom of the river, whose slope was then carefully examined.

Two hours after the work had begun they had been led to think that the body, having probably struck against the declivity, had fallen off obliquely and rolled beyond the limits of this eddy, where the action of the current commenced to be felt.

"But that is no reason why we should despair," said Manoel, "still less why we should give up our search."

"Will it be necessary," exclaimed Benito, "to search the river throughout its breadth and its length?"

"Throughout its breadth, perhaps," answered Araujo; "throughout its length, no—fortunately."

"And why?" asked Manoel.

"Because the Amazon, about a mile away from its junction with the Rio Negro, makes a sudden bend, and at the same time its bed rises, so that there is a kind of natural barrier, well known to sailors as the Bar of Frias, which things floating near the surface are alone able to clear. In short, the currents are ponded back, and

of the Amazon could be relied on. For the thirty years that he had followed his profession the crossing of the Bar of Frias, where the current was increased in force by its decrease in depth, had often given him trouble. The narrowness of the channel and the elevation of the bed made the passage exceedingly difficult, and many a raft had there come to grief.

And so Araujo was right in declaring that if the corpse of Torres was still retained by its weight on the sandy bed of the river, it could not have been dragged over the bar. It is true that later on, when, on account of the expansion of the gases, it would again rise to the surface, the current would bear it away, and it would then be irrecoverably lost down the stream, a long way beyond the obstruction. But this purely physical effect would not take place for several days.

They could not have applied to a man who was more skilful or more conversant with the locality than Araujo, and when he affirmed that the body could not have been borne out of the narrow channel for more than a mile or so, they were sure to recover it if they thoroughly sounded that portion of the river.

Not an island, not an islet, checked the course of the Amazon in these parts.

Hence, when the foot of the two banks had been visited up to the bar, it was in the bed itself, about five hundred feet in width, that more careful investigations had to be commenced.

The way the work was conducted was this. The boats taking the right and left of the Amazon lay alongside the banks. The reeds and vegetation were tried with the poles. Of the smallest ledges in the banks in which a body could rest, not one escaped the scrutiny of Araujo and his Indians.

But all this labour produced no result, and half the day had elapsed without the body being brought to the surface of the stream.

An hour's rest was given to the Indians. During this time they partook of some refreshment, and then they returned to their task.

Four of the boats, in charge of the pilot, Benito, Frago, and Manoel, divided the river between the Rio Negro and the Bar of Frias into four portions. They set to work to explore its very bed. In certain places the poles proved insufficient to thoroughly search amongst the deeps, and hence a few dredges—or rather harrows, made of stones and old iron, bound round with a solid bar—were taken on board, and when the boats had pushed off these rakes were thrown in and the river bottom stirred up in every direction.

It was in this difficult task that Benito and his companions were employed till the evening. The ubas and pirogues, worked by the oars, traversed the whole surface of the river up to the Bar of Frias.

There had been moments of excitement during this spell of work, when the harrows, catching in something at the bottom, offered some slight resistance. They were then hauled up, but in place of the body so eagerly searched for, there would appear only heavy stones or tufts of herbage which they had dragged from their sandy bed. No one, however, had an idea of giving up the enterprise. They none of them thought of themselves in this work of salvation. Benito, Manoel, Araujo had not even to stir up the Indians or to encourage them. The gallant fellows knew that they were working for the fazender of Iquitos—for the man whom they loved, for the chief of the excellent family who treated their servants so well.

Yes; and so they would have passed the night in dragging the river. Of every minute lost all knew the value.

A little before the sun disappeared, Araujo, finding it useless to continue his operations in the gloom, gave the signal for the boats to join company and return together to the confluence of the Rio Negro and regain the jangada.

The work so carefully and intelligently conducted was not, however, at an end.

Manoel and Frago, as they came back, dared not mention their ill-success before Benito. They feared that the disappointment would only force him to some act of despair.

But neither courage nor coolness deserted the young fellow; he was determined to follow to the end this supreme effort to save the honour and the life of his father, and he it was who addressed his companions, and said, "To-morrow we will try again, and under better conditions if possible."

"Yes," answered Manoel; "you are right, Benito. We can do better. We cannot pretend to have entirely explored the river along the whole of the banks and over the whole of its bed."

"No; we cannot have done that," replied Araujo; "and I maintain what I said—that the body of Torres is there, and that it is there because it has not been carried away, because it could not be drawn over the Bar of Frias, and because it will take many days before it rises to the surface and floats down the stream. Yes, it is there, and not a demijohn of tafia will pass my lips until I find it!"

This affirmation from the pilot was worth a good deal, and was of a hope-inspiring nature.

However, Benito, who did not care so much for words as he did for things, thought proper to reply, "Yes, Araujo; the body of Torres is in the river, and we shall find it if—"

"If?" said the pilot.

"If it has not become the prey of the alligators!"

Manoel and Frago waited anxiously for Araujo's reply.

The pilot was silent for a few moments; they felt that he was reflecting before he spoke. "Mr. Benito," he said, at length, "I am not in the habit of speaking lightly. I had the same idea as you; but listen. During the ten hours we have been at work have you seen a single cayman in the river?"

"Not one!" said Frago.

"If you have not seen one," continued the pilot, "it was because there were none to see, for these animals have nothing to keep them in the white waters when, a quarter of a mile off, there are large stretches of the black waters, which they

so greatly prefer. When the raft was attacked by some of these creatures it was in a part where there was no place for them to flee to. Here it is quite different. Go to the Rio Negro, and there you will see caymans by the score. Had Torres's body fallen into that tributary there might be no chance of recovering it. But it was in the Amazon that it was lost, and in the Amazon it will be found!"

Benito, relieved from his fears, took the pilot's hand and shook it, and contented himself with the reply, "To-morrow, my friends!"

Ten minutes later they were all on board the jangada. During the day Yaquita had passed some hours with her husband. But before she started, and when she saw neither the pilot, nor Manoel, nor Benito, nor the boats, she had guessed the search on which they had gone, but she said nothing to Joam Dacosta, as she hoped that in the morning she would be able to inform him of their success.

But when Benito set foot on the raft she perceived that their search had been fruitless. However, she advanced towards him. "Nothing?" she asked.

"Nothing," replied Benito. "But the morrow is left to us."

The members of the family retired to their rooms, and nothing more was said as to what had passed.

Manoel tried to make Benito lie down so as to take a few hours' rest.

"What is the good of that?" asked Benito. "Do you think I could sleep?"

(To be continued.)



"Nothing?" she asked.

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

A LATIN SQUARE WORD.

AN "Old Boy of Fifty," in sending us a solution of the square word in No. 142, adds the following admirable Latin one:—

S A T O R
A R E P O
T E N E T
O P E R A
R O T A S

USES FOR OLD POSTAGE-STAMPS.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I have noticed in your paper that several correspondents have been inquiring as to the use of old postage-stamps. Some time ago there was a bazaar in our neighbourhood, for which I made a snake of such stamps, and if you think this information as to the way to set about it will be of any use to boys you can publish it. I first cut the stamps from the envelopes, taking care not to cut the edge in any way. Then I threaded them on a piece of fine twine till it measured about three feet. I next made the head of purple velvet, with a small piece of red for tongue, and beads for eyes, and the tail was made of the same material. The result was a very lifelike snake, which produced for the bazaar finds the sum of five shillings."

THE "BOY'S OWN PAPER" IN A QUIET COUNTRY HOME.

A MOTHER, in sending up for her boy a donation to our Lifeboat Fund, writes: "We have taken the paper since its first publication, and are most grateful for the privilege of having such a magazine to read. Our children have been readers—eager readers—of it always, often sitting poring over its contents, and laughing delightedly for two hours at a time. They are *parlour-brought-up* children, and are therefore more intelligent than would otherwise have been the case; and have had all the stories read—even 'Doggie' and 'The Watch'—which some narrow-minded individuals were carping at. We were delighted with both—read every word. We were also very pleased to see the portraits of writers of the stories. We get out old numbers, choose a story, look again at the face of its writer, and re-read with as much zest as before the adventures of its characters."

WORDS OF CHEER, AND A SUGGESTION.

October 5, 1881.

SIR,—I must ask you to accept my grateful acknowledgments of the good which you are doing by your paper. I have an only son—a clever little lad of ten years old—and as the state of his health has hitherto prevented me from sending him to school at a distance, he has been of necessity brought up with no advantage from boys' society. But your paper, of which he is an earnest reader, has apparently supplied much which otherwise must have been wanting. You have shown him boy-life in all its healthiest aspects. You have taught him to discover in himself, and you have helped him to develop, tastes and powers which in his secluded life must have lain dormant. And if, when he goes to school—as I hope he will do at Christmas—he carries with him the purity of home life without much of its effeminacy, it is largely to the influence of your paper that he will owe his advantage. I could say very much more on the subject, but I have said enough to convey my feelings.

May I venture to offer you a suggestion, founded on my own "boy-life," which you may be able to use? I am not altogether unknown as an amateur architect and archaeologist. And I trace very distinctly the development of these tastes, and of much of my general acquirements, to one point in the venerable "Boy's Own Book." There I learnt to make cardboard and cork models of churches and houses. Thus I learnt neatness and accuracy, as well as constructive principles.

Going further, I ransacked my father's library for good examples of Gothic architecture, which I reproduced in cardboard or cork. Then I acquired the habit of comparing what I had learnt from books with actual realities in all the old churches and houses I could visit. At fifteen I was as well acquainted in a rough way with the distinctive features of the so-called Gothic style as I am now, and I need not suggest how all this led me to the history of the times in which these several modifications of style arose. And before I was sixteen I had written and read before an archaeological association a history of my native place, which, crude and imperfect as it was, I am not altogether ashamed of now. All this, as I firmly believe, sprang out of my cardboard and cork work of earlier years. And if, by any such means, you can help your boys to accurate observation of the places and buildings in which they live, and so, while cultivating their tastes in art culture, they can acquire or develop a taste for historical research, you will have done, I humbly conceive, much more than merely give them a new employment for a wet day.—I have the pleasure to be, Sir, very faithfully yours,

E. K. BENNET, D.C.L.,
Rector of Brettenham and Rushford.

[This letter, which we fear was intended only for our own eyes, is so full of suggestion that we can hardly resist the temptation to print it, trusting to Dr. Ben-

net's good nature for forgiveness. It may also interest many readers to know that the writer of the letter has consented to put his practical experience on paper for the benefit of B. O. P. readers.]

RUGBY FOOTBALL, AND HOW TO EXCEL IN IT.

PART VI.

By DR. IRVINE, THE SCOTTISH CAPTAIN.



CONTINUING our typical match, the drop out is well followed up by the Grampus forwards, and a series of mauls follow, in which Grampus don't show up quite so well as they did in the first half. They still appear to shove the Jingoes back. And they still preserve the same

solid phalanx that they did before, but very often that phalanx is seen wildly shoving straight ahead, regardless of where the ball is, which Jingoe have in the meantime carried past one or other side of the maul; and before Grampus have time to disengage their linked arms and wheel round their big carcasses, three or four wiry Jingoe forwards are down among their backs, dribbling and backing each other up like pointers, and making it uncommonly hot for Hookit and Scuttle, while even the cool and experienced Nimbletoe begins to look a little serious. He knows the meaning of this solid formation of the Grampus ranks, their linking together in the scrimmage, and their slowness in getting out of it. Want of condition is telling its tale; and he knows that as the long minutes wear on, the hard-trained Jingoe forwards will be improving and warning to their work, while the beefy Grampuses will be getting more and more pumped out, and he and the other Grampus backs will be having a lively time of it, stopping rushes, and getting knocked about among the hard legs of the Jingoes.

So he passes the word for his forwards to heel out to their half-backs when they can, and the half-backs to throw back to him, and he will thus try with his long dropping to retrieve the ground gained by Jingoe in their rushes. This game pays for a few times, and Nimbletoe is very near dropping a goal with a huge kick, till the all-observant Dodger, who has taken in the whole manœuvre, passes the word to his forwards to keep a few men looking out at the sides of the maul; and the next time Master Hookit is in the act of stealthily picking the ball from among the heels of his forwards, he is surprised to find his hands and the ball kicked from him by a brace of Jingoe forwards, who had taken Dodger's hint. Hookit thinks ruefully that his hands, and not the ball, now stand in need of *healing*.

The ball goes into touch near the Grampus goal; Jingoe has it, and throws it far out to where the long-armed forward is watching for it, and for his chance either to charge in behind or throw back to his three-quarters. There is a rush at the ball, and just as the Jingoe forward thinks it is his, a too impetuous Grampus jumps up in the air and strikes it with his open hand on past the Jingoe, hoping no doubt to dodge round, catch it again, and have a clear chance to run.

A dozen Jingoe voices shout, "A first!—a knock on!—bring it back and hack it!" The Grampus man vainly tries to maintain that he was attempting to catch it, but men don't as a rule attempt to catch a ball as big as a pumpkin with one hand, and he is laughed to scorn. "All right, then, bring it back," says Grampus captain; but, to his surprise, he sees Wriggle standing with his heel in the ground, and a serio-comic expression of countenance.

He had caught the ball when knocked on,

and he had the presence of mind to remember that he had a right to a "free catch," and at the same time to take in that he was within twenty yards of goal-line and nearly directly in front of goal, and like a shot he made his mark—that is, stuck his heel into the ground at the spot without starting to run. Had he started to run, or had the ball touched any other player of either side, being "on-side," he would have lost his right to make his mark, and would have been charged down. The Grampuses are for a moment taken aback, and a few of them offer to expostulate, for Wriggle's action entitles him to place the ball for any of his side to have a try at goal from any spot behind the mark, while the opposite side must line out at, or at least not beyond it; and here is a splendid chance to kick a goal in that way. But there is no doubt of Wriggle's perfect right to make his mark, so they gloomily line out, and Wriggle retires six yards behind the mark, and places the ball for Dodger. He makes no mistake, but Dodger does. He is just a shade late in kicking after it is placed, and the ball on its way to the goal touches the upstretched tips of the fingers of a Grampus forward, who has charged as soon as ever it touched the ground.

It goes over the goal, but counts no goal, having touched a hand in passing over. But Dodger knows this as well as any one, and, following up his kick like a hare, he is first at the ball behind goal, and falling on it rolls over, and the ball rolls on a few yards and lies still. "My try!" says Dodger, as soon as he can find breath. "By no means," says Nimbletoe, advancing and picking up the ball—"the ball wasn't dead," and the umpire bears him out.

This was *really* hard lines for Jingoe, to lose two chances in as many minutes; and as Nimbletoe takes out the ball to the 25, they fall back, each resolved to do prodigies directly, and to fall heavy on Nimbletoe if only he comes in his way. But their trials are not yet ended. The kick out is well followed up, and a lot of mauls follow—some of them, when Grampus manage to keep the ball fairly in front of them, wearisome and lingering, but the most short, and, in fact, hardly mauls at all, where the Jingoes have got the ball quickly to one side or other, and broken away with it. At last Wriggle got the ball, and set off. He was past the Grampus half-backs before they could set a finger on him, closely followed up by several forwards; and just as he was getting well round Nimbletoe, and things looked rosy for a try, there was a shout of "Touch!—bring it back!" Wriggle ran on, Nimbletoe following him with a comical expression of his eye; and Wriggle's face gradually slackened as he began to realise that he was passing only imaginary opponents, his real ones looking on amused, and that, in fact, he was looking ridiculous.

He was called back by the umpires, protesting that he had not run in touch, but was answered by Nimbletoe pointing to the touch-line, on which was clearly the mark of the edge of Wriggle's boot, as he was steering as close to the wind as he could round him, with the Seylla of Nimbletoe's embrace on the one hand, and the Charybdis of touch and out of play on the other. Wriggle tried to say he wasn't in touch, but as he well knew *on* the line of either touch or goal is the same as *in* touch or goal, so he gave the ball to a forward and fell back. Without loss of time it was heaved far out, caught by a Jingoe forward, and chucked to Wriggle, who made off with it, well backed up by Jigger and Dodger. When nearly tackled he chucked to Jigger, who chucked to Dodger, who was out to one side of him following up hard, and with a clear field before him to run in behind. For Dodger, in his keenness to score, had come forward out of his place, feeling little anxiety, as indeed he had no cause to feel any, that he would be required to defend his goal.

Loud shouts of "Off side, Dodger," arose, and they were true. In his eagerness Dodger had got rather in front of Jigger before he chucked, and was thus "off-side," and besides, the ball was thrown forward. Had the ball been *kicked* forward, and Dodger been standing in front at the time and taken it, it was simply

off-side, but no more. And, on the other hand, had Dodger been behind Jigger when it was thrown forward, and run forward and caught it afterwards, then it was simply a throw forward, but no more. But here was a throw forward and off-side as well, and both Jigger and Dodger had to hide their diminished heads. So it was brought back to where the offence took place, and mauled. Jingo now worked desperately to score, and wore quickly down on the Grampus goal, and it was only the determination of the Grampus backs that prevented many tries.

At last, in one of the desperate loose scrimmages the ball came up into the grasp of a Jingo forward, and before he was fairly held with the ball the struggling mass of players of which he was the centre was over the goal-line. There is wild excitement, but the ball is not grounded yet. There are shouts of "Maul in goal, come out all who haven't their hands on the ball." The umpires hurry up, and a ring is formed, in the inside of which are seen the Jingo forward holding on like grim death to the ball, and a Grampus forward and Nimbletoe also fast to it, doing their all to get it from him and prevent him putting it on the ground. He has only to get it on the ground, without getting across the goal-line, or touch-in-goal-line, and the try is his.

They have to take it from him, or get it and him rolled over either the goal-line, or touch-in-goal-line, and save the try. So, though they are two to one, the fight is not so unequal as it would appear, for they have the most difficult thing to do. They roll over, and pant, and tug desperately, and the issue seems doubtful, for the Jingo forward is hanging on as if his life depended on it. But any one observing the astute Nimbletoe closely would notice that his efforts are not directed so much to wrenching the ball from his opponent as to keeping his own hold of it, and giving the whole maul a roll in the direction of touch in goal whenever he has an opportunity. And he is successful. The three have gradually approached the touch-in-goal-line, the Jingo hero still sticking gamely to the ball, but never succeeding in getting it to touch the ground.

They lie panting a few seconds, while the partisans around are shouting encouragement to their respective champions, and dancing about like a party of Red Indians round a victim at the stake. At last Nimbletoe and his mate, working together, make a supreme effort, and roll over the line. Their grip relaxes, and the Jingo man, feeling his opportunity, with a violent wrench grounds the ball, and arises, gasping, but triumphant. But his triumph is short-lived. He thinks for a moment he has got a try, but, looking round for the approval of his side, he sees them looking glum and compassionate, and falling back to the 25, and then his eye catches the fatal line, which, the ball having crossed it, is out of play, "a dead ball," and he takes in the situation. "Never mind, old man! you stuck in gamely," says Dodger to him, but, with something very like a growl, he turns away and refuses to be comforted. Another score lost to Jingo by almost a fluke.

The time is drawing nigh, and Grampus begins to think that they may yet get off with a draw, while the Jingo are resolved that they shall do no such thing. Nimbletoe kicks off at the 25, high and straight, and, following up hard himself, is on the Jingo three-quarter ere he has time to start with the ball. By this prompt bit of play he gains the whole length of his drop of ground, and he gets a hearty and well-deserved cheer. The maul is no sooner formed than it breaks up, and the forwards of Jingo set to work, dribbling and backing each other up in a style that quite bewilders the pumped-out Grampuses, and shows that, unless a miracle supervenes, they must score immediately.

The Grampus backs are sore beset. A combined rush of five or six forwards comes down on Hookit. He grabs the ball and rolls over, smothered. "Have it down!" shout the enemy, impatient. "All right! Let me out; let me up. I can't put it down," expostulates Hookit. "Have it down at once! you must have it down.

Kick it out of his hands!" yell the exasperated Jingo forwards, clustering round, thirsting for blood, and riled beyond endurance at seeing Hookit wilfully wasting time to let his forwards come up to form a maul. Hookit knows he is acting illegally, for he is bound immediately he is held to put down the ball. But he prefers breaking a law to losing a try, and he knows that there is no penalty, so he now puts down the ball, and, crawling out of the maul, retires with an air of injured innocence to his place.

Indignant as Jingo feel, they have too much sense to waste time arguing the point at present, with only five minutes to play and the match not yet theirs. Amidst wild excitement, they carry the mauls; Hookit picks up the ball, but before he can move it is torn from him, and he is knocked heels over head. The man carrying it, tackled by Nimbletoe, chuckles to a mate. He, tackled by a Grampus back, chucks to another, and in shorter time than it takes to write it this one is in behind, and, running clean round, grounds the ball fairly behind the goal, but far back, amidst rapturous applause from Jingo; and, indeed, a general satisfaction that they should at last have got the point which they so long have richly deserved. Without a moment's loss of time it is taken out, placed, and Dodger kicks a goal.

Three minutes to play. Jingo have got ahead, but want more, and are impatient for Nimbletoe to look sharp and kick off from the half-way. Nimbletoe, seeing it in quite another light, and not sharing the impatience, is very deliberate; and when he does take his kick-off—and a raking one it is—there is little over a minute to play. The ball goes to Dodger, who starts to run. Jinking the leading Grampus forward, he steadies himself, and tries a long drop at goal. The ball doesn't rise, but rips along the ground, hard followed up by his forwards. It comes to a Grampus back, who, apparently confused, and wishing himself anywhere else, lets fly a kick at the ball rolling to meet him, at which a sort of groan arises from the Grampus section of the crowd, in which the words "speculator," "duffer," are mixed up. Speculator is the name given to a kick of the sort attempted by the Grampus back. He doesn't kick it fair, but obliquely, and it flies straight up in the air and curls back over his head.

A Jingo forward is on it, and starts to run for his try, when a voice from the crowd calls "Time—no side;" but the forward knows that the umpires are the men to call "no side," and he knows that now they can't call "no side" till the ball is either fairly held or out of play. So he rushes on and secures his try, cheered again by his fairly delirious friends, while the Grampus partisans already have begun to stroll away from the scene. They see the game is up. Jingo comparatively fresh and full of fight, Grampus disorganised and pumped out; and they don't wait to see the final goal kicked. The Jingo forward grounds the ball. The umpires call "No side." But Dodger has his kick at goal, and again does the needful, and Jingo thus wins the match by three goals to one dropped goal and a disputed try, two of their goals got in the last seven minutes, when less plucky and less trained men would have begun to flag, and to look on a draw as inevitable.

They all rush off the field, giving cheers for each other as they hurry to the pavilion, where refreshing drinks await the thirsty throats of the faithful; and differences are talked over and explained, and ruffled feelings are soothed, under the benign influence of these grateful beverages. And as Grampus leave the ground they fully take in one truth—that strength and big muscles, unseasoned, can't hold a candle to seasoned hardy lighter weights. And they resolve that next year they will show Jingo what a well-trained Grampus can do. It has been a splendid match, grimly and toughly fought out, and up till the last fifteen minutes it was anybody's game. As you before noticed, the palm for individual play was borne off by Nimbletoe, Hookit, and one or two of their forwards; while on the other side there was no one player, unless Dodger, whom you could

call specially brilliant. But that was just where the secret lay. The Jingo played as a team, no man for his own hand, but all for the common good, and they had their reward. It was a fine example of the opposing styles of play, and a good illustration of the inferiority of weight and bulk without condition and without combined play, however good some of the individual players may be, to lighter but better trained men who play together, have practised that style of play, and work unselfishly from first to last.

You will now, I hope, having seen a good example of what Rugby football is, admit that it is a scientific game, a manly game, and a game to be desired by any thoroughbred Briton. If you think it is too rough for you, go home to the nursery. If not, and you would like to become good at it, perhaps in next paper we may be able to make some general remarks on the game, and give some hints which may be useful.

(To be continued.)



*** With the current Monthly Part a splendid Coloured Plate of Portraits of famous English Football Players is issued. Weekly readers will be able to obtain it in the packet at the end of the year. For the benefit, however, of both monthly and weekly readers who may desire it for framing, we have decided to issue copies through the booksellers at once, price 3d.*

[This year, as last, we shall issue a special Christmas Double Number, price 2d. The January Part, which will include the Christmas Number, will cost 7d.]

F. D. (Blandford).—Thanks for interesting facts about dogs. 1. We could hardly take up the subject of butterflies again just yet; see the numerous articles and illustrations in our last two volumes. 2. We have already printed a fine coloured plate of all our British birds, and are only awaiting a favourable opportunity to publish it. 3. Silhouettes of notable men have already been given, and others may follow.

TEMPUS FUGIT.—Folio means that a sheet of paper as received from the mill is folded in half, and hence gives two leaves or four pages; quarto, that it is folded into four, or half folio size, giving four leaves or eight pages; octavo, that it is folded into eight, or half quarto, giving eight leaves or sixteen pages. Sixteen, or thirty-two, or twelve, or six, or three, etc., etc., are folded in similar ways, and the number of leaves (not pages) got out of each sheet gives the title to the folding. The words Post, Crown, Foolscap, Demy, etc., before the folding-note show the sizes of the sheet, the stock sizes in the paper trade being distinguished by names, and the repetition of the inch measurements avoided. Thus post measures 14½ by 15½, crown 20 by 15, demy 22½ by 17½, medium 24 by 19, royal 25 by 20, imperial 30 by 22, and so on. These measurements, however, you must only take as approximate, as the sizes vary slightly with different mills, and the size of the book depends very much on the quantity of paper cut off in trimming the leaves when it is bound.

A POOR LAD.—1. Christopher Clavius was a Jesuit mathematician, born at Bamberg in Germany in 1537, and employed on the calculations used in reforming the calendar. He died in 1612. 2. The numbers are sold at published price, and can be forwarded at book-post rate of postage—one penny for every quarter of a pound.

A SELF-INSTRUCTOR.—1. "Modern Chromatics," by O. N. Rood, in the International Scientific Series, published by Kegan Paul and Co. at five shillings, might suit you, but there are many manuals on colour from Field and Chevreul, who first put the matter into shape, till now. 2. Any good dictionary will give you the correct pronunciation of proper names, but you are not likely to pronounce properly if you do not spell properly. Your letter contains more than a score of mistakes. Why do you not look more carefully at the words you read, and impress their shape more accurately on your mind? Bad spelling simply means deficient observing power, and the shape of the words has as much to do with the art of spelling properly as the shape of the letters. 3. There are so many. Perhaps Mason, published by G. Bell and Sons. 4. Any geography.

HAERDASHER.—The kind of ring makes no difference provided it is not a plain gold one. It is usually placed on the same finger as the wedding ring afterwards is, sometimes on the second finger, but there is no hard-and-fast rule. It is merely a custom, and the custom varies in different districts, hence the different opinions. The finger of the wedding-ring even has not always been the same, and there has not always been a wedding-ring, though the institution is of great antiquity.

ROB ROY MACGREGOR.—1. The barometer varies one inch for each 950 feet of ascent or descent. It falls as you rise, and rises as you fall. 2. It does not make much difference, but the nearer the bridge to the sound-post the better. There is no advantage in a bridge higher than will allow the strings to work properly; with a high bridge the stopping is more difficult. 3. To find the area of a circle square the diameter, and then multiply by .7854, or multiply half the circumference by half the diameter. To find the solidity of a globe multiply the diameter by the circumference, and the product of that by a sixth of the diameter, or cube the diameter and multiply by .5236. To find the surface multiply the diameter by the circumference. 4. Get catalogue from Crosby Lockwood and Co., Stationers' Hall Court.

U. S.—There are more in the United States, the population of which is just over 50,000,000, of whom 43,000,000 are whites.

DEATH WATCH.—You can get the first picture of the first volume of the BOY'S OWN PAPER by purchasing the first Monthly Part.

XONXOMEQ.—Lead or tin soldiers are made in Germany, and you must re-paint them yourself. You could cast a lot of new ones by taking a mould from one of your present men. Ordinary oil-colours will do.

A. B. C.—1. The Egyptian Pyramids are the sepulchres of the monarchs and great personages of the earlier Egyptian dynasties. The fact of their arrangement agreeing with the points of the compass, and being suitable for astronomical observations, is possibly accidental. After the Twelve Dynasties the use of pyramids was discontinued. There are pyramids in Java and Mexico. 2. Not known.

F. H. DIXON.—Back numbers and parts of the BOY'S OWN PAPER are supplied at published price.

OMICRON.—For German saws and German tools generally apply to C. D. Monninger in the Farringdon Road. Is it absolutely necessary that your saw should be of German make?

E. I.—Should get one of the Guides to the Civil Service, published by Longmans, Stanford, Warne, Ward and Lock, etc.

FRANK BOND.—The times are very good for a lad of your age, but do not enter for any sports until you have made quite sure that the timing has been correct.

A. W. I.—In the "Field," "Land and Water," and newspapers of that type, you will always find letters and notes on travel and colonial matters.

C. A. H.—If the thermometers were in different parts of the garden the conditions would be different, and the temperature would vary; but if the instruments were close together the explanation is simply that they were carelessly made. Cheap thermometers are manufactured by the hundred at Birmingham, and very few of them register exactly alike, as you may see for yourself if you look in any shop-window where two or three are on sale. To take the temperature accurately the thermometer should be out in the open, away from the reflected heat from stone or brick-work, and about a yard above the ground, shielded from the sun and the direct influence of the wind.

H. KELLY.—In No. 110 is an exactly similar case.

MECHANIC.—1. Plaster-of-Paris is made by heating gypsum to 250° Fahr., so as to drive off the water. When a little alum or borax is added you get Keane's cement. 2. Heat your greenhouse with a gas stove, or a paraffin stove, or the charcoal stove described in No. 114.

SCHOONER.—Is the boat a yard long or the crack a yard long? It will make all the difference in the treatment. Gold-size putty is perhaps the best thing for small cracks, but big ones must be caulked in the usual way. You will find all the measurements for masts, spars, sails, etc., in the articles on Model Yachts in Nos. 73, 77, and 81.

HAYLOCK (Australia).—1. Telegraph-messengers become letter-carriers and sorters, and the career is different altogether from what you seem to think. 2. They are mostly printing-telegraphs. 3. Your own postal report ought to tell you how many messages pass through Ballarat daily. We have no other means of knowing.

POLLY.—1. The dash over the terminal is simply put there to direct your attention to the change the word has undergone, and does not mark the accent in any way. 2. Pounce is powdered cuttle-fish bone, or powdered resin or gum, sometimes only fine sand.

ELLA, J. W.—Cider is said to come from "sikera," which is Syriac or Hebrew for the juice of fruits. The term was not always applied specially to the liquor made from apples.

ENTO.—If you mean the latest, perhaps an American seven-hundred-page book, "The Guide to the Study of Insects," by Dr. A. S. Packard, published in New York by Henry Holt and Co. It is very complete, and thoroughly scientific.

XENOPHON.—1. All weather-glasses alter with the pressure of the atmosphere, but they never contain pure water. It is sure to be a solution of some sort, generally of camphor. 2. The hood tells the University, but it differs for each degree; and we have already given all the information we can on the subject, which is rather a complicated one. 3. Nemesis was the daughter of Nox, and was worshipped as the goddess of vengeance, who rewards the good and virtuous, and punishes the bad and impious. She is made one of the Fates by some mythologists, and is represented with a helm and a wheel. There were several famous statues of her—one at Rhammus was ten cubits high. There were other goddesses and celebrated women of the same name, but this is most likely to be the one in question.

CONFUCIUS.—1. We do not take amateur contributions. 2. Cuckoo-spit is formed by a homopterous insect known as Aprozophora Spumaria, belonging to the Cecropidae or Hopper family. Its popular name is the Froghopper, from the fact of its jumping enormous distances in proportion to its size, making the leaves click as it takes off, and frequently landing sprawling on its back and righting itself after a pause—much on the principle of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Yankee, who arrived on the pier as the steamer was moving off, and just caught his toe in the taffrail and landed on his head on the steamer's deck, where he came to after a quarter of an hour or so, during which the land had been left some distance behind, and, raising himself on his hands, looked across the intervening space and exclaimed in astonishment, "Jehoshaphat! what a jump!" The larva feeds on various plants, and sucks their juices through the long tubular beak, which in some species in this family is nearly as long as the body. In the heat of the day, and when the accumulation is greatest, a drop of clear water begins to form at the lowest part of the deposit, and the froth drains into it, and falls eventually to the ground. There is a Madagascar species, Aprozophora Gondotii, which pours out clear water and has no froth.

WILLIAM.—To make a so-called inexhaustible fountain, get two large, wide-mouthed bottles, and close them well with corks. Place one on the ground and one on a stool over it, and on a table put a large basin, with two holes in its bottom for pipes to fit into. Through the centre of the basin pass a pipe straight down through the bung of the top jar. This pipe is for the jet, and should rise a little distance above the edge of the basin, and project downwards half way into the jar. From the other hole in the basin, and flush with it, run a pipe down into the lower bottle, projecting half way into it. Then join one jar with the other by another pipe that just passes through the corks and no more. Now pour water into the basin, and it will run down the pipe into the bottom jar. When that is full keep on pouring till the water rises into the upper jar, and when that is full keep on pouring till the fountain begins to play. The corks and pipes should all be carefully fitted, and of course the joints throughout should be watertight.



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The prevalence of Indigestion and Dyspepsia is one of the most serious facts of modern life. Nearly every one suffers more or less from the insidious attacks of this Scourge to Humanity, and it seems to be impossible even when following the best established Dietetic rules, to entirely evade the subtle attacks of this foe, which, though comparatively light at first, usually run into the more confirmed or Chronic state of the Disease, especially if these first attacks are neglected and allowed to recur frequently.

Most of the leading physicians in Canada have tested and are now using Maltopepsyn in their regular practice, and have certified as to its great value. Besides private practice, it is used to a large extent in Hospitals, Dispensaries and Infirmarys.

Maltopepsyn has been proven to be of great value in the treatment of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Intestinal and Wasting Diseases, Constipation, Nausea, Chronic Diarrhoea, Headache, and all diseases arising from Imperfect Nutrition.



ALL sufferers from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, or any disease of the Stomach or Digestive Organs, should send me one three cent postage stamp, for a pamphlet relative to the positive cure, by the use of Maltopepsyn, or send two three cent stamps for pamphlet and sample package of Maltopepsyn, containing two drachms, equal to eight doses of fifteen grains each. It is pleasant to the taste and may be taken in wine, water, or dry upon bread as preferred, just before each meal.

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Maltopepsyn is not a patent medicine or secret remedy; it has its exact formula printed on each label.

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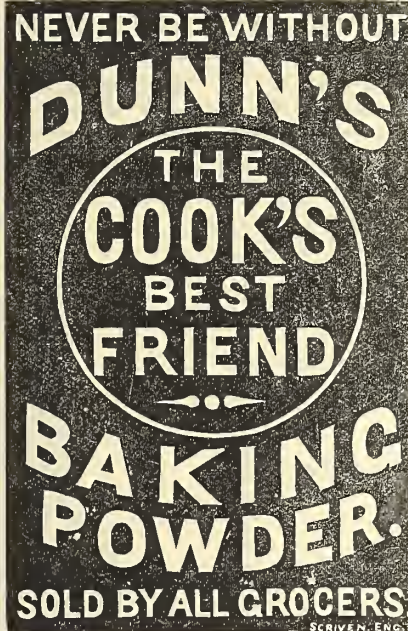
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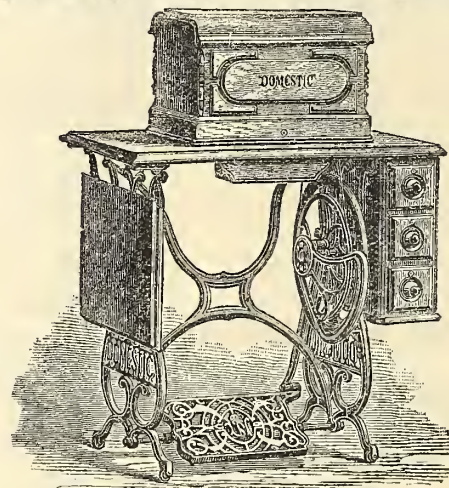
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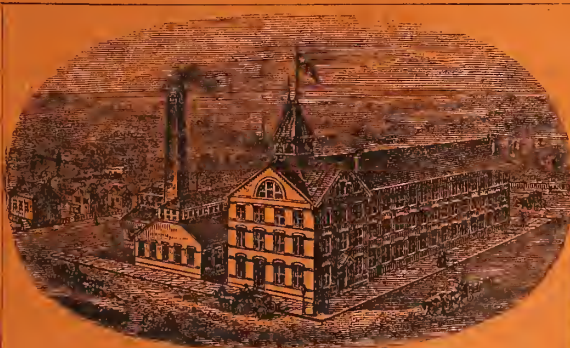
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